



Adolescent Adam

Like a lot of Atomic Bunko novels, this at least pretends to have a plot. In this case, it's about a boy with the eye power to make girls (and shota demons) horny.

I started this a while back, so I can post about half of Volume 1 right away.

Author: Sakakikasa (さかき傘)

Illustrator: Amagai Yukino (天海雪乃)

Label: Atomic Bunko (あとみつく文庫)

Post Labels : Adolescent Adam, Harem Castle, Harem Series, Novel Introduction, Student Council President's Secret Laid Bare

Info :

<http://www.novelupdates.com/series/adolescent-adam/>

Raws :

Taken from LN Scans!

Translator:

<http://erolns.blogspot.com/search/label/Adolescent%20Adam>



Table of Contents:

Adolescent Adam

Prologue

Chapter 1: Blue-Burned Sky Chapter 2: Micha and Ange

Chapter 3: Demonic Eye of Corruption

Chapter 4: The Trick to the Crane Game is to Pull it in Close Chapter 5: Skirmish between Heaven, Earth, and Hell Chapter 6: Angelic Aroma

Chapter 7: Black-Dyed Eye

Chapter 8: The Perfect Man

Chapter 9: Gather, Heaven, Earth, and Hell Afterword

Adolescent Adam 2: The One Who Attacks from Behind Prologue

Chapter 1: Plot of the Elders Chapter 2: Together in the Infirmary

Chapter 3: Poolside Taboo

Chapter 4: Tactics x Strategy

Chapter 5: The One Who Attacks from Behind Chapter 6: The Hidden Ingredient is Love Afterword

Adolescent Adam 3: Lonely Crying Kitten Novel Introduction

Prologue

Chapter 1: The Third Angel

Chapter 2: Playing with Oneself in the Dead of Night Chapter 3: Lonely Witch

Chapter 4: Fading Borderline

Chapter 5: Surprise Attack

Chapter 6: Chance Meeting of the Twin Serpents

Chapter 7: Lonely Crying Kitten

Chapter 8: An Important Number for Volleyball Afterword

Adolescent Adam 4: Fall of a Sanctuary Novel Introduction

Prologue

Chapter 1: The Usual Scene Chapter 2: Unending Rain

Chapter 3: Arrival of Darkness

Chapter 4: End of the Balance

Chapter 5: Clash of Heaven, Earth, and Hell Chapter 6: Fall of a Sanctuary Chapter 7: Mutsuki and Ange

Chapter 8: Song of Songs

Chapter 9: That Which is Visible Out the Window Afterword





Prologue

According to Genesis, the world was created from discord.

Human history is a history of discord. The first woman was a product of the very first man's discord with heaven and the devil and he made her his wife. The serpent's deception created discord with nature, cursing mankind with the suffering of work and childbirth. Their discord with life burdened them with death and their discord with god ultimately banished them from paradise.

One of the man and woman's children killed his brother, splitting their life between civilization and farming. Finally, mankind attempted to construct a tower to reach heaven, but they angered their lord and were given the discord of separate cultures.

In all of history, conflict has never once vanished from the world of man. No one lives their lives without sin. When a man is born, he must cull millions of his brothers.

According to Genesis, the world of man will never overcome that discord and obtain harmony.

But...

If some form of harmony does in fact exist...

Adolescent Adam: Chapter 1 - Blue-Burned Sky

"Now!"

The waning light of twilight shined down.

"Look at me with that eye."

Fujita Mutsuki's harmony was shattered by that voice.

He struggled and raised his head when he heard that whispering voice that had no place in his normal life.

Despite being told to look, his right eye would not open. He removed his hand from the eye, but it only throbbed with so much heat he thought it would explode.

It was the same itching feeling as when one watched too much TV, swam in a pool, or went outside during allergy season. It felt like the retina had been rubbed too harshly. He felt a heat like something else entirely had replaced his eye. Simply exposing it to the air hurt.

All he could do was hold his hand to it with all his strength.

The itching was growing by the second and he could not resist rubbing at it with his wrist. He gave in to the pleasure of distracting himself, however slightly, from the hot throbbing.

"Ahhh... Gh... Kh.... It hurts... It hurts!"

"Don't worry. That heat is proof that you are the chosen one."

He heard some heavy, damp breathing and a boy peered at his face. And the boy did so with a shockingly sensual look in his eyes.

"Look at me. Look at me with your Serpent's Eye. Violate me with that devilish gaze of such beautiful corruption."

"...Uuh..."

Tears spilled from Mutsuki's left eye as he obeyed and removed his hand from his right eye. He hesitantly raised his puffy eyelid like a child afraid of some eye drops.

And...

"Ah..."

The first thing he saw with his opened Serpent's Eye was an angel swinging down a giant sword.

The boy was sliced in two with his face still twisted in a look of ecstasy. The girl casually kicked the corpse aside, brushed back her hair, and looked to Mutsuki.

Mutsuki gasped not at the sight of someone being killed but at the sight of the girl in his no longer throbbing right eye.

"Fujita Mutsuki. You are the legendary boy chosen by the demonic eye."

"Who are you?"

"Ange. I was sent here to protect you. I am an angel"

Her clear, ocean blue eyes looked directly into his burning right eye.

"I am Ange of the Double Flame."

That day was a perfectly normal day that began in a perfectly normal fashion.

"Daaad, mooom, nee-chaaan, Chiakiii, Mutsumi-chaaan! It's morning!"

With parents, an older sister, and two younger sisters, the Fujita family was relatively large and it was always Mutsuki's job to get everything ready in the morning. He prepared breakfast and everything else too.

He could not rely on any of the others, so he had no real choice.

"Daaad, mooom."

He started from the very back of the second story bedrooms lined up alongside his own. The first was his parents' bedroom. He knew knocking was not enough to wake them, so he opened the door, shook the bed, and called loudly.

Finally, two hands wearing identical rings poked out from the bunched-up sheets and waved to tell him they were up.

They were both adults, so they would not go back to sleep. It was time to move on.

"Mutsumi-chaaan."

The room next to his parents' belonged to the youngest daughter, Mutsumi. She was still in kindergarten, so there was no real need to wake her this early, but he had to check on something.

He approached the bed buried under stuffed animals and pulled away the blanket.

"Nn... Onii-tama... Eh heh heh. Good morning."

"Good morning. I see you didn't do it today. Good job."

He praised her and rubbed the head resting on the drool-covered Lazy Bear body pillow she loved so much. Before, she had wet the bed once every three nights, but that rate had thankfully dropped quite a bit recently.

The next was the most formidable foe.

"Nee-chaaan."

She was in her twenties, but her room looked about the same as Mutsumi, the kindergartner. He stepped into the room decorated with fancy wallpaper and anime posters and approached another bed buried under stuffed animals.

The person sleeping there was a kindergartner in an adult's body.

"Nee-chan! Wake up, nee-chan. It's morning. It's! Morning!"

He shouted quite loudly and shook her by the shoulders.

Despite the rough treatment, his sister continued to doze for about thirty seconds, but she finally opened her eyes.

"Good morning, Mu-chan."

"Good morning. Now get up."

"Good morning, Mu-chan."

"Yes, good morning. You need to get going quickly in the morning. Breakfast is ready."

"Good morning, Mu-chan."

"Are you saying that in your sleep? C'mon, let's go."

Realizing the normal methods were useless here, he forcibly picked her up and dragged her from the bed. She was 170 centimeters tall, so she had more than ten centimeters on Mutsuki. He lifted her onto his back and left the room. Throwing her into the bathroom would be better than making a fuss here.

That left only one other person.

"Chiakiii? Are you up ye-....ah."

"...Ah."

As soon as he opened the door, he realized he should not have. Unlike the others, this sister was only a year younger than him. She had told him to always knock even when waking her in the morning.

Her pajama bottoms were down around her ankles and he was greeted by a cute butt wrapped in the cotton panties of an elementary school girl. It seemed his little sister was already up.

"Pervert!"

She threw a pillow that hit him square in the face.

"S-sorry!"

Mutsuki frantically closed the door. He had completely forgotten that Chiaki had recently decided to act more mature and thus tended to get up on her own in the mornings.

He was unaccustomed to these situations, so his face was beet red. Even if she was his sister, seeing a girl near his age in a state of undress had been too much for him.

"Heh heh heh heh♡ You sure are perverted, Mu-chan."

"Why do you only perk up when things like that happen?"

He threw his grinning older sister from his back.

Fujita Mutsuki's mornings were always like this. Afterwards, he placed breakfast on the table while his family made their way down. All six members of the family had an apron, but Mutsuki's pale green one was the most stained.

He cooked six fried eggs and twelve strips of bacon. He prepared a large plate of salad and dressing and passed out rice bowls as each person came down.

"Here, Mutsumi-chan. Make sure to eat your broccoli."

"Uuh... I hate broccoli."

"Don't be picky or you'll never grow up big and strong. C'mon, eat up."

"Uuh... Munch, munch."

After preparing his own food, he made sure his youngest sister ate hers.

"Ahh♡ You can't beat a morning with your cute little brother looking after you."

"It doesn't really matter, but can't you at least get your own hair ready?"

"It feels great to have you do it, Mu-chan. The warm morning sun, delicious food, and a little brother's care. This is true happiness."

"Honestly..."

"Zzz..."

"Don't you dare go back to sleep!"

He combed his older sister's hair.

He also helped his mother check through the bathroom because she could not find her mascara and placed a compress on his father's aching back. All in all, it was a busy morning.

The Fujita family was quite low key.

The father, mother, and all three sisters were as far from morning people as possible. Mutsuki had for some reason not inherited those low key genes, so he took care of all the morning jobs on his own.

It was a family's job to cover for each other's weaknesses.

He was used to busily running around from the moment he got up.

This scene was what Mutsuki considered a "normal morning".

School was normal as well.

"Morning, Mutsuki."

"Morning, Fujita-kun."

His normal route was a straight shot to school once he passed the train station and a few classmates called out to him on that last stretch. He greeted them all with a smile.

When he happened across a classmate on the way to school, they almost always greeted him.

Fujita Mutsuki's grades were above average and his athletics were below average. He looked well-behaved and had a well-behaved

personality to match, so he did not stand out much but was considered easy to get along with.

He naturally had plenty of friends.

"Hey, Mutsuki! Early again, I see."

"Agh! Ow, ow. Morning, Sakae."

A boy jumped at him from behind. The boy landed on his back and placed his arm around his shoulders similar to a headlock.

Tomono Sakae was a classmate with an eternally cheerful personality and a charming face just short of being traditionally "good looking". He had been Mutsuki's childhood friend since elementary school.

While Mutsuki was well-behaved, Sakae was the eternal optimist. That difference may have actually helped them get along because neither of them would hesitate to call each other best friends.

"Damn it's hot these days. Why can't it be summer break yet?"

"I know what you mean. ...And get off me, Sakae."

His friend's expression of affection was invading his personal space a little too much.

"Oh, hey, hey, Mutsuki. Do you have some time later? I'm the class rep, so the teacher told me to come up with the class seating chart. But you know how I hate details."

"That I do. I'll help you out...but you really need to get off of me."

"You will!? Khhhhh, that's what friends are for! Everyone needs a childhood friend who really gets them. When I'm president of the world one day, I'm making a law! The childhood friend law! If everyone had a childhood friend, we'd definitely have world piece, don't you think!?"

"Good luck. And can you please get off of me? It's so hot today..."

His friend was invading his personal space and speaking so loudly first thing in the morning, but Mutsuki smiled bitterly and put up with it because it was more annoying than unpleasant. This tendency to go with the flow was likely one of the reasons he was considered easy to get along with. And...

"Hi, Fujita-kun!"

"Gefh."

Someone tackled him from the other side.

It was a powerful blow, but Mutsuki somehow managed to hold his ground since it was all transferred into Sakae behind him. Sakae was sent flying, though.

"Good morning, Kurikara-chan."

"Hiii."

The girl gave an innocent smile.

The short hair signifying her high energy was roughly tied back by two bows and her white teeth made her beaming smile look all the more cheerful. She was a little chubby which gave her some charming feminine curves. Her name was Kurikara Saya and she was another of Mutsuki's classmates.

She got along well with Sakae as they were the class's two biggest talkers and that meant she spoke with Mutsuki a lot, too. She was more than an acquaintance but not quite a friend.

"Ow... What was that for, Kurikara!?"

Sakae recovered after being knocked away.

He did not particularly like getting that close, so he did not place his arm around Mutsuki's shoulder again. Mutsuki gave Saya a look to tell her she saved him. The white teeth she showed off to say "you're welcome" were very cute.

After that, the three of them continued on to school.

"Honestly! I can't believe this girl would violently attack THE Tomono Sakae, the man who stands at the center of the world!"

"Heh heh. You'll never be president of the world if you can't respond to an emergency. You'll just end up blown away at your own inauguration."

"What!? How can you say that about THE Tomono Sakae, the man with the world's best crisis management techniques!? I'm definitely making a law about you! All chubby girls will be shot on sight!"

"Chub... I can't believe you! Did you hear that, Fujita-kun!? This boy just stepped on a landmine!"

"Ah ha ha."

Mutsuki could only laugh bitterly at those two's energy-filled morning.

This was the beginning of an enjoyable day at school.

The school buildings finally came into view at the top of a hill separating it from the residential area. The large tower was the most noticeable feature.

Mutsuki and the other two attended Megutono Academy, a private school well known for its size and history. It had a tradition of freedom, it was well-known for the stylish uniforms for both boys and girls, and it contained an elementary, middle, and high school.

The school grounds covered almost the entire top of the hill and it contained more than twenty buildings, but falling birthrates had left less than half of it in use. The size of the campus made the trip between classrooms a pain, producing plenty of complaints from the students who joined at the middle or high school stage.

The most well-known feature was the clock tower in the center of the campus. The giant stone hexagonal pillar was positioned at the back of the courtyard which was known as a place of rest. It was taller than any of the four-story school buildings and the entire academy was on a hill, so one could see almost the entire town from the top of the clock tower.

Its primary roles were to tell the townspeople the time and...

"Ohh, ohh. Look at 'em run. Keep up the good work."

Sakae cackled in delight as he looked down from their classroom window.

He was watching a wave of boys with navy neckties and girls with red ribbons hurrying into the school's front gate.

At 8:30 in the morning every Monday through Friday, the hill was covered by the ringing of the clock tower's bell so the students would know the school's gate was being closed.

While it almost never happened to Mutsuki, Sakae was often pursued by that bell, so he enjoyed watching the students gasping for breath as they rushed to school just in time. As a side note, Saya had joined a

group of girls once they entered the classroom.

And...

"Oh. She's as amazing as always."

"Eh? Oh..."

A single student drew the eye among the chaos at the gate.

Sakae had spotted a girl walking calmly through the gate as everyone else rushed through.

She casually passed by the educational guidance committee member who was already moving to close the gate. Only two seconds after she passed him by, the bell finished ringing. Despite the close call, she was not running or even walking quickly. Sakae applauded her splendid performance.

But Mutsuki's focus on her was due to more than mere surprise.

"See ya."

After commiserating with the students who had arrived after the gate closed, Sakae decided homeroom was about to start, smacked Mutsuki's back, and moved over to his own seat by the hallway.

Mutsuki sat in his own seat at the very back of the second row from the window.

"Morning, Ibekusa. You've still got that last second arrival trick down pat."

(Here she is.)

Mutsuki tensed up a bit when he heard Sakae's voice by the hallway.

A girl responded to her classmate's cheerful voice with a slight nod of greeting.

"You sure cut it close day in and day out. You could always get going three minutes earlier, so why do you wait until the last second? Playing a one-man game of chicken?"

"Negative."

"I see. That's fine, but as the class rep, I've gotta tell you not to be late."

"Positive."

Her response was almost mechanical. Once she finished her unemotional exchange, she moved in Mutsuki's direction. Technically, she was approaching her seat by the window.



She was the polar opposite of Kurikara Saya. She never asserted herself, so her aura or presence was practically nonexistent and she did not stand out much. At the same time, she was brimming with a calm attraction that mysteriously kept one from looking away once they did look her way.

She tended to keep her transparent eyes narrowed and she had a tall bridge of the nose. She did not seem to wear any lipstick, but her lips had a natural glossy pink color. The messy look of her curly hair was somewhat childish, but the noble atmosphere of her expressionless face gave her a sense of dignity beyond her years. She managed to hold both

a child's cuteness and an adult's beauty.

Both boys and girls wore a blazer at Megutono Academy and that accentuated her slender figure. From the shoulders to the upper arm and down to the stomach, her blazer was clearly sewn as narrowly as possible.

But at the same time, she was not too skinny. Her chest and hips provided a stark contrast to her slender waist. Her hips were positioned high enough to be immediately noticeable. She wore gray socks over her lovely legs which were full-bodied and filled with life.

To match her face, her figure was as perfect as a model's.

"Um..."

Mutsuki tried to speak up.

He only wanted to say "good morning, Ibekusa-san". He would only be copying what Sakae had done so easily.

But...

"..."

He could not say a word before she sat next to him in her own window-side seat.

His cheeks filled with intense heat and his mouth refused to move.

"Okay, everyone, get in your seats."

Meanwhile, their homeroom teacher arrived.

Yet again, he had been unable to speak to her.

He barely listened to the information being presented to him and instead took furtive glances toward her seat.

She was resting her head in her hand and staring expressionlessly out the window.

Outside, he could see the magnificent stone hexagonal pillar and the clear blue sky of early summer behind it. The clear sunlight had completely swept away the colors of daybreak, leaving a blue so pure it seemed to suck one in.

The girl in front of it seemed so transparent she would vanish into that sky.

Her name was Ibekusa Machina.

In a way, she was a class celebrity. Her beauty was naturally a factor, but it also had to do with arriving at 8:30 sharp every morning yet never once being late, as if she had a clock installed in her body. Also, she barely spoke with anyone.

" "

Mutsuki looked her way again and again. He was enraptured by her beautiful profile, but he gave a disappointed sigh at the fact that he could not grow beyond simply looking.

And thus Mutsuki's day began.

He worked hard for his family, he had stupid fun with his friends, and he failed to speak to his crush.

This was but one page from the many harmonious days of his life.

And he remained entirely unaware that the discord decorating human history was fast approaching.

Even afterschool, Mutsuki's normal life continued as usual.

Ibekusa Machina would always arrive just before morning homeroom and leave as soon as the final homeroom was over. Mutsuki wanted to say "goodbye" or "see you tomorrow" but gathered his things with a gloomy sigh when he could not.

Sakae's home was near his, but they did not usually walk home together. Mutsuki had no afterschool activities, but Sakae was always busy with his class representative work.

"Fuujiiitaaa-kun. Bye-bye."

"Bye-bye, Kurikara-san."

He left the academy as Kurikara Saya and his other classmates said goodbye.

He had nothing in particular to do, so he headed straight home.

The town was not quite a city but still had a fair number of people, so the station located on the way home was always filled with officer workers and students heading home.

More cars were honking their horns than usual, but that had nothing to do with Mutsuki on the sidewalk. He ignored the din as he walked straight through the station area.

Suddenly, his cell phone began vibrating in his pocket.

He pulled it out to find an unknown number on the LCD panel. The numbers for his friends, family, parents' offices, and little sister's kindergarten were all saved, so he wondered who this could be as he answered.

"Gather heaven, earth, and hell," said a voice, "and you will have everything."

"What?"

"The world was created from discord. ...You're about to be in trouble."

"Um..."

"Run away."

The nasal alto voice belonged to a grown woman, but he did not recognize it.

The boy frowned because he had no idea what the woman meant.

"Who is this? This cellphone belongs to Fujita Mutsuki."

"Make sure you survive until Ange gets there."

" ... "

Survive. He stopped because that dangerous word brought the opposite outcome to mind.

He happened to stop in front of the large wall fountain that made a nice landmark for the roundabout in front of the train station.

"That is hell. You mustn't stop there."

"Eh? Eh?"

"The spring has already been wound. Get away from the roundabout!"

Before the woman finished speaking, the screams filling the station area told him something was wrong.

"..."

The woman was still saying something, but Mutsuki dropped his phone on the edge of the fountain.

That was hardly surprising given what had happened.

A bright rouge Porsche was noticeably parked in the middle of all the cars filling the station roundabout.

It was stopped right in the middle of the road which explained why the cars had been honking so much. But those horns soon became screams.

Everyone watched in shock as sounds of scraping metal came from the Porsche and it ceased to be a car.

"Ah...Ah..."

After the hood opened, metal claws burst out and stabbed into the ground to lift the tires from the ground. Next, the convertible chassis

bent like an accordion and rose up in a menacing pose.

Then, the emblem on the bumper lifted its head to look in the boy's direction.

Its glossy, streamlined red body showed off its dark engine. Just as a rhinoceros beetle looked like a jewel from the top but revealed its grotesque underbelly when flipped over, a sense of indescribable revulsion filled the roundabout with panic.

(What...is this? What is this? What is this?)

Everyone began to flee the station area, but Mutsuki was frozen in place. The air felt as thick as molasses and his legs refused to move.

As the car monster stood up like a human being, he noticed its headlights turning his way.

The Porsche seemed to forget it had tires, so it dragged its body along by its claws to approach the dumbfounded boy. The weight of the car produced an awful scraping noise on the concrete.

"~~"

The scraping almost sounded like the whinnying of a horse and the boy fell onto his butt.

Even after his hips gave out, the Porsche continued toward him.

"...sten! Listen, Fujita Mutsuki-kun!"

It stopped just as it crushed the dropped phone with its claw.

As the dumbfounded boy watched, something strange happened to the destroyed phone. The bisected parts clung to the claw and became a phone once more.

"Mutsuki-kun, calm down and listen. You can't stay there!"

The phone still functioned.

It all felt so surreal that Mutsuki started feeling faint.

"Beginning scan. Fujita Mutsuki...positive. Serpent's Eye holder confirmed."

A mechanically synthesized voice spoke through the Porsche's speakers and he clearly heard his own name.

But...

"Listen, Mutsuki-kun! The Springloaded isn't the problem. The demon will defeat it."

The voice coming from the cellphone was drowned out by the bubbling sound coming from the wall fountain behind him.

"The demon is the one you need to escape from!"

"Ha ha♥"

He also heard a low and oddly alluring laugh.

"Ah ha ha ha ha ha ha! I found you! I finally found you, Fujita Mutsuki-kun!"

The standing Porsche seemed to lean backwards.

Just a few seconds before, the fountain had been filled with clear water, but now its contents sprayed out like a geyser, assaulting Mutsuki and the Porsche.

And this was not water. It was a sticky reddish-black liquid.

Dried blood may have been the closest comparison. It was exactly as warm as human skin and reeked of blood. Mutsuki shuddered in disgust as it poured down over his back.

"Kh...gh..."

The Porsche did more than tremble. The human skin fluid soaked into the exposed engine. Even in its monstrous form, the precision machinery was weak to foreign substances. As each drop entered the engine, the car's movements dulled and it finally did nothing more than shake like a

toy with a dying battery.

In that instant, a giant curved blade pierced through the center of the exposed chassis.

The red blade gently curved like a crescent moon. The giant scythe's blade was over a meter long and the handle was over two meters long. It stabbed so deeply into the Porsche monster that Mutsuki almost felt sorry for it.

Only after moving his gaze down the weapon did he notice that someone stood on the damaged headlights at the front of the car.

(Who's that? Watch out!)

The Porsche could not support itself any longer with its claws broken, so it collapsed forward.

Mutsuki panicked, but the person standing on top was not thrown off. They instead let go of the scythe and leaped toward Mutsuki.

The person bent their waist to a ninety degree angle in front of Mutsuki and moved their head so close it almost hit him.

The situation kept changing so fast that Mutsuki could only watch in a daze.

"Hi. I was looking forward to meeting you, Fujita Mutsuki-kun."

The person was a boy of about Mutsuki's own age...or at least he thought it was a boy. At the very least, the sleeveless shirt and pants were boy's clothes and his husky voice sounded more boyish.

Yet he was so beautiful that Mutsuki's heart began to race when their eyes met from close enough for their noses to nearly touch.

His droopy eyes and long eyelashes gave him an exotic depth to his looks and the hair held down by his baggy hat was a shiny blond. The innocent smile decorating his perfect facial features gave him a youthful and cute look.

He was more beautiful than handsome and he was more bewitchingly seductive than beautiful. He was such an androgynous boy that his clothes were the only clue to his sex.

"I can call you Mutsuki-kun, right? I'm Lucia. You can call me Lu-kun or Lucy or whatever you want."

Mutsuki was just about charmed into a stupor.

"...❤"

A complete change came over the innocent sun-like warmth of his smile. Like sunlight ripping apart the darkness, he gave the kind of insane smile one must not be charmed by.

“Wow... You’re even more than I imagined, Mutsuki-kun. You haven’t even awakened yet and I’m already all tingly. I can feel your hidden power oozing from your genes themselves!”

He looked over every inch of Mutsuki’s body with a look of animalistic intensity that seemed horribly out of place on his cute face.

(Wh-who is this kid?)

Mutsuki froze over and finally narrowed the corners of his eyes.

He was scared, but there was a strange charm in this boy’s eyes that just about made him fall in love.

He knew being here was dangerous, but his body refused to move.

The boy’s face drew even closer, but he could not escape.

“You’re just my type♥ Heh heh. I think I would’ve fallen for you even if you weren’t the chosen one.”

“The chosen-...? Nmh!”

He tried to ask about that phrase, but something made his mind go blank.

Reddish lips reminiscent of a blooming rose bud were pressed against

his own.

The boy's lips shined like glistening sweets as they covered the entirety of Mutsuki's own lips.

(H...Huh?)

Mutsuki was utterly confused when he felt something wet around his lips. The mysterious boy named Lucia used that opportunity to squeeze his lips shut.

"Hee hee♥♥"

His beautiful looks grew sweetly flushed and he let out a warm breath.

The boy's bewitching, sweet, and stickily moist breath scorched Mutsuki's lungs and robbed him all strength.

After being left motionless, the boy devoured, rubbed, and pecked at his defenseless lips.

(What...is this? What is he doing to me? ...Nn, my tongue.)

Mutsuki could do nothing to stop it. He did not quite know what was happening yet. He only felt a pleasantly soft sensation pressing at his mouth sometimes fast and sometimes slow. The aroma of the heated breaths was certainly not unpleasant, but...

(Isn't he...a boy?)

Only after the boy's small sticky tongue split Mutsuki's lips and began groping about his mouth did Mutsuki come back to his senses.

"Waaaaahhh!"

It had taken him a while, but he finally moved back. His back hit the dried fountain as he put some distance between them.

"Wh-why? What? What are you...?"

What are you doing? Who are you? Why did you kiss me? That was my first time.

Mutsuki had so many things flying through his mind he was not sure what to say first, so his mouth only flapped wordlessly.

"Heh heh heh heh heh. Thanks for that♥"

Lucia pressed his knees together and fidgeted with a delighted and charmed smile on his face.

Mutsuki nearly found him cuter than any girl he had ever seen, so he lost his chance to get angry. He could only swallow his complaints. He had a habit of swallowing when he closed his mouth and he only realized afterwards that he had swallowed Lucia's saliva as well.

The happy-looking boy held his hands to his cheeks.

"You're better than I ever imagined, Mutsuki-kun. I never thought a kiss would be enough to make me feel like this. I was trying to make you my slave, but I was the one that fell for you♪"

He moved his thin, pointed chin as if giving someone instructions, and...

"Wah!?"

Mutsuki had been sitting with his back to the wall but his hips were forced up.

It was that blood from before. The black slime-like liquid had stained all of his clothing and it now pulled him upwards on the boy's command.

"Now, let's start by awakening the proof that you're the chosen one. Let's awaken the world's most impure and inescapable power that can drag all women down into corruption! Let's awaken the Serpent's Eye!"

"The Serpent's...? ...!? Eh...!"

The liquid had complete control. And as Mutsuki trembled in fear of that unexplainable magic trick, the next trick hit him.

"Ah...ah...ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!?"

Ever since the Porsche had begun to move, none of the mysterious phenomena had harmed anything but his lips, but the flames of pain had finally been ignited.

An indescribable feeling welled up inside his head as if the inside of his skull were on fire or sewage was being pumped into his temples. His clothes were pinned to the wall, so he could not even crouch down as he squirmed and tried to control the core of the sensation.

That core was his right eye which throbbed and burned to a painful degree.

"Ahhhhhhh! What is this!? What is this!? What is thiiiiiiissssss!?"

"Don't be afraid. The throbbing of the nerves is temporary. You're breaking free of your frail humanity and setting foot in the realm of god. You'll get used to it soon enough."

Lucia smiled at Mutsuki's temporary suffering in a mixture of worry and delight.

"It itches when you peel off a scab, but then you get new, healed skin. It hurts to peel back the foreskin that first time, but then you receive the most wonderful pleasure. Babies are born amid great pain, but then they get to enter this sweet, hellish world. ...Now!"

What did Fujita Mutsuki do?

"Look at me with that eye."

He looked up toward the whisper that would destroy the harmony of his everyday life.

"Ahhh... Gh... Kh.... It hurts... It hurts!"

"Don't worry. That heat is proof that you are the chosen one."

He desperately held and rubbed his right eye. He even wanted to pluck out the eyeball.

"Look at me. Look at me with your Serpent's Eye. Violate me with that devilish gaze of such beautiful corruption."

"...Uuh..."

Called by Lucia and with tears pouring from his eyes, he hesitantly opened the swollen eyelid.

And...

"Ah..."

A mass of metal dropped down and split Lucia's ecstatic form in two, starting from the top of the head.

When the boy's two halves collapsed to the left and right, Mutsuki saw

her standing behind him.

Despite the pain from before, his right eye gave him a shockingly clear view of the world.

"Fujita Mutsuki."

He saw long hair colored a burning crimson. A blue ribbon fluttered in the wind.

"You are the legendary boy chosen by the demonic eye."

Mutsuki had anything but a large build, but this girl looked slender even to him. He doubted she was even 140 centimeters tall.

She had the large round eyes of a small animal. The narrow bridge of her nose rose to an unremarkable height. Her lips were thin, but their glossy pink color stood out on her snowy white skin.

She looked young enough already, but she had a round baby face that stood at odds with the dignified angle of her eyebrows. She was more than just short. The shoulders exposed by her white running shirt and the legs contained in her spats were so delicate they seemed they would break if someone grabbed her too roughly. The straight hair that was long enough to cover her butt further emphasized her slender build.

That girl easily lifted a sheet of metal that had to be twice her height and she rested it on her shoulder. Mutsuki was almost beginning to think all of this was just a dream, but he was still shocked by what he saw.

That sheet of metal decorated with black wrought iron was a sword.

She held a sword larger than she was.

"Who are you?"

"Ange. I was sent here to protect you."

Her clear, ocean blue eyes looked directly into his burning right eye.

That was the beginning.

"I am an angel."

Meeting this girl was enough to smash Fujita Mutsuki's harmony to pieces.

"I am Ange of the Double Flame."

Adolescent Adam: Chapter 2 - Micha and Ange

"Pant... Pant... ...Ah."

Mutsuki had never imagined it would be this difficult to walk with his legs weak from fear. It felt like he had sat on his legs for hours on end, so he was not even sure he was really standing. He unsteadily headed home while leaning on nearby telephone poles and guardrails.

The way home normally took less than fifteen minutes, but it felt horribly long now.

(What...was that?)

His head was spinning and he felt sick. It felt like all of his blood was flowing backwards. He felt a chill yet could not stop sweating and his head was filled with nothing but heat.

He could only imagine the events in front of the train station had been a dream. First, a car had stood up and started to walk and then the fountain's water had turned blood red. Finally, a girl had appeared out of nowhere and sliced a boy in two.

However...

" ... "

He gently held his right eye.

A mirror was attached to a nearby guardrail to give a view around the corner, so he hesitantly peered into it. He saw his own face there, but his right eye was proof that those events had been all too real.

It was black. A black smooth object was located where his eyeball should have been. It looked like a nontransparent plastic panel had been placed over the eye.

And yet he knew better than anyone that he was looking at his own eye. The covered eye had no pupil, but the faint outline of the iris was there and he was able to see through that spot.

His right eye could see and his sight was much clearer than before.

He tried covering his left eye, but that only closed off a bit on the left side of his vision.

It truly had not been a dream. That scared him, so he looked down at his upper arms, legs, and inside his clothes. He found no injuries.

There were no red marks. There was no sign of any kind of burns.

"Fwah... Ah...ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!"

The girl calling herself an angel grew wings from her back to prove her claim.

Instead of the white wings told of in legends, they were made of dull blue flames. Still, they were not actually burning and they moved in accordance with her will. They bent just like wings and wrapped around Mutsuki as he was pinned to the wall.

He screamed as the blue flames burned him, but Ange maintained a look of composure.

"Calm down. An angel's flames are a purifying light. You shouldn't even feel warm. I'm only getting rid of the Succubi."

Once she mentioned it, he realized the flames were not even hot, as if they were a mere illusion. However, that was not enough to calm Mutsuki's panic. There was no way he could relax while flames enveloped him.

Instead of burning him, the flames burned the black liquid soaking his clothes and turned it to ash.

The liquid fell away, freeing Mutsuki's body from the wall.

He fell into the wall fountain below him. The flames seemed to affect normal water too because it began to boil into steam, but even amid the oppressive steam, the flames showed no sign of weakening.

"How pathetic."

The angel girl named Ange watched in obvious exasperation as he flailed around in the water.

But when he looked up in search of help, his right eye met her blue eyes.

"..."

She quickly looked away.

"Except for the Serpent's Eye, it seems."

She faced the side, revealing a cheek that was so flushed it was noticeable even in the light of the setting sun.

"Ange of the Double Flame, hm?"

A moment later, her face stiffened at a voice.

The voice was Lucia's. He had supposedly been sliced in two, but he looked entirely unharmed as he sat on the hood of the scrap metal that had been the Porsche.

"Even among the angels born from the purifying light of flames, your flames were much hotter than normal. You are the maiden born from blue flames of 2000 degrees. ...Is that big thing the rumored Prominence?"

"I'm glad to hear I'm so famous."

The girl clicked her tongue, turned around, and pointed her large sword

at the boy.

Even if it was hollow except for the core of support in the center, the panel of metal was wider than she was, but she easily swung it around in one hand. It was an unbelievable sight.

The slightly damp-looking black surface was made of metal and covered in the luster of a black pearl. It looked just as gorgeous as the Japanese swords that were given as deep a shine as platinum despite being made of steel. Just looking at it was enough to feel the solemn weight of the metal inside.

"Oh, god. What a pain."

Lucia jumped down from the hood.

He pulled out the large red scythe stabbed into the vehicle. His arms were far skinnier than Mutsuki's, yet he not only easily lifted the giant scythe, but he tore apart the Porsche's red body like it was made of paper.

They both seemed to possess the same mysterious and abnormal power.

"————!!"

"————!!"

All Mutsuki could tell was that they were enemies.

The giant sword named Prominence sliced through the air and the two of them collided.

"~~Gh..."

The massive sword was going to strike the long scythe. The sword had more weight, so it would push the scythe back.

However, the boy ducked down before the blade arrived, dodged the slash, and sent the force of his blow to the other end of his weapon. He sent the handle toward the girl's torso.

"Ah."

The high-speed exchange did not even last two full seconds. Mutsuki's eyes caught up, but only after the girl used the momentum of her charge to jump away from the boy and avoid the scythe handle.

Mutsuki was not even given time to gasp before the exchange accelerated. When Lucia's fingertips danced like he was waving a conductor's baton, the pieces of black water scattered across the ground formed hands and assaulted the angel.

"Didn't you know?"

The battle was over.

"An angel's body cannot be defiled."

The liquid demons approaching the girl turned to ash the instant they arrived within a certain area around her.

Lucia's eyes grew wide because the girl's body was now surrounded by blue flames so thin they were nearly invisible. The film of fire had created an inviolable barrier around her.

"A Corona!?"

The boy's shock created a brief opening. In that instant, Ange ran right up to the boy while protected by her burning fire.

She unleashed a full swing of her great sword.

Lucia somehow managed to catch it on his scythe, but his slender body was launched several dozen meters as if a large truck had hit him.

"Dammit... You really are strong."

Despite his surprise, Lucia placed his feet on a building's wall to recover. However, he did not immediately make a counterattack. The film of blue fire that had burned the black water had spread as the angel approached and had scorched the boy's beautiful face.

His constant thin smile vanished for just a moment and his eyebrows twitched, but he soon giggled and the smile returned.

"Okay, looks like I'm poorly matched against an angel."

He jumped to the building rooftop with smoke still rising from him.

"Heh heh♪ That's a lovely eye, Mutsuki-kun. You can violate me more thoroughly later, okay?"

After a parting wink, he turned around and left.

"Wait! ...Oh, you! Micha will be here soon, so stay put!"

That was all Ange said before pursuing the boy.

Mutsuki had no idea what to find strange anymore as the red-haired girl brushed aside gravity to jump on top of the six-story building with that mass of metal in hand.

(Should I really have run away?)

Mutsuki hurried home while hiding his right eye.

(She told me to wait for someone named Micha, but I couldn't stay when people started gathering there. Besides, who knows if I can even trust that Ange girl.)

He made excuses for his inability to do anything but run from that

bizarre situation.

But he really did think running away had been the best plan. He felt bad doing this to Ange – who was at least a winged girl who could do a few inhuman things, even if she was not actually an angel – but he wanted to return home at the moment.

(Would a doctor be able to heal my eye?)

With that absentminded thought, he tried his best to think over it all calmly even if he was only feigning calm.

(It started with...that's right. I got that phone call before the car started to move. A woman spoke to me.)

That had been the beginning of this mysterious event.

She had told him to run away and to survive until Ange arrived.

The caller had known Ange, the girl with the sword. And at the very least, she had not seemed to want to harm him.

That made him wonder if he should not have left when Ange told him to stay, but he did not have the nerve to head back to the station now.

After the call, the Porsche had started to move. What had that been? It had been destroyed before he figured out what it was after, but it had certainly turned his way.

Then that boy named Lucia had arrived.

" ... "

Mutsuki brought a hand to his mouth.

He could still feel a lingering hint of that warmth, softness, and sweet pleasure.

That boy had seemed to want to earn his favor and Mutsuki had trouble disliking him.

However, that boy had been the one to do this to his right eye. He had also fought a deadly battle with Ange, who seemed more like an ally, but before that, he had protected Mutsuki from the car monster.

(This is hopeless.)

His thoughts spun round and round in his head and he doubted he could think about anything at the moment.

There had also been that black water and those blue flames. It was all a mystery, but his first priority was visiting an eye doctor. He reached the residential district while holding his right eye again.

"Mutsuki-chan, are you only now getting home? Welcome back."

"Oh, y-yes. Good evening."

Given the time, he ran into a lot of neighbors.

He had no idea what would happen if they saw it, so he paid careful attention to his right eye as he pretended to be the polite son of the Fujita family he usually was.

"You're soaking wet. Did something happen?"

"N-no, I just fell in a pond is all. I'm fine."

Even if he hid his eye, his clothes were wet and he was covered in ashes, so he naturally gathered attention. Feeling uncomfortable, he picked up his pace toward home.

He had his hands full with his own state, so he failed to notice something else.

"I see. Well, try not to catch cold. ...Huh?"

The neighbor who had greeted him was only the first.

"Welcome back, Mutsuki-kun. ...Hm?"

"Hi, Mutsuki-oniichan.! ...Nn. ...Fweh?"

"...!?"

One was a neighbor woman twenty years older than his mother, one was a girl the same age as Mutsumi, and one was a college girl who just so happened to be in the area.

Each of their expressions changed entirely when Mutsuki passed them by.

They more not just surprised by his wet clothes.

They all gave him a look of intense longing.

"I'm home."

"Took you long enough. Hey, Mutsuki! I called you a thousand times, so I know you turned off your phone!"

As soon as Mutsuki arrived home, his impertinent little sister gave him an angry greeting.

He had never appreciated the voice of a family member or the familiar sight of the house so much. His legs were still weak, so he nearly collapsed to the floor.

"We're out of ice, so I wanted you to buy some on your way- ...What is that?"

He had made it home, but he could not help but lean on the entranceway door. That was when Chiaki walked in wearing her usual rough around-the-house outfit of a camisole and jeans, but she was shocked to find her brother soaking wet and covered in ashes.

"We need ice? I'll buy some on the way back from the eye doctor. Can you get me a towel for now?"

"S-sure. And the eye doctor? Did you hurt yours?"

His impertinent but kind sister started toward the bathroom, so instead of saying thanks, he gave her a smile while holding his eye.

"...Eek!?"

As soon as he looked at her, a change came over her.

She held her hands to her navel and started to tremble. She fell to her knees and arched her back behind her. Her entire body shook as if electricity was surging out from the base of her legs. That is, her crotch.

"Ah... Ah...? What...is this? What is this!?"

"Chiaki!? What is it? Eh? Wh-what is it!?"

He frantically ran over because something was clearly wrong.

But without knowing what was happening, he had no idea what to do. As he stood there in confusion, his sister's state only grew worse.

"Kyah... aheh♡"

The healthy thighs contained inside her jeans spread on their own.

Beads of sweat visibly covered her entire body. Too much liquid to be sweat darkened her jeans around the base of her thighs.

"Help...me... Mutsuki...onii...chan..."

Chiaki turned her moist, cloudy eyes toward the boy as her shaking grew to convulsions.

Utterly confused, Mutsuki reached a hand toward her slender shoulder.

" ~ ~ ~ !! "

As soon as he touched her, he noticed her camisole was plastered to her chest with sweat and that the tips of those still-childish bulges were erect.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

He had lived with her for about a dozen years, but he had never heard

her scream like that.

Her skinny body bent sharply backwards as if she were performing a bridge. She stuck her pelvis out so far it looked like it would break off, the bottom of her camisole slid up, and her petite navel came into view. She was his sister, yet Mutsuki found that adorable depression to be strangely alluring. He was so shocked he stopped his outstretched hand, but it was already too late.

"Hyah... Ah... Aheh..."

A sharp-smelling golden curtain spread from the depths of her trembling jeans and spilled to the floor.

He had not smelled this scent since his sister was nine and they had been tickling each other in the bath. As the liquid formed a wave, he realized what it had to be. His sister was so out of it that he grew pale, but then she finally passed out and collapsed limply to the floor.

He was utterly dumbfounded. He had not the slightest clue what was going on.

And then...

"Kyuji... Bchu... Ahhh..."

"Eh?"

After being attacked by inhuman foes a few times already, Mutsuki quickly realized what this voice was.

The unpleasant groan was as high-pitched as fingernails on glass. A moment later, it showed itself. A black slime-like creature burst from his wet clothes.

(One of those things was still there!?)

A scorched stench hung around it, but it fell between Chiaki's limp legs and moved itself forward. Mutsuki trembled in horror as it sent ripples through the spreading puddle and gradually grew in size.

It was absorbing the urine to grow.

After drinking it all and leaving the wooden floor perfectly clean, it moved toward Chiaki's jeans in search of more liquid.

"S-stop!"

"Kyubi? Kyugahhhh! Agyahhhh!"

He thought his legs would give out again, but he frantically picked up his unconscious sister and ran away.

The black filth cried and wailed in hunger as it crawled after him. What was he supposed to do? He decided to at least get Chiaki away and ran toward the entranceway.

"Yes. Good, good."

A ball of red fire squashed the slime flat.

"Eh?"

The filth had burst to pieces from a flame hammer strike and it then turned to ash. Nothing remained afterwards. There was not even a mark on the floor.

"Walking around town with the Serpent's Eye opened was pretty reckless, you know? I went out of my way to meet you at the station, but you ditched me."

That flame had burned only the black water. The color was different, but Mutsuki had seen this just a bit earlier. He turned cautiously toward the voice.

"But."

At some point a woman had appeared in the entranceway.

"You did a good job protecting your cute little sister, so I'll skip the lecture."



She too had flames growing from her back.

She did not have a giant sheet of metal, but her otherworldly aura still left Mutsuki in a daze.

His eyes first stopped on the healthy color of her skin. Its brown was gentler than a black person's, so it more closely resembled a dark tan. It was a milk tea color that could not be reproduced with dyes or at a tanning salon.

Then, he noticed her outfit. She wore a miniskirt about as short as a waistcloth and a black cutter shirt that only just barely covered her breasts. While she was also wearing boots that rose halfway up her thighs and a long coat that covered her entire body, her outfit left her cleavage, midriff, and thighs entirely exposed, so it was hardly appropriate to wear around town.

She had red, almond-shaped eyes with a double eyelid, the deep-chiseled bridge of her nose stood prominently out, and her plump lips were a shade of red paler than her skin. Overall, she had the facial features of a model. Her wavy, waist-length hair was a glistening honey blonde, which added to her charm.

She was unmistakably beautiful, but that seductive atmosphere actually made the boy wary.

"Wh-who are you?"

Suspicious, Mutsuki stood in front of his unconscious sister.

Appreciation filled the brown beauty's face when she saw that brave brother.

But when she looked the boy in the eye, she looked just as shocked as Chiaki or the neighborhood girls and women had.

"So this I the power of the one to be the origin. I guess I shouldn't be surprised."

"!?"

She crouched down a little and instantly moved right in front of Mutsuki.

She had moved too quickly for him to follow with his eyes and she grabbed his cheeks before he could even gasp.

"Be closed. Humans are happiest as humans."

"Wah!"

An itching sensation raced through his right eye, but it was much kinder than the pain from before. The boy frantically pushed her hands from his cheeks. He tried a little too hard to back away and his knees gave out. He landed on his butt next to his sister.

"Wh-what did you just do?"

"Oh, you're pretty cute. I like this a lot better than that snake eye♪"

The boy snapped back at her due to the responsibility of having his little sister so nearby, but the woman dodged his question with a gentle smile. She then threw some kind of key his way.

The keychain had a small hand mirror attached, so he looked into it.

"...Ah."

His usual face was back. Everything was back to normal, right eye and all.

Noticing the tension leave his face, the woman smiled his way again. His heart skipped a beat when he looking at her again and realized how beautiful she was.

"The world has begun to move."

She whispered to him with a meaningful alto voice.

"The world has begun to move with you at the center."

"Eh?"

"Gather heaven, earth, and hell and you will have everything. The entire world is revolving around you."

That was when he realized something else.

"I'll explain what's going on, since I'm sure you're frightened with all this strange stuff happening."

He recognized the strangely cute yet mature alto voice.

It was the voice he had heard over the phone earlier.

“Would you mind going on a date with me?”

After removing both Mutsuki’s tension and caution, she gave him a playful wink.

The woman said her name was Jiyuuni Micha and Mutsuki decided to believe her for the time being.

At the very least, she was not his enemy. Or so he thought. She had told him to run away over the phone and she had defeated that slime with her fire. She had even made sure to give Chiaki a bath while the girl was still unconscious, so he decided to trust her for now.

Although it mostly came down to wanting someone to explain what was going on.

Micha dressed Chiaki and laid her on the sofa and Mutsuki left with Micha after his older sister returned home. He was riding on the back of Micha’s motorcycle. It seemed to be an off-road motorcycle because its tires were as thick as a car’s and its long frame had no extra accessories.

He quickly regretted climbing onboard.

“Waaahhhhhh! J-J-J-J-J-Jiyuuni-san! Too fast! You’re going too fast!”

"Call me Micha. Jiyuuni is a fake name for the human world, so I'm not used to responding to it."

"Fine! I'll call you Micha! But this is too fast! I'm going to fall off!"

"Then hold on more tightly. Just to be clear, you'll definitely die if you fall off."

He could only tremble as they moved so quickly the surrounding cars did not seem to be moving at all, but the woman did not slow down in the slightest.

In fact, she seemed to be enjoying this. When she saw him on the verge of tears, she laughed happily and squeezed the throttle even further.

"Uuh..."

He would normally have been too embarrassed to grab onto a woman he had only just met, but his life was on the line here. He wrapped his arms around her narrow waist lest he be thrown off the motorcycle entirely.

The motorcycle did not have a back seat or a luggage rack and he could not have balanced on the back tire's frame, so he was forced to share the one seat with Micha. By this point, her butt was resting on top of his thighs.

It was embarrassing, but his life really was in danger if he fell. He said "excuse me" and pressed his cheek up against her back. He felt more

stable when pressing that tightly against her.

He had changed out of his soaking wet uniform, but the wind was cold and Micha's body warmth felt nice through her white coat. The scent of the adult woman was enough to embarrass him even further.

"Anyway, Mutsuki-kun."

"Y-yes?"

The wind would have drowned out her voice, but their close contact let him hear her through her body.

"I'm sure you've figured out by now that your body isn't that of a normal human."

He was having trouble focusing, but she began with the exact kind of talk he had expected.

"I'm perfectly normal."

"Even after what you did to Chiaki-chan?"

" ... "

Had it really been his fault that approaching his sister had made her grow confused, piss herself, and pass out? Pain began to fill his heart.

"Don't worry. Although it is true that was due to your power. It was the power of the Serpent's Eye that appeared in your right eye, but that's sealed away right now."

"The Serpent's Eye?"

He recalled Lucia calling it that as well. When he thought back, he realized the black eye he had seen in the road mirror had been just like a snake's.

"Wh-what was that? Why did that happen to my eye?"

"It was unavoidable. From the moment god designed human DNA, it was made to create a bearer of the Serpent's Eye once every hundred or thousand years. It's just one of god's rules."

He had been born with it. That was the most hopeless explanation there was.

"The Serpent's Eye has a tremendous effect on the opposite sex. In other words, women. I'm sure you can tell based on what happened to Chiaki-chan. Just looking at them is enough to do that. If you wanted to, you could conquer half the world."

"Oh..."

“Ever since ancient times, the ones known in the human world as demons have been especially obsessed with that power. You saw them earlier, didn’t you? There was that intelligent demon named Lucia and his followers, the Succubi. If they gain your power, it’s game over for the human world.”

“Um. Wait a second.”

The boy frowned.

This was on such a large scale he was having trouble keeping up, but it all seemed a little too “out there”. It was true his right eye – the Serpent’s Eye – had caused Chiaki to faint just by looking at her, but it seemed like an exaggeration to say he could “conquer the world” with that.

The woman brushed back her blonde hair and looked back at him.

“You’re so naïve♪”

“What?”

She gave him a coquettish wink and his heart skipped a beat.

His puzzled look seemed to delight her all the more.

And then...

"Excuse me, excuse me. You on the motorcycle, please stop."

A noisy siren suddenly started up and a voice shouted at them through a megaphone.

Mutsuki looked back and saw three police cars following them.

They were breaking the speed limit with two people on a one-person bike, so this result was hardly surprising. The boy could only sigh.

But...

"You two not wearing helmets, please slow down and pull over."

"Um...Micha-san?"

He mentally begged her to stop, but when she faced forward again, she twisted the throttle as if this were none of her concern. She was speeding up.

Mutsuki was on the verge of tears and he squeezed his arms around her waist even more. He had only met this woman fifteen minutes ago, but he could somehow tell she intended to lose them.

"Anyway, how far did I get?"

She calmly continued her discussion as the boy buried his face in her back due to the cold and his fear. She had raised her voice because the sirens were so loud, but that was the only change.

"Oh, right. That you're the chosen one. Anyway, destined people like that are often targeted by dangerous enemies, right?"

She let go of the handlebar with the hand not accelerating.

She drove with one hand while easily exceeding 100 kph. Mutsuki had gone pale, but she pointed back with her thumb. When he looked that way...

"Eh?"

"The Serpent's Eye is this world's one and only perfect power. If you gouged it out and encased it in glass, it would become the most valuable jewel imaginable. Everyone who knows about it wants to get their hands on it. Whether they're a demon...or a human."

When Mutsuki saw the rightmost police car she pointed at, he grew even paler.

"There are two main groups after you. One is the demons I mentioned before. And..."

There was no one inside it.

The driver's seat and passenger seat were both empty and the steering wheel was moving on its own.

"These are the bigger problem. They're called the Springloaded. They're the servants of a human group who want the Serpent's Eye. That group is named FeTUS."

"Micha-san!"

The freezing boy screamed as the motorcycle accelerated even further.

He was afraid of their pursuers, but he was even more afraid of the red light at the intersection they would reach in another three seconds at this speed. Even if they were trying to escape, this was far too fast for a public road.

"~~!"

However...

"That's lucky. I think we can get away now."

The woman charged right into the intersection at 130 kph even as people used the crosswalk.

She swerved left and right so sharply her knees nearly scraped the ground and just barely avoided hitting any of the pedestrians or cars. She kept it up all the way to the other side of the intersection.

Mutsuki had seen videos of people slipping through the paper-thin gaps between the bullets filling the screen on a shooting game, but he had never imagined he would experience it in person. He was still trembling even after they made it through.

He heard screeching brakes and then an especially loud collision.

The police cars with actual policemen in them had of course stopped, but the unmanned one known as a Springloaded had been destroyed when a truck T-boned it from the side.

However, they did not have time to relax. In fact, it was only after that destruction that the boy realized how frightening his pursuers were.

As if removing a disguise, the police car writhed and transformed. The frame shrank down, abandoning any space for passengers and creating a longer form. Claws burst out to form legs.

Just like the Porsche had with his cellphone, the police car swallowed up the parts of the damaged truck.

"Their Lithography sure has gotten fast," complained Micha. "Honestly, they get more dangerous by the day."

If the Porsche had been an inchworm, then this was a giant metal grasshopper with the large vehicle's cylinders as the back legs. After eating another machine to grow and complete its transformation, it jumped over the chaotic intersection.

It was still pursuing the trembling boy.

“Not to worry. We’re here to protect you.”

Micha calmly turned around despite their speed.

“We’re angels.”

She winked at him.

They were approaching the entrance to a vehicles-only road, so she turned that way at the last second. With a snap, the end of the accelerator grip seemed to break off. It turned out to be cover and some kind of button was revealed below.

Mutsuki wanted to complain that this was not a manga, but he still gathered all of his strength in the arms around her waist because he had a good guess what was coming next.

And a moment later...

"~~~~~!"

They were moving too fast for him to hear his own scream, so how fast was that converted to kph?

At any rate, after being attacked by a mysterious boy, being pursued by

machine monsters, and all the other strange events, this was the most frightening moment of the day. Still, they did manage to escape their pursuers.

"Anyway."

Despite all the running away, Micha brought him to an apartment building in the same town.

It was about a half hour walk from his home. He had been forced to hold on for dear life for over an hour, but it seemed that was mostly because she had wanted to go touring. While trying to hide the few tears he had shed, he followed Micha inside.

"It's pretty messy since I've only just moved in, but try to ignore it, okay?"

"Okay..."

Mutsuki lived in a house, so entering a high-rise apartment building made him nervous. He was taken to the top floor and then to one of the rooms overlooking the town at a frightening height.

"You were right about it being messy."

That was his first impression.

He removed his shoes in the entranceway which was filled with so many boots and sandals it would have been difficult to find a matching set. He was impressed by the automatic lights and automatically locking door, but he was more focused on finding anywhere to step in a hallway filled with laundry and flyers. Luckily, Micha paved the way by kicking stuff out of the way.

"Are you good at housework, Mutsuki-kun? Y'know, like cleaning."

"Cleaning? I do it a lot, if that's what you mean."

"Great♪"

"?"

They moved further inside.

Needless to say, the rest was a disaster too. The dining and living rooms were almost fifty square meters in all, but there was still nowhere to step.

Cardboard boxes waiting to be unpacked were piled up, yet beer cans were stacked in a pyramid on the table like building blocks. There were far too many empty cans for her to have really just moved in, but there were far too many boxes still needing unpacking for her to have actually lived here longer.

" ... "

He had not even known her for two whole hours, but he felt he had a pretty good grasp on her character.

And...

"Hm?"

He noticed something on the couch.

They were clothes far too small for Micha to wear. They looked like they might be for a child, but they had caught his eye because they were neatly folded up amid the otherwise messy room.

He naturally approached them and found a shirt and spats he had seen somewhere before.

"Where did she get off to? Hey, are you back!?"

Micha kicked more things out of her way and searched for someone by opening all the doors leading from the living room.

And...

"Ange! Are you here nor not?"

"Yes, yes. I'm here. Just a second!"

Someone replied from the door in the dining room next to the one leading to the kitchen.

"Oh, you're in there? Were you taking a shower?"

Steam escaped the door, but Micha did not hesitate to walk over and open it.

"...What?"

She did indeed reveal a girl who had apparently been taking a shower.

The girl had just started tying back the red hair that was long enough to cover her butt. She had her hand around the wet hair and a rubber hairband in her mouth.

"..."

She slowly turned toward Mutsuki.

Mutsuki looked straight at her.

Except for the towel draped over her neck, she was completely naked. The girl's defenseless body was on full display.



She stood there in her birthday suit with nothing hidden: her armpits, her collarbones, the indentation of her navel, her surprisingly feminine chest given her otherwise childish build, and..."down there".

It was a beautiful body. Her unblemished skin was pure white. Her long arms and legs were slender. Her waist was so skinny it seemed to have been carved down and her smooth hips were the exact opposite. Her bust bulged out only a modest amount. Other than her short height, she had the slender build of a model.

He knew it was rude, but Mutsuki gulped, sending his still-thin Adam's apple up and down.

The girl froze in place as well.

"I'll introduce her properly this time. This is Ange. She works with me."

The hairband fell from her mouth.

"Gnyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhh!!!!!!!"

"Wah, wah, wah! I-I'm sorry!!"

She screamed so loudly it had to have reached the first floor and Mutsuki frantically turned around.

But he moved too quickly. His quick about-face caused him to slip on a magazine lying on the floor and to trip quite spectacularly.

His head hit the couch and everything on it poured down onto him.

"Nfh."

Something caught on his face as it fell.

It was the shirt and spats from before. These were the clothes the girl had worn by the station. It could not have been long since she had

removed them because he could still feel some faint body heat in them.

And once he removed the spats, something round spilled out from them.

"...?"

It was somewhat damp and the rubber in it had pulled it into a ball.

He spread it out to find a triangular object that smelled of sweat.

They were a pair of pink panties.

"From now on, we'll be protecting you from any and all danger."

Beyond the panties, he could see Ange charging at him after putting on the bath towel.

"What! Do you think! You're doing! With my panties! You pervert!"

"Gfh! Gyah! I'm...I'm sorry!"

"So don't worry, Mutsuki-kun. Ange's power is top class even for an angel. So whether FeTUS or the demons attack, she'll be protecting you 24/7."

Ange climbed on top of the boy she was meant to protect and started

beating him, Mutsuki desperately tried to protect himself with the hands holding the panties, and Micha smiled as she spoke.

"You pervert pervert pervert pervert pervert pervert pervert pervert pervert pervert pervert!!"

"Ow! Ahhhh, I'm sorryyyyy! Micha-san! Help me, Micha-san!"

"Good, good♪ I'm glad to see you're already friends."

She continued to smile.

"Now, after cleaning up real quick, let's have a welcoming party for our new roommate."

Ange's fist finally stopped.

"What?"

"Room...mate?"

This was news to Mutsuki as well.

"Ehhhhhhhh!? I have to live with him!?"

Mutsuki was slow to react thanks to the beating he had taken, so Ange alone stood up and shouted in protest.

“Of course. You wouldn’t be much of a bodyguard otherwise.”

“I refuse to live with a pervert like-...”

Mutsuki had apparently stepped on the edge of the towel during their scuffle, so when the girl tried to argue with Micha, the only thing hiding her bare skin fell away.

"~~~~~!!"

The top class angel girl’s adorable butt was right in front of his eyes.

And a moment later, a low kick filled with reliable strength reached his jaw.

Adolescent Adam: Chapter 3 - Demonic Eye of Corruption

As midnight rolled around, Mutsuki was lying in bed inside the room prepared for him. He had turned out the lights, but he was having trouble getting to sleep.

It may have been the new bed and it may have been how strangely clear his mind was.

Only about eight hours had passed since school had let out, but so very much had happened. He was exhausted as if he had redone his entire life two or three times and his body refused to relax.

He had received more of an explanation, so he now had a general understanding of the situation.

It was sounding like he would need to give up on a portion of his life. Just as Micha had said, he would have to live here. For today, he had called home to say he was sleeping over at a friend's house.

" ... "

He rolled over and looked across the room that was empty save for the bed. He had turned off the lights, but he had not shut the curtains. The moon was bright tonight, so perhaps that was why he could not sleep.

He had wanted to be somewhere bright, so he had not felt like closing them.

Whenever he shut his eyes, the exciting events of the day played back in his mind's eye.

He was wearing the shirt of his school uniform and boxers since he did not have any pajamas with him, but the memories were enough to soak the shirt with sweat.

Micha had explained it all again earlier.

None of it felt real, but he had a general understanding now.

He had a strange characteristic called the Serpent's Eye.

He did not doubt that part. He had seen it and he had seen Chiaki go crazy from its power.

And there were two groups who wanted the Serpent's eye.

One was the demons. That meant the boy named Lucia and the black liquid creatures known as Succubi. Based on what he had heard, the demons were not human.

The other was FeTUS. This one was a human organization and they were the ones who had controlled the Porsche and police car.

They were led by high-ranking individuals known as the FeTUS Witches and when they "wound the spring" of a machine, it became a

Springloaded. They were not limited to cars and could affect airplanes, satellites, cellphones, or anything else.

The Serpent's Eye was powerful enough to throw the world out of balance if it were misused.

The ones protecting the bearer of the Serpent's Eye were the angels.

They had joined together to protect the human world and were trying to come up with a countermeasure against the demons and FeTUS. Ange and Micha belonged to that group and they would protect Mutsuki until a countermeasure was found.

In other words...

(I can't live at home for a while. I bet Mutsumi-chan will cry.)

Doing what the angels said seemed like the wisest decision. He wanted to avoid having his family attacked by that sticky black water or those walking cars.

When it started to hit home that he was the target of those bizarre things, he began sweating even more. He rolled onto his side to let the heat escape, but then the sweat appeared on his forehead.

Inhuman monsters and a group with the superhuman knowledge to control machines were both trying to pluck out his eyeball.

It was such an unreal reality. And the events of this day were enough to know he could not write it all off as a dream.

Thinking about it all brought a chill to his chest and spine. He kept tossing and turning to escape these thoughts.

It sounded like his only option was to rely on Micha and Ange.

(Not that I feel particularly welcomed.)

When he remembered his other roommate, he felt depressed for a different reason.

"Um... Nice to meet you Ange-san."

"..."

"Um..."

"Just to be clear, I'm only protecting you because it's my duty. I don't actually like humans."

"Uuh..."

"And I hate pathetic guys and perverted guys most of all!"

Things had been like that ever since she had learned he was staying

here.

It was not an easy situation for a pacifist (or rather, weak-willed person) like Mutsuki.

(I won't argue with pathetic, but how can she call me perverted. It wasn't my fault.)

Even if it was not his fault, he started to picture her nude body, so he shook his head to clear it away. However, the image seemed to have been burned into his retinas, so it refused to disappear.

At the same time, he became aware that he was in the same apartment as a beautiful woman and beautiful girl he had only just met today. Not only that, but this was going to be his home now. That kept him awake all the more.

And then...

"Mutsuki-kun? I'm coming in."

He heard a voice from outside the room. Before he could answer, the door opened and Micha stepped in with a small plate in her hand.

"I brought an aroma to help calm you."

She seemed to know he was awake and could not sleep. The plate was filled with oil and she placed it on the bedside table. She snapped her

fingers and a fingertip-sized flame appeared above the plate. It seemed to be something like an aroma candle.

When he tried to sit up, she held out a hand to stop him and sat down next to him.

He looked up and saw her illuminated by the moon and candlelight.

The wild aura of her brown skin was neutralized by the gentle light. He noticed all over again how beautiful she was and grew embarrassed. Her blonde hair absorbed as much of the faint light as possible and gave off the stickily sweet aroma of an adult woman.

She stuck her finger in the warm aroma oil and softly stroked his cheek.

"Don't worry about Ange. She doesn't know much about the human world, so she's a little on edge. She's actually a really good girl."

He felt her palm sliding across his skin and smelled the faint aroma of olives coming from the oil. Entranced, he narrowed his eyes.

But that peaceful atmosphere only lasted a moment because Micha seemed to completely change her tone of voice.

"It's probably because she's a virgin that she hates the Serpent's Eye so much. She's too obsessed with purity. It's so childish. Maybe she'd understand the world a little better if I deflowered her with my strap-on."

The boy was shocked by what she just said.

She laughed. It was a childishly mischievous, somewhat alluring, and erotic laugh.

"Just kidding."

She narrowed her red eyes that seemed to absorb Mutsuki and suddenly straddled the boy's stomach.

"Um...Micha-san? What are you doing?"

She did not wear her coat or boots indoors, so the beautiful woman on top of him was covered by no more cloth than a swimsuit.

(She's so close. ...H-her boobs are about to touch me. Ah, she smells so nice.)

The scent wafting from her body was strong enough to drown out the aroma oil, but it was still gentle enough to not sting his nose. Mutsuki had no idea what to do, so he frantically looked away.

The woman seemed to find his reaction amusing and she brushed back her blonde hair.

"Are you a virgin, Mutsuki-kun?"

"What?"

"You are, aren't you?"

She slid her knees forward.

He did not immediately know what she meant by "virgin", but his thoughts were quickly diverted elsewhere.

Micha came in close enough that her thighs nearly touched his armpits. Even as short as it was, her skirt was actually hiding its contents...until she pulled it up, that is.

"Fweh!?"

She revealed a small piece of hard leather. It only just barely covered the most precious part of her body and the thong back was wedged into her butt. It was less underwear and more an accessory to seductively show off a woman's body.

And even though he could pretty much see it all already, she pulled it to the side.

"Heh heh heh♪ Is this your first time seeing one of these?"

It was so sudden that Mutsuki tensed up.

The contrast between her brown skin and blonde pubic hair burned into his retinas.

The upside-down triangle of female flesh filled the indentation between her two flexible thighs. A bit below the center, curly blonde hair formed a long vertical line. A crevice ran down the center of the flat area at the bottom.

(Th-that's a woman's...)

With the internet so ubiquitous, anyone Mutsuki's age had seen a few inappropriate images or videos, but this was his first time seeing that area without a mosaic over it.

Not only was he seeing his first vagina, but it was in person and from extremely close up.

He was more amazed than aroused and his mind went completely blank.

"There's one thing I haven't told you yet."

"Eh?"

"It's about the Serpent's Eye's effects. I'll show you just what kind of power you have."

The boy was on the verge of tears. His breathing was gradually growing

more animalistic and those breaths were touching her vulva. Micha did not seem able to calm down, so she held his face firmly between her hands and whispered to him.

"Look. This is my body. It reacts just like a human woman's would."

With his head fixed in place, she moved her crotch up until it nearly touched his nose. The indescribably bewitching aroma only produced by an adult woman's flesh tickled deep inside his nose.

"Open, demonic eye of corruption. I grant you thirteen seconds of freedom, so pierce your prey every which way you may turn."

In that instant, Mutsuki felt the temperature of his body's blood dropping as if he had become coldblooded.

All, that is, but for in his right eye.

"..."

That eye was assaulted by the same pain, throbbing, and heat as when Lucia had done this that evening.

But...

"Ah! Ah...ah, ah! Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Muffled screams echoed through the room.

"..."

But they did not come from Mutsuki. He used his black eye of a coldblooded animal to stare blankly up at Micha as she straddled him. His right eye had ached and throbbed like it was not his own, but that had subsided after a moment.

It was the second time, so his body was accepting the power.

Micha was the one screaming.

"Ahhhhhhh! Kh. You're kidding. Oh, god... This... This is..."

"Ah? Eh? Micha-san? What's-...?"

"~~! M-my name... Ahhhh, it's just...your voice...but...nnnn...."

This was the same as with Chiaki.

The woman raised her voice in a mixture of screaming and moaning. Beads of sweat quickly covered her brown skin and those droplets flew from her as she twisted her limbs and writhed madly as if electricity were surging through her body.

(Is this...?)

Watching this finally clued Mutsuki in to what his power did.

As if to confirm his guess, the vagina in front of his face began to react. The brown flesh twitched at a different rate than the rest of her body and it split in two.

The sensitive-looking flesh that appeared in the gap between was a salmon-pink paler than the rest of her skin. This flesh was folded up inside, but once it was exposed, it grew further engorged, split to the left and right, and pushed the outer flesh aside as it expanded.

It was a lot like watching a time-lapse video of a blooming morning glory.

"~~ Ahhh..."

Exactly thirteen seconds later, a chilly sensation enveloped Mutsuki's right eye and Micha collapsed. She fell on top of him as his Serpent's Eye closed, so he frantically supported her.

Her body was hot and the sweet scent of an adult now included the essence of sweat and a seductively female aroma.

"Ahh... Heh... That's more than the legends said and more than I ever imagined. I can't believe that was just from you looking at me. Your voice was intense too and I thought I was going to die when you called my name."

Micha was short of breath and leaned on him because she could not gather her own strength.

Mutsuki's face was pinned below her breasts, but he could not exactly throw her off of him when he could feel how hard her weary heart was beating. He left her where she was.

"You know what the power of the Serpent's Eye is now, don't you?"

She turned her moist eyes his way and he blushed a little.

"It makes women...um, horny."

"Correct. It's been said since ancient times that the serpent can corrupt women."

"..."

That was what it meant to conquer half the world. Once that clicked into place, he realized what he had done to Chiaki and frowned in self-loathing.

He was starting to feel a little glad that he was no longer living with his family. If he turned this power on his mother or sisters, he would want to kill himself.

"I won't let you abuse this power. You can't use it while it's sealed like this, so don't start plotting to make all the girls in the world your sex

slaves."

"I-I wasn't thinking that."

It was true he could think of a lot of ways to use this power, but he shook his head to clear his mind. He was not the type to do bad things.

Micha suddenly spoke up as she lay limply on top of him.

"The legends all say it 'corrupts' women, but that's far too vague. That was amazing."

"S-sorry."

"Heh heh. You don't need to apologize."

While still using him as her bed, she slid a hand down toward his hips.

"Do you think you can take responsibility for making me feel this way♪?"

"Fwah! Um, eh!?"

Her fingers slipped inside his pants, tickled along his thigh, and pulled down his boxers.

Just as he was thinking it tickled, she reached his most sensitive spot.

Her fingers were flexible and as delicate as if they were carved from marble, so they had seemed more like a work of art than a living creature. And yet those very fingers moved in a surprisingly raw manner and wrapped around his shrunken testicles.

"Wait, Micha-san? What are you doing? Wah, wah, wah, wah, wah!"

"Hmm? You can't tell?"

Without removing her hands from his weak point, she softly pressed down on what was growing there.

It was not that he did not understand. He bit his lower lip.

"Or is my body not to your liking?"

"That's not it."

"I may have juuuust a little extra flesh around the hips, but I'm still pretty confident in my looks. Or am I not young anymore?"

"No, um... I-it's just that I only met you today."

Mutsuki was a healthy, growing boy, so there was no way he would not react to the advances of such a beautiful woman. His penis began to fill with blood as she toyed with it and she could feel his pulse as it pressed up against her hand.

However, he had a sense of morality. A pure young boy like him might be curious about sex or aspire to have sex one day, but the idea of it being taboo was even greater.

The woman, on the other hand, loosened her pink lips like a small child given a new toy.

"Ah..."

She moved her knees up next to his face and grabbed his neck between her thighs.

She had moved her panties back into place, but the fluids dripping down said all one needed to know about the state of the female flower blooming from the brown skin behind that cloth. The boy was left speechless and the woman placed her butt on his collarbones.

"Well, Mutsuki-kun? Am I attractive?"

She laughed and looked confidently down on him.

Her expression was hard to see with the moonlight shining in behind her, but it made her long eyelashes twinkle and made him feel all the more like he was being absorbed by her red eyes.

He did the best he could to nod with his head so restricted.

(Of course you are... I've never seen someone so pretty.)

Her deep-looking brown skin was smooth and the moonlight reflected in her sweat made it look like she was covered in lamé. Her revealing clothing did not look at all obscene because the flowing lines from her bust to her waist were just too perfect.

Her stomach was thin and her butt was indeed a little big, but...

(That plumpness is really sexy. And she smells so good.)

Strength filled the hand teasing his penis.

"C'mon, c'mon♪"

"Ah...ahh."

As if tempting him, she wrapped her fingers around the shaft instead of just pressing down on it.

The throbbing at the base of his hips shook the reasonable part of the boy's mind. He normally had enough inhibition to resist his desires, but this cheerful and kind young woman was using the entirety of her exotic body to seduce him. He was not enough of a stoic to reject these advances.

"Of course, I'll just take you by force if you resist♪"

She started massaging his balls and moved her other hand to her panties.

"You're the legendary bearer of the Serpent's Eye which can corrupt any and all women. That means you have the power to make any woman your slave."

When she rubbed it, the cloth absorbed the moisture, plastered itself to what lay beneath, and grew nearly transparent.

"That alone makes it worth being your first. But more importantly..."

A somehow bewitching light filled her red eyes as she slid the piece of clothing aside once more.

The boy's eyes opened wide when he saw that hidden flesh within arm's reach. In fact, it was so close he did not even need to reach out.

Before, the engorged pink flesh had split the outer brown flower in a diamond shape, but in the minute or two since, it had gone through further changes.

A round hole had opened in the center of the inner flower petals. The small flower petals were lined up like creases and he could see inside her body.

He had known a woman had two holes down there, but he immediately knew which one was the important one even though he had never seen one before. The urethra would never open that wide.

The hidden hole in the center of her garden reacted harshly, as if it were another creature altogether. It twitched while opening and closing, it wriggled as if biting at the air, and finally spat it back out as a nectar-filled mist. It was such an intense sight that he might have been afraid if he had had no prior knowledge.

This was a clear reaction of longing.

"Your eye has closed, but the effects are really sticking with me. ...The ether resonance is just too powerful. It really is like you've stolen my body and my heart."

"What?"

"I'm saying my pussy is going to drive me insane if you don't fuck it."

She grabbed the boy's hand and guided it to her breasts.

He had thought he was used to the sensation of a woman's bust since his sister liked to cling to him, but the sensation in his palm was completely new. His forearm stiffened at the unexpected softness. He unintentionally filled his fingers with strength.

He could have sworn he was not squeezing that hard, but his fingertips tore right through the material of her black shirt.

"Ah... S-sorry."

"Hm? Oh, no, no. That's just how my clothes work."

Mutsuki let go in surprise, but Micha smiled and pinched the torn part of her shirt.

It had felt like cotton when he had touched it, but that turned out to be inaccurate. When she pinched it together and massaged it, it reconnected and was as good as new.

"It works fine when it's dry, but it gets like this when it absorbs salt water. Like seawater. Or sweat."

She pulled on it herself and tore it again.

It seemed to become something like gelatin when it absorbed sweat. At any rate, Mutsuki breathed a sigh of relief that he had not ruined her shirt.

A lightbulb seemed to go off in the woman's head and she brought his hand to her chest again.

"Feel free to tear it as much as you want♡"

"..."

She claimed to be an angel, but she tempted him like a demon.

Tearing her clothing was somewhat removed from sexuality and that slight shift of guilt opened a hole in his resistance. His fingers reflexively tensed and peeled away her gel clothing.

With the cup removed from one of her breasts, it tumbled free with a lovely bounce. Despite its weight, the tip not only did not sag but actually pointed somewhat upwards. Her beautiful, large breast almost seemed to stick out from her wild-colored body.

(I-I can't do this when I only just met her today. ...It's, um, rude.)

He did think that for a moment, but at the same time...

(But she's the one telling me to do it. ...Her breast is so beautiful. It looks so soft.)

A crack had formed in the dam set up by the reasonable half of his mind, so he could no longer control his instincts. He gulped as he looked up at the perfect curves of that melon that was trembling ever-so-slightly.

When she saw him breathing more heavily, the beautiful woman laughed lewdly and guided his hand to her other breast.

"Go ahead. Have your way with my tits."

" ... "

It did not take him long to grab that cup in his hand too.

The second kiss of Mutsuki's life lasted long enough to burn deep, deep down into his brain.

Not only were Micha's lips nice and plump, but an abundant supply of sticky saliva was hidden behind them. He could hardly remain polite when offered such a luscious fruit, so he sucked on them and jammed his tongue in from the moment they reached his own lips.

He licked through her sticky mouth and slurped along the base of the sweet tongue that gently responded in kind.

(Micha-san's tongue... It's so slippery and feels so good. And it smells amazing.)

Mutsuki attacked with his youth on full display, but the woman responded with the composure of an adult. She stroked his hair while softly receiving his lips and providing him with the wet nectar of her saliva.

When he occasionally needed to take a breath, he inhaled an intensely fragrant floral aroma. She had taken over his lungs as well as his mouth.

The boy lost himself in the angel's kiss and his hands crawled along her soft cocoa-colored flesh.

"Nkh... Nfh. Mfh. C-c'mon, Mutsuki-kun."

She had retained the composure of an adult with just his lips, but she too began to melt when he began roughly attacking her bust.

The great hills of her breasts were large enough to bulge out between his fingers as he squeezed and fondled them from below.

(I never knew boobs were so soft. My fingers feel like they're going limp. Ah ha ha. But this part is nice and hard.)

He continued his persistent attack, waited for her to moan directly into his mouth, and pinched her nipples.

Unlike the pink he had seen below, these stiff points were darker colored like her skin. That made them look incredibly obscene, so he could not help but tease them. Not satisfied by only pinching them, he tickled her trembling areolae too. He also poked at the depressions at the very ends of the tip meant for lactation.

"Nfh... S-stop that. Don't tease my breasts."

Even though it was his first time, his persistent petting made Micha's limbs twist around.

"Hyah! D-don't tug on them like-ah! I mean it..."

"But your boobs are so sexy."

"You're such a naughty boy. Your Serpent's Eye has only just awoken and you're already trying to make a woman your slave?"

Heat had entirely filled her eyes, so she moved her hand from his hair, slid it down his back, and pulled down his boxers.

She had been touching it quite a bit already, but removing the boxers exposed his sweaty hips to the cool air. The boy shuddered.

"Heh heh. You might know your way around a pair of tits, but I see you're still a kid down here."

With her lips still ready to kiss his, she wrapped her fingers around what she had pulled from his boxers.

Mutsuki was a picture of adolescence with how hard and full of life he was, but he could not argue when she called him a kid. As his short stature suggested, the wrinkly balls she gently stroked were still nearly pink and there was barely any pubic hair to speak of. Most of all, the tip was still covered by the foreskin even though the penis bent upwards like a scimitar.

The woman gave a satisfied grin when she saw that youthfulness that belied the boy's lustful attitude.

"Not to worry. I'll make a man out of you."

"~~Ahh!"

She began mercilessly stroking the base.

As her fingers pulled up and down, the cover at the top was peeled back.

This was not the very first time, but he had only rarely peeled it back even when pleasuring himself. He had generally moved the foreskin to stimulate the contents until he ejaculated. That was all he would do. And yet...

"Nhaaah!"

The woman's slender fingers mercilessly wrapped around the sensitive head.

It felt like jolts electricity surged from the surface of contact and his spine bent backwards.

"Did that hurt?"

"It...did."

Her fingers were still wrapped around it, so his entire body trembled as he answered. Technically, it was not pain he was feeling. The base of his thighs seemed to itch and the pure boy did not know how to explain it.

But Micha seemed to know exactly what words would affect him.

"Bear with it. A cock this lewd is sure to be feeling good in no time♡"

"Ah...ahhh...ahhhh. Micha-san, wait, wait!"

She rhythmically squeezed and relaxed her fingers.

She had only wrapped her fingers around the head of his penis, but an electric storm of shocking pink filled his vision. He lifted the muscles of his lower stomach and writhed about from the sharp, prickling sensation.

Micha's smile grew.

"How very strange. You claim this hurts, but your cock is only getting bigger."

"Fwah...ahh...No...Please don't...do that so roughly..."

"Heh heh heh. I can hear the pleasure in your voice, too. Are you only pretending it hurts? Or does the pain feel good?"

She teased his penis while mischievously whispering in his ear.

She placed her thumb on the slit at the tip and gave it a rubbing massage. The sensation traveled down his urethra and nearly made him pee, but that attack fortunately did not last long.

With pre-cum coating her fingers, she moved them back to the head

and began stroking up and down with the fluid acting as a lubricant.

His overprotected tip had stung just from being held, so this friction was impossible to endure.

Veins bulged out on the shaft as it grew until it seemed it would explode.



"Ah ha. You're so damn cute. I want to tease you because you're cute and teasing you makes you look even cuter. I don't think I'll ever be able

to stop♪”

She seemed to like their respective positions. He was lying on his back and she was leaning over him on all fours. As he writhed and grabbed the sheets, she pressed her nose to the shirt over his chest.

“Nnnnn. I love this smell♡ It’s the smell of a boy.”

The boy’s somewhat tanned skin gained a unique youthful scent when it was soaked in sweat. She could not get enough of breathing it in as she delightedly stroked his rod.

“It feels good, doesn’t it? You’re about to cum as I tease your cock, aren’t you?”

“Stop...stop. Wait, Micha-san. Wait a second.”

“Why would I stop? You want me to tease you, don’t you?”

Her aggressive arousal seemed to be growing as she whispered even more strongly into his ear.

As she buried her nose below his arm, in his navel, and anywhere else that would gather his scent, he saw her large ass wiggling back and forth. She seemed to be pleasuring herself with the thong.

“C’mon, say ‘yes’. Say ‘yes, my cock feels good’”

Her red eyes sharpened as she entered full S-mode and she began using her sticky tongue to lick his sweaty armpit, neck, and face instead of just smelling him.

"Can't you say it? Just say 'yes'. That's all you have to say."

"Ahhh...ahhhh."

The movements of her hand grew even bolder. She rubbed the head, traced her fingers along the frenulum, and suddenly gave the entire shaft a soft squeeze.

"No, ah... I'm... Ahhh, I'm...I'm going to..."

He still only barely thought of what he was feeling as "pleasure" as this young woman ruled over him, but the bed springs creaked as he approached his climax.

Her wild and beautiful face grinned as she felt the head swelling in her hand.

"Are you about to cum? C'mon, c'mon. Not yet. Let me see that cute look some more."

Even as she spoke, she continued massaging the round head that looked like a ripe fruit made of flesh.

He was on the verge of tears. The stimulation was so strong that, just

like the first time he had masturbated, he did not know quite how to reach the climax. He was already approaching orgasm, but it never quite seemed to arrive.

The almost painful experience left him writhing on the bed.

"Fine then. You can cum after I finish counting to ten."

Micha smiled cruelly and began stroking his shaft more gently.

"10, 9, 8, 7..."

"Ah... Ahhh! Ah."

This duller pleasure was somehow easier to experience, so he rapidly rose toward ejaculation.

"Heh heh heh heh♡ 6, 5...4...3..."

She teased him by slowing down the last five a bit and the tip of his erection opened its mouth wide as 0 approached.

But...

"2...1..."

"Nn...nn..."

"Oops, ten more seconds♡"

"~~~~!"

At the very last second, she removed her hand from his rod entirely.

Mutsuki's eyes rolled around in agony at having the goal snatched away right at the end. But his dominated body was obedient. More from the lack of her permission than from the lack of any stimulation, he could not quite reach his climax.

"M-Micha-san..."

"Nope, not yet♪ C'mon, let's get going again! Ten! Niiine, eiiiight..."

As soon as she judged the wave had receded, she grabbed the tip again and dug her fingers into it.

Just as his building pleasure had started to drop, it shot back up again. The pleasure left him in such agony that the boy's entire body struggled as if trying to elbow the sheets below him.

But Micha still showed no mercy and continued her countdown and perfect finger technique.

"Fiiiive, foooour, threeeee..."

"Kwah...ah..."

"Twoooo, oooooone..."

Her fingers stopped again and she grinned a little.

It was obvious even to Mutsuki that she was going to return to ten once more.

By this point, he was certain that only her fingers could bring him to orgasm, so clung to her without shame, wrapped his arms around her slender brown neck, and begged her with tears in his eyes.

"Please... Please, Micha-san. Don't tease me anymore."

He gave her the weak, pleading look of an abandoned puppy.

She must have realized she had gone too far because her cruel witch's smile was replaced by a bitter smile and she apologized.

She seemed to be satisfied by the cute boy clinging to her like a baby. She lowered her body to place chest on chest, crotch on crotch, and lips on lips.

"Okay. Go ahead and cum."

She began stroking the head and shaft with the exact level of strength she had learned would make him writhe the most.

"Ee...ee...ah!"

Her soft, springy thighs touched the head and it grew as dark as any adult's.

Some sort of particle seemed to circulate through his body and he could tell they were surging down toward his crotch. They left behind such an intense itching, he would have thought they were balls of fur. He could not even scream at a pleasure that felt like having all of his bones tickled by a feather duster.

"~~~~~! Ahhh!"

The spiral of sparks finally gathered at the bottom of his hips.

The boy shouted through his clenched teeth at the pleasure of something hot and sticky racing from his vas deferens to his urethra.

One beat later, he fired a bullet that was unbelievably thick for a liquid.

"Ah! Ah! ...Ah...hh...nhah!"

With each consecutive firing, Mutsuki's body shook so hard he thought it would break. The first and second shots splattered on Micha's hips, but the path of the next surge strayed and flew elsewhere. It flew

unbelievably high for a third shot.

His mind went blank at the pleasure that surpassed his first time masturbating. It was enough to keep him from feeling the actual ejaculation. He simply felt like this cruel woman's hand had milked him of his semen.

After offering her his most defenseless moment, he entered a dazzling state of intoxication.

Strength filled the arms wrapped around her gentle body line.

"...♡"

Micha delightedly narrowed the corners of her eyes at the sensation of the warm man juices continually landing on her thighs and butt and at the reaction of the boy who clung to her like a baby.

"Now, then."

"Ah..."

"Have you said goodbye to your childhood self?"

He had cum enough to empty out his balls, but the caress of Micha's fingers, lips, and weighty breasts managed to get him hard once more.

The room was colored by the silver moonlight and the red candlelight and the woman sat up in those two sources of illumination. She pressed her hips against the flesh spear covered in a film of dripping semen.

Most of the ejaculate had fallen on her, so Micha's thighs were just as stained as the meat rod.

The two sticky films moved close and obscenely mixed together as soon as they touched.

"Before crossing this final point, let me ask, Mutsuki-kun. You want me to take your virginity, don't you?"

In between kisses, she guided his hand to her panties.

Earlier, she had claimed she would take him by force if he resisted, but she still gave him the choice in the very end. Feeling a little troubled, Mutsuki's face grew red.

But he already knew the answer.

He had no reason not to accept this beautiful, kind, cruel, and sexy young woman he had only met today.

He tore through the object obstructing their union.

Micha smiled happily. While her seductive, mischievous smile was charming, this pure smile was downright cute.

Being cummed on had increased the reddish color of that hidden flower and now it lowered toward his shaft. Her shiny brown thighs sank down and the taut labia sucked in the head of his penis.

"Ah...ah...ahhh."

Surprisingly, Micha was the first to raise her voice. The tip had not even fully entered her slit yet, but her skinny silver eyebrows twisted and sexual moans escaped on her breath.

Mutsuki, on the other hand, could not say anything at all. He was spellbound by those well-formed hips sliding forward and back, left and right as if taking aim. Both of their hips would shake as soon as her wet flesh touched his spear tip, so they had a difficult time of it. He enjoyed how her soft pubic hair would tickle him and her plump butt would hit him.

Finally, the widened head lined up with that secret entrance.

(W-wow. It's going in.)

He commented on the events before his eyes.

He felt a tight ring of flesh wrap around his penis as if measuring its circumference. He was impressed by the pleasure his aroused penis's nerves received from the warmth of a soaking wet woman. He was even more impressed by how the delicate pink flesh blooming on her brown skin flexibly swallowed a portion of his body.

He had not had a complex about his virginity, so he had no real thoughts about losing it. He was more excited by the strange yet natural sight of his body becoming one with someone else's.

As their union grew deeper, the woman's lovely body arched backwards. Her skirt and panties had been removed and the boy had torn her shirt to shreds, so she was very nearly nude. Unable to wait as she slowly lowered her hips, he lifted his own hips.

"Ahn! C'mon, stay put."

Even as she scolded the mischievous boy in a low voice, her beautiful vagina squeezed tight to deepen their bond. Mutsuki had already cum once, so she was in the more precarious state.

"Micha-san..."

"Fwah... Ah...ah hah. Maybe I got a little too worked up. That felt way too good."

Her tone was jocular, but a look of longing filled her face as she placed her hands on Mutsuki's stomach and adjusted the depth of her sitting position.

Her body occasionally trembled as if from an electric shock, so he could tell how great the pressure building inside her was. The beautiful bell-shaped breasts lifted by her upper arms bounced and her wavy blonde hair fluttered through the air, reflecting the moonlight.

(I'm giving Micha-san pleasure.)

When the head of his penis reached the deepest point, a new honey-like stickiness wrapped around it.

(What a lewd expression... Ahhh, sex is amazing.)

The pleasure of sharing one's flesh with another was on an entirely different level from masturbation or the earlier handjob. It came with a sense of oneness like he had become a part of her and he had gained all of her. The amazement and arousal made him feel dizzy.

"Heh heh heh. How do you like my body, Mutsuki-kun?"

Micha was breathing so heavily she could barely ask. Each time the head pushed into her deepest place, her ample breasts would shake and she would writhe in ecstasy, but she still remembered her position as the older one.

"It's...amazing. It feels so good. And...and..."

"Ah... H-hey, stop that."

The boy could not help but thrust his hips up into her twitching and nearly convulsing vagina.

"I'm so happy I could do this...with someone as pretty as you."

He smiled bashfully as he said that.

"Uuh..."

The beautiful angel gave a troubled twist of her narrow eyebrows at the joyous pleasure of the friction on her throbbing internal flesh and at the boy's smile that tickled her maternal instincts.

"Heh heh heh. You might be a genius at winning over older girls even without the Serpent's Eye♡"

She smiled bitterly, brought her face in close, and moved her lips to the side.

"Nhah... Ah! M-Micha-san...that tickles."

"Nyeh heh heh heh♪ Your ear's your weak point, isn't it? Don't worry, I'll gobble it up even more."

"Ah...Nkh~~"

"Fwah..."

She breathed onto and licked at his earlobe, sending a numb shudder down his spine, so he subconsciously reached out his hands to fight back.

He grabbed both of the soft breasts pressing against his chest.

"H-hey... Not so sudd-...ahhn!"

He lifted the swollen shapes from below as if weighing them and he gave them a squeezing massage. They felt wonderful and the penis buried in her hidden garden would throb each time he teased her nipples.

"Wait...c'mon... Not three...places at once...♡"

"Ahh...Hee... Then you stop...with the ear...hyahhh."

Mutsuki's ticklishness seemed to weaken the dam keeping him from cumming and Micha's bust grew more sensitive thanks to the attack on her nectar hole.

At some point, it had become a competition to see who could overwhelm the other first. They almost looked like friendly siblings playing with various parts of each other's body.

"Nfh... Ahh, Mutsuki-kun... You're such a dirty boy."

"Micha-san... The way you wiggle your big butt is just too lewd."

"Ah hah... I wouldn't be doing that...if you weren't making me feel so good."

As she straddled him, her seductive butt started wiggling around in circles all on its own. Just as it seemed to be moving right, it would start left. Meanwhile, her inner flesh continued to gently constrict, stroking the brazen younger boy inside her.

The creaking of the bed grew louder and louder.

"Ahh... I-I can't hold back any more, Micha-san. I'm cumming again... I'm cumming."

"G-go ahead. Cum. I'm...I'm also about to..."

Her hair shined just like silk as it flew through the air and her moans grew to their peak.

The second surge gathered in Mutsuki's penis and he instinctually thrust his hips upwards. He was burying himself to the hilt in her vagina.

Her brown hips were lifted into the air as their union grew all the deeper.

"Fwaaaaaahhh!"

The wonderful shock was so great that a scream-like moan left her throat.

Her spine arched backwards with her upper body leaning forward, so their colliding cheeks separated and they could look each other in the

eye.

"Nn..."

"Heh♡"

Without exchanging a single word or sign, they pressed their lips together as if in an embrace.

They looked like lovers reunited after many years.

"Ahh... Mutsuki-kun. Kh...I'm cumming...I'm cumming..."

Her entire body was erotically wet and shining with sweat as she tensed up like a beast and breathed her adult moans of pleasure into his mouth.

"Ahhh. Micha...-san."

"Cum... Khhn. Cum with meee!"

They seemed to melt into each other as their lower bodies jerked madly together.

"————!"

In addition to her sweet moans, her fleshy crucible begged him by sucking him in, so he sprayed his carnal desire inside it.

"Ahhhhhn! Ahhhhhhhhhh♡♡♡"

His second load of juices was no less impressive than the first as he fired it into her womb like bullets.

He came with such fierce intensity that simply receiving it was enough to melt the core of the woman's body and send harsh jerks through her body as she supported herself on all fours. Her chocolate-colored butt was wet with sweat and a number of other bodily fluids as she threw it to the left and right.

They continued pounding their intertwined skin together until he had expelled the very last drop.

"...Ahh..."

In the end, Micha was the first to collapse.

"That was intense... I'm not as young as I used to be, so I'm going to be sore tomorrow."

Micha's skin was still twitching from the lingering sexual pleasure, but she was more focused on gently embracing Mutsuki to calm him as he trembled from his first time.

He was overcome by the lethargy of consecutive ejaculation, but he looked up from within that adult woman's arms.

She looked back at him from right next to him.

They had become one not long before and they were still embracing each other in the nude, but he still looked away in embarrassment when she looked him in the eye. She gave her usual mischievous laugh.

"The Serpent's Eye is even more powerful than the legends claimed. Arousal alone would be one thing, but I can't believe I was putty in the hands of a virgin. I think my body might already be your slave♪"

She sounded somehow delighted by that risqué fact.

On the other hand, Mutsuki felt he had become a slave to this sexual temptress. He gave a random bitter laugh, but the woman's tone of voice suddenly dropped.

"But this has proven that you are an extremely dangerous element for us angels as well."

"Eh?"

"If you could use that eye, you could leave all women in no state to fight. And angels like us would be affected the most. Machines and flesh are neither male nor female."

Her tone was entirely serious. Her usual casual attitude gave this an odd sense of impact, so Mutsuki gulped.

But it only lasted an instant. Her mischievous smile was back soon enough.

"You understand, don't you? Once I'm like this, I can't think about anything but your hard cock♡"

She sat up and pushed her hips out toward the boy who was lying down.

Her flower garden had been covered in a milky liquid a few times already, but it had yet to calm down and the engorged pink flesh was pushing out from its brown flesh cover.

"Heh heh. I see you're still full of energy, too. You can keep going, can't you?"

Her laugh held the youth of a child, but Mutsuki could only blush as she licked her lips seductively and reached a hand to his crotch.

They had started feeling thirsty, so Mutsuki had gone to the kitchen for a drink before starting the next round.

"Get me a beer, will you? Two if possible."

"S-sure."

Micha claimed she could not go because her hips were too weak from all the pleasure, so Mutsuki left the room alone.

There was still nowhere to walk in the living room and he could not see where he was stepping with the lights off, so he shuffled his feet along toward the kitchen.

The kitchen was well-equipped with appliances like a microwave oven and a large dishwasher, but it had none of the crucial cooking equipment, not even a frying pan.

He opened the antique wood paneled refrigerator, but it was amazingly empty. He had had his suspicions since they only had convenience store meals for his welcoming party dinner, but there were not even any seasonings. The only things there were the wrapped-up leftovers from dinner. There was a surprising amount of ice for how little the freezer and refrigerator were being used.

When he opened the drink shelf at the very bottom, he found a shocking amount of beer cans crammed inside.

He saw everything from major brands he often saw ads for to local beers and even ones labelled with strange foreign writing. He dug through it all a bit and found Chu-Hi, sake, shochu, wine, whisky, brandy, rum, Shaoxing wine, grappa, and spirits. It was an impressive selection.

Unsure what to choose, the minor boy grabbed two of the major beers he had at least heard of.

"..."

He leaned against the sink to take a break.

"...Phew."

He drank a cup of mineral water from the same cup he had borrowed for dinner.

The water felt gentle and sweet on his heated throat. He drank a second cup and was finally able to calm himself after drinking half of a third.

"..."

Now that he was alone, he ended up lost in thought with everything on his mind.

He almost felt like he was floating.

It was a lot like dreaming and nothing felt real.

He had become one with Micha, he had become an adult, he was in a dangerous situation now, and...

The Serpent's Eye.

Any woman he looked at would be forced into a disgraceful state.

Something inside of him was far more dangerous than he thought. The brief serious expression Micha had shown him was burned into the back of his mind.

It pained him that he had turned those venomous fangs on his sister, but he did not find that curse of a power to be all that unpleasant.

He was of course scared.

The human organization named FeTUS and the demons were after his power. If either of them caught him, they might pluck out his eye. Just thinking about that was enough to scare him.

But....

Danger approached him, he was going to miss living with his family, and he was anxious about his new life.

Despite the many stressors bearing down on him, his mood was oddly carefree.

(Oh, is that because of Micha-san?)

He suddenly realized all of the worries weighing oppressively on his heart had faded away quite a bit.

They seemed to have been knocked out of him by his intense first time.

He had embraced, kissed, and exposed everything with that beautiful young woman. He had experienced so much pleasure he had thought his blood was going to boil over. He did not know what would happen next or how long he would have to be away from his family, but his mood was oddly light.

What if this was why she had shared her body with him?

(She's such a nice person.)

Her mischievous smile had been enough to cheer him up.

He quickly washed the cup and prepared to hurry back to his room with the beers in hand. This was only an intermission. Micha had already suggested some other positions they could try and his cheeks loosened when he thought about it.

He was going to miss his family, but he thought he was going to enjoy life with this new family.

"~~♪"

"Yawn. Honestly, how am I supposed to sleep with that pervert in the same apartment as-...ah."

If it were not for the other member of that family, that is.

He was humming on the way back to his room at 1:30 in the morning when the door next to his opened.

The plate on the door said "Ange" in cookie cutter lettering and a girl stepped out.

It was her own carelessness at fault this time, but she was quite lightly dressed. She was wearing spats and a custom-fit tank top that was only large enough to cover her chest. Or was it what they called a sports bra? Regardless, her cute navel was exposed.

"!?!?!?!? Wh-what are you doing up so late!?"

Ange quickly covered her chest.

"Wait! I-I was just thirsty, so..."

"Also..."

Mutsuki too had been careless. As a boy, he was not embarrassed by the fact that his shirt and boxers was just about as revealing as her outfit.

The problem was the object pitching a tent in his boxers just from remembering Micha's mischievous smile, even if he had already cum twice.

"Wah, wah, wah! Um, you've got it all wrong! This is-..."

"You pervert!!!!!!!!!!"

A solid fist became the last of the day's many disasters.

As he flew backwards, he could only conclude that his new life was not going to be an easy one.

Adolescent Adam: Chapter 4 - The Trick to the Crane Game is to Pull it in Close

The next day arrived.

The utterly normal day was the exact opposite of the day before when Mutsuki had been prepared to die more than once, had nearly cried, had worn out his hips, and had climbed the staircase to adulthood.

His classmates were the same as before. Sakae and Saya were as energetic as ever and Ibekusa Machina arrived at the last second as always. Mutsuki tried to greet her again but once again failed to say anything.

There was only one difference.

"Jiyuuni Ange. Nice to meet you."

A small panic erupted after the morning homeroom.

The transfer student had given the most perfunctory greeting before moving to her assigned seat. That seat was the rearmost one by the window, putting her diagonally back from Mutsuki. He doubted she was doing it intentionally, but she was resting her head on her hand and staring disinterestedly out the window just like Machina in front of her.

She immediately put on a lopsided frown and showed no hint of sociability. Mutsuki was worried she would not be able to get along with

the others, but Ange simply turned her back on their classmates' curious looks.

She seemed to have a natural preference for purity, so she had a poor opinion of the Serpent's Eye that could force women into a state of arousal. However, her dislike did not seem isolated to Mutsuki, so her claim of not liking humans may have been true.

But...

"Ohhhhhhhh! You're so cute! I love you! Please marry me!"

"Wa ha! Your red hair is so pretty♡ Is it natural? And your eyes are blue... Are you only half-Japanese?"

"We don't usually get transfer students at this time of year. Where was your old school?"

The fact that she was a beautiful young girl proved surprisingly powerful. As soon as homeroom ended, a tsunami of classmates rushed toward her.

"Hey, make sure you're ready for first period."

Their homeroom teacher, Katsue-sensei, rang vainly through the classroom, but no one was listening.

Ange must not have expected this either.

"Well... It's natural and my eyes are normal. My old school was somewhere far away."

Despite her composed answers, she looked shocked.

Mutsuki breathed a sigh of relief as he watched on from a step away.

They were pretending to be strangers because of the trouble it would cause if their classmates found out they were living together, but she had of course transferred to the school to be his bodyguard. Since she had come for him, he wanted her to get along with the others.

"Jiyuuni-san... I can call you, Ange-chan, right? I'm Kurikara. Kurikara Saya."

The class's female eternal optimist pushed through the crowd of people.

"You can call me Saya. Nice to meet-..."

"Outta the way, jelly-face. If someone like you shows up in front of the nervous transfer student, she'll think you're gonna eat her. Leave this to THE Tomono Sakae, the most reassuring man there is."

"Jelly-face!? How dare you call a girl-... dah wah wah! Don't push!"

The male eternal optimist joined the fray. Saya and Sakae kept pushing

each other out of the way and almost climbing onto the desk to get in front. Ange pulled back with a troubled look each time they got closer.

The two of them finally moved in toward her together.

"Nice to meet you, Jiyuuni-san. I'm the class rep, Tomono Sakae. You can remember me as the man who will one day stand at the center of the world."

"Hah. The center of the world? The center of this class is the most you can manage."

"What'd you say!?"

"You heard me! You wanna fight!?"

They really did start fighting.

The classroom's excitement was growing at the arrival of this beautiful transfer student, so no one tried to stop them and some even seemed to egg them on.

Unable to keep up, Ange gave Mutsuki a look that asked "what's their deal?"

The boy could only smile warmly back at her. One could only grow accustomed to those two's energy.

Their classmates continued to cheer and their questions never seemed to end. Even first period was only a brief respite before the next break. And the next. And the lunch break. And afterschool.

The sullen angel-winged transfer student had been confused at first, but she seemed to gradually grow accustomed to the noise.

By the time they left, she was fitting into the class well enough.

Based on her attitude at school and what Micha had said, Ange was apparently not very familiar with human society.

Or with the human world as a whole.

"Wowwwwww!"

Mutsuki had no idea how an angel normally lived her life, but...

"This place is so big!"

She had apparently never seen a shopping mall before.

"Try to be a little quieter. You're embarrassing me."

"Sorry."

"I know how you feel, though, so let's enjoy ourselves on this shopping

trip♪”

Her usual risqué outfit was gathering a fair bit of attention, but Micha started walking without shame. Ange followed with her blue eyes sparkling at all the stores lining the walls. Mutsuki walked along behind the both of them.

This was SeeDWalk, the biggest shopping mall near their town, which had pretty much anything one might want to buy. It was sudden, but they were already buying supplies for Mutsuki.

“I’ll pay for it all, so choose whatever you want. Ange, if you see anything you want, feel free to buy it. I’ll write it all off as a business expense.”

Micha showed off a black credit card and grinned proudly. Mutsuki did not know how business expenses worked for angels, but he had a feeling this woman was abusing the system more than anyone else.

“Wow, wow! What’s that!? There’s a train running through the building!”

The mall was as large as a small theme park and Ange was impressed by just about everything. She was interested in every store, every facility, and even the bathrooms and benches. She was currently getting worked up over a bus to carry children around the building.

He had first met her just about twenty-four hours before, but this was his first time seeing anything other than an angry or sullen look on her face. It was a refreshing experience.

They started by buying things they would not have to lug around with them afterwards. First, they headed to the furniture store on the first floor of the shopping mall's western wing.

"Wowwww."

The girl voiced her amazement yet again when she saw the beds, tables, sofas, *etc.* filling a space the size of a soccer court.

"Is there any phrase more wonderful than 'business expense'? Maybe I should get a new everything while we're at it!"

Micha turned her sparkling eyes toward a fashionable white wood dining table with a lace tablecloth, an elegant wooden armchair with no nails or bolts, a tall rack with a mirror covering the entire thing, and other fashionable pieces of furniture. When she spotted a recliner with a built-in cooler for beer, she grabbed the purchase form without even checking the price tag.

And yet their apartment already had a TV, couch, and beds, so Mutsuki had thought it already had the bare necessities.

" 'Please try me out.' Hey... Hey, Mutsuki!"

"Yeah?"

Ange gestured him over. She seemed interested in the bed section and she pointed at a plate that said "Please try me out."

"It's saying you can lie on it to see how it feels. Keep your shoes on the plastic at the bottom, though. Also..."

Before he could tell her to do it quietly, the girl dove noisily onto the bed mat. The creaking of the springs seemed to fill the entire floor.

"Wow, wow! This is amazing! It's so bouncy and soft."

The comfort that 99800 yen bought was apparently several steps above the cheap bed that had come with the apartment. She kept bouncing up and down on it like a trampoline.

An employee naturally started giving them a disapproving look.

(Why am I the one getting glared at?)

The employee seemed to think she was his little sister, so he averted his gaze.

But...

"~~♡♡♡ That settles it. I'm buying this. I'm definitely buying this."

Ange stretched happily.

Since she said she was going to buy it, he decided to let her do

whatever she wanted.

"~~♪"

"..."

She lay on her stomach and kicked her feet.

Mutsuki's expression relaxed when he saw her playing around like a puppy wagging its tail in a nice sunny spot.

The two of them had not exactly been getting along, but he could not think of her as a bad person when he saw this innocent side of her.

He wanted them to get along.

They were roommates, she was helping him as his bodyguard, and they were about the same age.

He was pretty sure they would be able to get along when the right opportunity came along, but...

"I see, I see."

He felt a soft sensation on the back of his neck. Next, a sweet breath tickled his ear.

"How about we buy a bigger bed? The ones we have are too small, so we almost fell off when doing it doggy style. One with a waterproof mat would be best."

"H-have you bought a recliner yet?"

He quickly moved away from the large round objects resting on his shoulders.

Amused by his reaction, Micha giggled.

"I did buy one, but I've hit a snag. I used a trick to get the lease for our apartment, so we're technically not registered as its residents. I need to stop by the government office and get things legal."

"Oh... I see."

He was bothered by the parts about "using a trick" and "getting things legal", but she was an angel. He decided to turn a blind eye.

"Sorry. I'll be gone for a bit, so you kill some time with Ange."

"Oh... Wait, what!?"

"If you see anything you want, go ahead and buy it all."

She tossed the black card his way and turned around.

The boy naturally panicked when he was handed an object that could produce as much money as he wanted.

"W-wait, Micha-san!"

She was already gone.

All that remained was the weak-willed boy and the credit card he was afraid to use.

"What did Micha want?"

Having seen her guardian walk up and leave, Ange only tilted her head and got down from the bed.

They decided to look at the furniture later, so Mutsuki showed Ange around the mall since she wanted to see more large stores.

"What a strange place. It's like an entire shopping district was put inside a single building."

"That's what a mall is."

Fortunately, Mutsuki visited the place about once a month with his sisters, so he knew his way around pretty well. Showing Ange around was a simple task.

"Ha ha♪"

Ange seemed to like the spiral escalator that made a half circuit of the central space as it brought them to the second floor. A huge smile covered her face as she saw all the stores spinning around her.

The boy laughed quietly when he saw her unable to maintain her usual air of composure.

(She really is a good girl.)

Due to some compatibility issues and bad timing, he had not had a good impression of her. But when he saw her here, she no longer seemed like someone he could never get along with. As long as she could claim it was her duty, she would do a proper job of protecting him 24/7.

"Hm? What is it?"

She seemed to have noticed him looking at her, so she tilted her head while leaning over the railing.

He felt like he had been watching her all day and she seemed to have a habit of putting on that lopsided frown even when she was not particularly angry. That impression was helped by the natural angle of her narrow eyebrows and the sharp look to her eyes.

"I'm just glad you seem to be enjoying this," he said with a smile. "I

thought you might not be able to enjoy yourself with me.”

“Uuh... I-I’m not enjoying the human world in the slightest. It’s just, um, not boring since it’s so different.”

This time, she really did look to the side with a sullen look. The problem seemed to be her prejudice against the human world, her short temper, and her refusal to be honest.

The escalator reached the second floor, so they continued on up to the third. The central space seemed to rotate around them on this half circuit.

Mutsuki spoke to the girl who leaned on the railing with her cute lips bent in a lopsided frown.

“Hey, Ange. Look at that.”

“What is it? ...Wow.”

He pointed down toward the central space.

When she peered down, her angry expression immediately lit up.

On the first floor, the central rest area’s decorative plants had appeared to be arranged in an irregular pattern, but from this high up, they formed a picture. With summer approaching, the many yellow seedlings painted a beautiful sunflower.

"Ah ha ha♪ You humans think up the weirdest things."

She seemed to be enjoying herself again. She completely forgot to frown as the escalator rotated around and changed their angle of view, somewhat changing the sunflower's colors and shape.

She really was a pure girl. Mutsuki stepped up alongside her with a smile. She was not going to complain if that was all he did.

Although maybe pure was not quite the right word.

"There are so many clothing stores, too. ...Ah! Wait a second, Mutsuki! Why are those people standing around in their underwear!? They're in public!"

Ignorant may have been the better word choice.

"Those are mannequins."

"Manne...what? Oh, they're dolls. ...Ah! Wait a second, Mutsuki! They're selling human bones over there!"

"Those are piggy banks shaped like skulls."

"Oh, so they're fake. ...Ah! Wait a second, Mutsuki! That man is wearing a girl's sailor uniform!"

"That's...a personal preference...I guess."

By the time they reached the third floor, the atmosphere had lightened up quite a bit.

The first floor's stores were primarily for food, cafés, and general living items. The second floor's stores were all related to fashion. They planned to visit those places once Micha got back, so they made their way to the third floor. That floor was for entertainment shops.

The stores were all entertainment related: books, music, snacks, movies, *etc.* Mutsuki had chosen it because it had plenty of stores that sold things Ange would probably like to see, such as kid's accessories and amusement products.

But as soon as they arrived, Ange's interest latched onto one spot in particular.

"What's this place? It sure is loud. Game Master City?"

"It's an arcade. They have games there."

"The whole place is for games?"

"Yup."

"You're kidding."

Her mouth hung open as she looked around.

Her reaction was hardly surprising. Game Master City took up a full third of SeeDWalk's third floor and it was one of the town's leading amusement parks. More than just video games, it had ping pong, pool tables, a bowling alley, karaoke, and a manga café. It even had an indoor tennis and futsal court for rent until seven at night.

Sakae would often drag Mutsuki to arcades, including this one, so it was actually the perfect spot for him to show Ange around. He followed her as she rushed inside.

"Hmmm... You humans really are geniuses when it comes to the most pointless things."

Despite the backhanded compliment, she smiled happily and ran around the arcade.

"What's this?"

"The crane game. After putting in some money, you move this around to grab the prize."

"What's this?"

"Horse racing. You buy a token from those machines and bet on this. All the games in this area need tokens to-..."

"What's this?"

"At least hear me out. This is a photo booth. It takes your picture."

As she dragged him around, Mutsuki checked on the contents of his wallet. He was not about to use the card for games. His investigation turned up a total of about 7000 yen. That seemed like it would be enough.

"I want to try them! Tell me how to do it!"

In an unsurprising turn of events, she called him over as soon as she pulled out a 1000 yen bill. He smiled bitterly and broke it down into 100 yen coins.

"Which one do you want to try?"

"This one. Everyone's smiling, so it looks fun."

She pointed at a nearby booth and tugged on his sleeve.

"Um, but..."

He was a little troubled, but before he could say anything more, he was dragged into the booth covered in pictures of "everyone smiling".

He was unsure what to say since this technically was not a game, but he

could not refuse Ange when she looked so excited. He inserted a coin and decided showing her would be faster than explaining.

"Well? Well? What do I do?"

"Um, first, you choose a frame. Which size do you want? There are five options."

"Size? I don't know what you're talking about, but the bigger the better."

"Then I'll go with the biggest one. I'll set the brightness to automatic and add no decorations. ...Okay, here it goes."

He doubted she knew what was going to happen, but she looked charming enough with the excited sparkle in her eyes.

He was embarrassed standing next to her, so he left a space between them and smiled awkwardly.

"C'mon, what kind of game is it?"

She was still grabbing onto the elbow of his sleeve and she pulled him in close.

At that exact moment, the booth took the picture.

"??"

She turned around in surprise at the sudden light, but her long and skinny eyebrows twisted when the booth did nothing more.

Mutsuki was somewhat troubled as he checked the photo on the screen, but he guessed she would be mad if he retook it. He touched the "confirm" button on the panel and it took around a dozen seconds to print the photos.

"What is this?"

"Like I was saying, this machine isn't actually a game."

Anger visibly grew on Ange's face when he handed her the printed photos.

He began to wonder if he should have retaken it after all. Depending on how one looked at it, it almost looked like they were smiling together with their arms linked.

"What is this!? So it just takes pictures? That isn't a game at all!"

"Well, you're actually supposed to draw on the pictures you take."

"Where's the fun in that!? How stupid!"

He had started this because he had thought she would find something "stupid" to be fun, but she had gotten mad instead. She seemed to

especially dislike how friendly they looked in the photo. She blushed and stomped out of the booth.

Mutsuki scratched at his head and followed her.

But he did secretly pocket his first one-on-one photo with a girl since it had come out so well.

Ange seemed more cautious after that first failure, so she avoided any kind of machine with a screen as she started searching for something that looked fun.

Even in such a large place, there was only so much they could do, so they naturally ended up at a certain device.

"You called this the crane game?"

"Yes. You grab the prizes with that crane."

"Hmm."

Still looking sullen, she stopped in front of the prize area that contained over one hundred machines.

The prizes were exposed behind a single layer of glass and one could snag one for as little as one hundred yen. The genre had an attraction for people like her who knew little of normal games and it drew her attention quite well.

"Want to try it? Although it's not easy, so I doubt you can get anything."

There were plenty of varieties: orthodox cranes, shovels that scooped up treats and glass beads, extending arms, baskets the prizes were shaken into, and hooks to snag the prizes. For a beginner like her, he guessed the roulette that relied entirely on luck would give her the best odds of success, but...

"I can teach you the trick to it if you want. So which one do you-... Uh, oh."

"..."

When he noticed what her slanted blue eyes were focused on, he grimaced.

She apparently wanted a Lazy Bear cushion, based on a mascot character that had gotten popular recently. It was a large prize and there was only one per machine. And of course, each play in those machines cost two hundred yen.

"I can get this too?"

"Um... W-well, yes. If you can grab it. But..."

"I'll do it. Just tell me how."

Her unconcerned tone of voice would not take no for an answer, so Mutsuki had no choice but to operate the machine in question and teach her how it was done. It was an orthodox crane type where Button 1 moved it to the side and Button 2 moved it forward. He told her that she had to stop the crane above the prize to grab it, that targeting the center of gravity was best, and to go for a spot that was not too thick but not too thin since it responded to pressure.

But...

"Okay. I'll give it a shot."

The machine cost two hundred yen a try, but he inserted a five hundred yen coin which was worth three games.

Ange stared at the prize beyond the glass with as serious a look as when she wielded her great sword. Mutsuki had paid for three game's worth to make sure she was convinced, but...

"...Here."

Whirrrr.

"...There!"

Whirrr.

Whir-whir-whir-whir-whir.

" "

" "

"...? Is that all?"

"Yeah, you failed your first try."

The claws had grabbed the prize at a good spot, but they had risen back up without lifting the target in the slightest. Then they moved back above the prize hole.

"What the hell!? What a piece of junk!"

"I told it wasn't easy, didn't I?"

He smiled bitterly at the angry girl because he had expected this to happen.

Prize games generally had two types of machines: the lure machines that drew in customers with their magnificent prizes and the opened machines that drew in customers with the ability to actually win something.

Mutsuki had looked into it because his sister Mutsumi was really into the Lazy Bear series, but the cushion was a new product. That meant it would be in one of the lure machines. The machine was only meant to

show off the prizes, so it would be made so no one could actually win them.

There would be days when it was set up to be possible, but a weekday like today was hopeless. Based on Ange's game, the claws were too loose. Even one hundred games would not be enough to get it.

"Grrr.."

Oblivious to that world of adults, Ange furrowed her brow and glared at the machine as she reached for the buttons again.

Three games would never satisfy her, so Mutsuki inserted another five hundred yen, increasing the "remaining plays" light to "4". In the meantime, he started looking for another solution.

Fortunately, he quickly found what he was looking for. It was the machine he had worked himself to death conquering after Mutsumi had begged him.

"..."

"..."

"Ahhhhhhh! There's no way you can get it! Is this thing rigged!?"

After using up all of her plays and only moving the cushion a little over two millimeters, the girl shouted loud enough for the employees to hear.

"As I said, it's really hard."

Mutsuki returned to her with a smile.

"This isn't just hard. It's made so you can't win!"

"And you lost from the moment you didn't realize that."

"..."

"Here."

He handed his prize to the girl whose adorable face was twisted in anger.

Ange was shocked to have something a few sizes larger than the cushion pressed against her chest. Her eyes opened wide when she realized what it was. The shape was a little different, but it was the same character as what she had wanted.

It was a Lazy Bear body pillow. He had worked his ass off winning one two weeks before for Mutsumi...and then had won another for his jealous older sister. And then a third time for Chiaki when she sulked.

He was so accustomed to it that he had won this one after only two tries. It was not a difficult thing on one of the opened machines.

"You can have it. It's not a cushion, but it's pretty much the same, right?"

"~~ I-I don't need..."

"You don't want it?"

"..."

She never said she did, but she refused to let go of it.

She quickly grew silent, so he headed to the service counter to get a bag.

When he turned his back, he barely picked up a voice saying "...nk you", but he pretended not to hear it and continued to the counter.

However, he could not keep up his gentlemanly act, so he peeked back toward her after turning

the corner and asking an employee for a prize bag.

Ange remained entirely motionless for a while, but...

"~~"

He saw her squeeze the pillow just once.

Afterwards, they enjoyed themselves in the normal game section.

With the fighting, puzzle, mahjong, and quiz games that were only buttons and a screen, she could only tell "something is happening on the screen" since she did not know the rules. On the other hand, she quite liked the games that required moving one's body.

Take the shooting games for example:

"Wah! Wah! This is really gory! Take this and this and this and this!"

"Wow, perfect accuracy. That's amazing for your first time."

"Why you-! Take this! ...H-huh? What the hell!? Why did I die when I was never hit once!?"

"As I've already explained several times, your life goes down whenever you shoot a hostage. You can't just shoot everything that moves."

"Grr..."

Or the rhythm games:

"Ah ha ha ha ha. This is so easy."

"No misses is pretty amazing for a first attempt."

"Heh heh. Well, if I actually try a little, you should expect this."

" ... "

"But there's someone with three times my score in the high scores."

"That's because you're hitting the buttons without paying attention to the rhythm. You won't get a good score that way."

Or the punching machine:

"What does a punch strength of 'E' mean?"

"That's an error. Try hitting it again."

"If you say so... Deryah!"

" ... "

"What? Now it's not even showing the 'E'."

"The pole is stuck inside the machine. I'll go call an employee."

Perhaps due to her personality, she found something to complain about with everything.

"C'mon, Mutsuki! Let's play this one next!"

"S-sure."

Still, she seemed to be enjoying herself as she kept tugging on his sleeve.

"Is this like what Micha rides?"

Her interest turned toward the line of motorcycle machines.

It was a racing game that allowed up to eight people to play at once.

She hopped onto one, placed her bag on her thigh, and grabbed the grips. They were coordinated enough by now that Mutsuki inserted two coins, climbed onto the next machine over, and explained how to accelerate, turn, and brake.

"Let's start with a simple course. Choose the automatic transmission and...that red bike is easy to use."

They began the game on the practice course, a beginner's motorcycle, and the easier transmission mode.

"The automatic transmission means you only have to twist the grip to pick up speed. But if you go too fast, you can't make the turns, so watch out. Good, good. Start by trying not to crash or fall over."

"Oh, oops... Like this!?"

"Yes. Very good."

He slowly drove alongside her on the screen as well as on the machine.

"Hmm. Motorcycles are fun. Maybe I should borrow Micha's sometime."

"You need a license for a real one. ...Wait? Does Micha-san have a license?"

"Oh, that was close! I'm not going to fall over anymore."

"Good, good. Make sure to lean to the side when you want to-...oh."

His heart skipped a beat when she tilted her machine for the curve and her skirt flipped up, revealing the spats-covered thighs below.

Due to her personality, she had gone too fast and crashed a lot at first, but she was noticeably improving with each lap. That may have been thanks to her superhuman athletics. Before long, she was no longer crashing and actually making it around the curves, even if just barely. At the end of the tenth of twelve laps, she was about as good as your average player.

"Ha ha♪ Did you see that, Mutsuki? I didn't crash again."

"That's amazing. You aren't spinning out even at your top speed. You're a proper player now."

"Heh heh. Well, a human game isn't about to give me much trouble. ... Whoops."

She almost crashed while giving him a proud look, but she continued reducing her lap time.

Mutsuki was not very athletic and it had taken him a long time to get used to this sort of game, so he was jealous.

"Heh heh heh heh."

A smile of victory filled Ange's slanted eyes.

(She's so cute.)

That was his honest thought.

She naturally left a powerful impression, but the harsh side vanished when she smiled, leaving only the cute side. Only the cheerfulness of a sunflower and the purity of the blue sky remained.

Once he noticed, he could not keep his eyes off of her.

The two of them crossed the finish line at the same time.

"Hm? It's already over?"

"It was a twelve lap race. Well? Did you have fun?"

"Yeah! ...No, I mean, a bit I guess."

Her eyebrows rose in defiance, but she still looked cute.

As the boy climbed down from the machine, his cheeks were loose with self-deprecation.

"Wait," said the girl. "You're supposed to use this to race, right? In other words, to see who's the fastest?"

She put her hands on her hips and pulled her chin back to give him a challenging upwards look.

"Eh? ...You want to race?"

Mutsuki checked, but no one else was around. It looked like they could play twice in a row.

"I'll have a pretty big advantage since I've played this game a lot."

"I'll take that handicap."

"Hm... Fine then."

He climbed back on and inserted two more coins.

"Don't you dare go easy on me. And don't make any excuses if I beat you."

"Fine, fine."

Mutsuki realized he was mostly just enjoying playing with her instead of trying to get along with her. He selected the same course, the same bike, and the same transmission.

"No going easy on you, you said?"

"Eh? Ange, don't kick it! They'll get mad at us."

Mutsuki left the motorcycle section while worried about the looks the employees were giving them. Ange stomped off after him.

"Um..."

"Shut up."

"I-I play that game a lot. You did really well for your first day."

"Shut up."

"I'll admit I went a little overboard when I lapped you the fourth time, but that was because you told me not to go easy on you."

"Shut uuuuuuup! You're making fun of me, aren't you!?"

She shouted angrily back and Mutsuki was too weak-willed to say anything more.

Ange may have been good for a beginner, but Mutsuki had been able to drive alongside her and give her instructions. The difference was like night and day. His mistake had been truly not going on easy on her without giving any thought to her pride.

"I'm never riding a motorcycle again! Not even Micha's!"

She seemed thoroughly pissed after being so badly beaten.

"Sigh."

The boy sighed at how poorly this was going.

At the same time, he was in a fairly decent mood.

He was certain the two of them had grown a lot closer over the last while.

Ange was still holding onto her prize bag as she moved on ahead. Mutsuki could not help but laugh quietly before jogging back to her side.

"Hmph."

Even the way she exaggeratedly turned away seemed cute.

After leaving Game Master City, they returned to the mall corridor. Evening was shifting to night and the number of customers had grown a bit.

"Hey, Ange."

"What?"

"That Lazy Bear cushion will be moved to the opened machines in a while, so how about we come back for a rematch then?"

"..."

She slowed her quick pace and faced him. Her reddish-brown hair fluttered behind her as she did.

"This time you can win the prize."

"~~"

Merely imaging herself defeating that loathsome crane on her own was enough for her normal lopsided frown to melt and curve upwards.

But it quickly stiffened back up.

"I-I don't really want that, so it doesn't matter!"

She stomped off again.

Mutsuki laughed again. That was when Ange noticed the boy had been smiling all this time. She gave a sullen frown.

"And what do you mean 'in a while'? It's not like we're going to be together for that long."

Her tone was ice cold.

"Really?"

"Didn't Micha tell you? The angel headquarters down here on earth are searching for a countermeasure against the demons and FeTUS. If we can restrict the influence of those two groups, you won't need a bodyguard. Then I'll be freed from this annoying job."

"Oh, yeah. I did hear that."

If the other angels could defeat those moving machines and that black

water, he would no longer have to live with those two angels. He could return to his family. Micha had explained that the night before.

But when he thought back, something about that bothered him.

"I see. So after that, I won't be able to see you and Micha-san anymore."

That felt sad even if he had only met them the day before, so the tone of his voice dropped.

The girl glanced over at him, but she groaned and wrinkled her brow awkwardly when she noticed his expression. But she quickly bristled with annoyance.

"That's right! I'll be leaving soon and then we'll be strangers again!"

She pointed at his nose and raised her voice.

It felt less like she was actually angry and more like she was trying to break the gloomy atmosphere.

The boy was used to being yelled at, but it shocked him when she began shouting in public. Naturally, they drew a lot of attention.

"Just to be clear, every minute and every second I have to spend with you is an annoyance."

"S-sure. ...Um, Ange?"

"Besides, why do I even have to be your bodyguard? You're pathetic and perverted, so I'd never want to have anything to do with you if it wasn't for the Serpent's Eye."

"Sorry. ...But could you keep it down?"

Not only was she yelling quite loudly in public, but she was calling him pathetic and perverted.

More and more people started looking their way, so he was of course embarrassed.

But he could stand embarrassment. He could bear with the half smiles in those strangers' eyes.

"Like I told you before, I hate, hate, hate people with no delicacy and no shame!"

"Yeah, you told me that yesterday. Anyway-..."

"I just can't stand this. Stop getting carried away and acting like we're friends or something."

"Can you please-..."

"Just because we live together is no excuse!"

"Spam restrictions off! Chainmail ready to go! Send to entire address book!"

"Stoooooooooooooooooooooop!!"

Even though she was a girl, he seriously grabbed at her to steal her cellphone.

But the girl, Kurikara Saya, easily swayed out of the way and continued dodging his attacks as her thumb raced across the keys with lightning speed.

Ange could only watch in confusion because she was unfamiliar with the human world and did not know of the incredibly dangerous type of human known as the "gossiping girl".

By the following day, the entire school knew they lived together.

Adolescent Adam: Chapter 5 - Skirmish between Heaven, Earth, and Hell

"And you know what, onii-tama? Yesterday, I washed the dishes."

"You did? You're such a good girl, Mutsumi-chan. I bet mom was glad."

"Eh heh heh. She was really happy♪"

Mutsuki called his family first thing in the morning, but it was more to cheer himself up than for their sake. He held the receiver between his cheek and shoulder and listened to the events of his littlest sister's previous day as he squinted from the morning sun shining in.

At the top floor of the high-rise apartment building, the mornings were still cool even with summer so close. He doubted they would need an air conditioner and he left the window open as he made his way to the kitchen.

He needed to fix breakfast. He soaked six slices of bread in syrup and cooked them in a frying pan.

His other little sister, Chiaki, took over the phone back home.

"How are things there?" he asked her. "Is everyone the same as always?"

"Pretty much. ...Oh, but onee-chan insists she doesn't have any classes and so she doesn't have to get up today."

"How many Chu-His did she have yesterday?"

"She quit after two."

"She has classes. Go wake her up."

"Roger. What about you? Anything new?"

It was 7:15 AM, time to wake up the "family" here, so he knocked on his roommates' doors.

"Ugh, I drank too much yesterday."

Micha trudged out looking ill. When she noticed he was on the phone, she poked his shoulder with her chin to say "good morning" and then collapsed into the recliner she loved so much.

The living room had been too messy to walk through before, but it had been mostly cleaned up.

"Not really. We're doing fine."

"I see."

"Talk to you again tomorrow. I'll call right away if anything happens."

"Okay."

He set down the receiver.

The food would be just about cooked, so he returned to the kitchen and grabbed the strawberry jam and orange juice. He moved the French toast to separate plates and took one to Micha.

"Ugh..."

"Here's your juice. Or would you prefer water?"

"Bee-"

"Not happening. Here, have some orange juice."

"Boo."

As he responded to what sounded like some kind of code, he held out a cup filled to the brim with juice. Still sprawled out on the recliner, she grabbed the carton from his other hand and started gulping it down.

He had no choice but to use the cup for Ange's breakfast and prepare another drink for himself.

He heard a loud belch behind him, but as she was a woman, he pretended not to hear it.

"Ahh, I'm just not as young as I used to be. Sleeping in this heat doesn't seem to help at all. But
it would be too cold if I left the air conditioning on."

"It certainly was a little hard to sleep last night."

"My back hurrts. Mutsuki-kun, give me a massage later."

"You've had me do that almost every day. Why don't you go to a massage parlor?"

"I like it when you grope me. It doesn't feel good when other people do it."

"F-fine..."

He wished she would not say anything that suggestive first thing in the morning. He had some water ready, but he could not return to the living room where she was only wearing a tank top and hot pants that left her midriff exposed. Especially when the tank top material was so thin he was pretty sure he could see her nipples.

"Ange! It's morning, Ange."

In search of help, he went to wake his other roommate.

"It's so hot... I hate the human world."

The door opened to reveal a girl in cute pajamas with a frightening look on her face.

She was not as scantily clad as Micha, so the heat was even worse for her. The scent of sweat scattered from her as she left. When she saw the water in his hand, she swiped it, emptied it in a single breath, and continued on to the bathroom.

"Don't you dare peep!"

"I won't."

She drove her point home and then closed the door.

It had been three weeks since he had seen her naked, so he could only sigh at his roommate's persistent grudge.

But he smiled when he looked through Ange's room's open door and saw the Lazy Bear body pillow on her bed.

Three weeks had passed since Fujita Mutsuki had started living away from his family.

He had a dream! He dreamed of working in some international field! And after attending a language seminar, he had gained the wonderful opportunity to study a foreign language on an everyday basis by living with the bilingual Micha and Ange!

He had no idea how much of that his family had believed, but Micha looked foreign, she knew a lot about the languages of the human world, and she had prepared some legit-looking documents. They had easily convinced his parents to let him live away from home.

His older sister and Chiaki had not looked happy and it had taken a full five days to convince Mutsumi to stop sobbing, but here he was.

He had been worried about the Fujita family's mornings without their alarm clock of a son, but Chiaki seemed to be doing a good job in his stead. He would call every morning at seven, but someone was always already up by that time. Mutsumi had even started getting up early on her own so she could speak with her "onii-tama" on the phone.

His new life with Ange and Micha had begun.

" ... "

It was not a bad life.

In fact, it tended toward being fun.

He had no complaints with the living space. The balcony was so high up it scared him a bit, but the view was pretty, the apartment was spacious, and the equipment was excellent. It was even conveniently located in a familiar area.

He was getting along with his roommates well enough.

Micha could be a little (using an extreeeeemely generous definition of "little") messy, but she was kind. Ange was still prickly, but she was not a bad girl.

Making breakfast had fallen to him at some point. In fact, he was taking care of ninety percent of the housework, including cooking every meal and cleaning up afterwards. He was not particularly happy about that, but there was no helping it.

On his third day, he had cleaned up the hellish mess in the living room:

"Wow. You really are used to this. You're a great cleaner."

"I...suppose."

"Can you do other housework?"

"I...suppose."

"Then from now on, you're in charge of every last bit of housework♪"

"I...what?"

That was when he came to curse the fact that he was a natural yes-man who ended up agreeing to pretty much anything anyone asked of him.

On the other hand, he had no real problem with cooking or cleaning up and he did want to do some work since they were letting him stay here for free.

He had moved here because of the demons and FeTUS, but there had not been any sign of either one.

He did not regret moving here.

Ange was fitting in pretty well at school.

"Hah!!"

She spun through the air like she had wings slicing through the wind. She tied her red hair back in a ponytail during PE and it glittered beautifully like a flame.

She landed on the mat without wobbling a centimeter.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh!"

A cheer filled the entire gym. They were using the vaulting box for a PE class with boys and girls together.

"Wow, wow! How many flips was that!? How many was it!?"

Saya and then the rest of the girls raised their voices and ran over to her. Fortunately, no one was all that familiar with gymnastics, so they had not noticed their classmate had just shattered a world record.

(You can't do that, Ange.)

Mutsuki was worried about how much his angel roommate was standing out. She was probably only using a fraction of her athletic ability, but five flips was taking it too far.

"Well, that's just how it's going to be."

Ange did not seem to mind the attention as she brushed back her long hair and stepped off the mat. In fact, she seemed to be holding her chest out proudly.

Thanks to incidents like that, Ange was known around the school as a "small but amazingly athletic" girl.

She was pretty well liked. She herself still had a poor impression of humans and could often come off as cold, but everyone allowed it because she was cute.

Also...

"W-wood...y-yoo lik...s-sum...kof...ee?"

While her athletic abilities were superhuman, the rest of her was

anything but. And that had a certain charm to it.

"Okay, Miss Jiyuuni. That's enough."

"Gh..."

Ange clenched her teeth in frustration as their exasperated English teacher ordered her to sit down.

Despite being an elite angel when it came to PE, she was more like this everywhere else.

According to her:

"Shut up! The languages, chemical formulas, and mathematical theory in heaven are completely different! It was hard enough learning Japanese in such a short time frame!"

At any rate, this helped Ange's arrogance not seem so disagreeable.

She did not move from her desk afterschool, but Saya and a few other girls had a habit of gathering around her. She did not seem wanting for friends.

She had really become a member of the class.

On another note, it had become common knowledge on the second

day that Mutsuki and Ange lived together.

"Gh!? Mutsuki!"

During the midday lunch break, she kicked her chair back and approached him.

"What is it?"

He tilted his head and she held an adorable pink lunch box in front of him. She pointed at the dark green blob in one corner.

"You added your own twist to the lunch again, didn't you!?"

"Y-yeah. It's a cold Salisbury steak made with greens and seaweed. Did you not like it?"

"It's disgusting! It looks like Salisbury steak, but it's bitter and stinks of seaweed!"

"That's strange. I thought I'd done a good job on that one. ...It's full of nutrients, you know?"

"I'm not going to make myself sick for some extra nutrition! ...Cough! Cough!"

Some of the flavor must have lingered in her mouth because yelling

was enough to make her choke. Mutsuki was not sure what to say, but...

"The couple is at it again."

"Fujita-kun's had fifteen straight losses, hasn't he? Keep at it!"

Sakae always ate lunch with Mutsuki and Saya would eat at Ange's desk, so those two classmates started the usual conversation.

"W-we are not a couple!"

Ange was short tempered in the first place, so whenever someone teased her, she would shout back with her face the same color as her hair.

Mutsuki tended to grow silent, so whenever she got angry, he would take a figurative step back and let it happen. When another classmate caught his eye, they would give him a sympathetic look, so he could only smile bitterly back.

"Hey, husband. Quit ignoring your wife. She's pretty angry."

"I'm not her husband. How many times do I have to tell you she's just a relative?"

He kept his tone as calm as possible as he answered his best friend who was nudging his cheek with a fist. Both Sakae and Saya cackled in delight.

The most convincing lie for living together was a familial relationship, so that story had worked its way into the class over the past three weeks. At first, there had been rumors they had three or four kids together, but now only their close friends teased them about it. And with how plain Mutsuki was, no one was going to doubt that they were just relatives.

"F-fine then!"

Everyone was laughing and Ange seemed embarrassed to be the only angry one, so she stopped complaining and moved away. She continued eating while avoiding the Salisbury steak.

Mutsuki made their lunches every day. It may have been a blessing in disguise that the class knew they lived together because now he did not have to fix two separate menus.

"What did you even cook that made her so angry? You said it was a Salisbury steak made with greens and seaweed?"

"Yeah. You know how they make Salisbury steaks with one or the other? Well, I mixed them together."

Mutsuki had a knack for all kinds of housework, but he especially liked cooking.

Back with his family, his mother and older sister had only let him make breakfast (and had limited the menu to toast, fried eggs, and salad), so he had a lot more chances to cook lunch and dinner now. That meant he could try out a lot more dishes.

"Want to try some?"

Sakae was peering into his lunch, so he held out a slice of the item in question.

"!!!"

Sakae leaned as far back as he could and vigorously shook his head.

Mutsuki was confused because this boy had a habit of asking for a bite whenever he was eating some kind of snack. But when it came to Mutsuki's original creations, people had a tendency of sweating a lot and declining.

"But it's really good."

He took a bite himself.

"It takes a generous heart to accept something like that. You are a virtuous person, my friend."

After Sakae muttered that, the smell of the seaweed and meat must have reached him because he pulled his chair back.

"Whoops. Sorry, Ibekusa."

His elbow hit the neighboring desk where Ibekusa Machina was eating.

" ... "

The desk shook, but the girl showed no reaction as she continued to eat.

Her desk was located between Mutsuki's and Ange's, so she almost seemed to be a part of their group. She was physically close by, but she was as hard to speak to as always.

No one said a word about her unique lunch: a single red apple.

The way she chomped wildly into it did not match her overall image. She did not actually open her mouth wide, but she did crunch right through the skin.

The class was already used to this scene.

It happened every day. She always had a single apple for lunch.



Saya had once asked about it when it caught her interest:

"Hey, hey, Ibekusa-san. Is an apple enough for you?"

"It is nutritionally adequate."

"But aren't you still hungry? Are you on a diet?"

"Negative."

"Do you like them?"

"Positive."

That was all.

With her figure, she certainly did not need to go on a diet, so everyone had concluded she was just a light eater.

" ... "

Mutsuki's eyes wandered in her direction and he found himself entranced by her.

When her cherry blossom pink lips pressed against the round apple skin, they bent so softly around the apple's contours.

That kiss between scarlet and pink looked so oddly seductive that the boy's heart started racing.

Machina bit off a piece and thoroughly chewed it. Her eyes were still half-closed and he still questioned whether she felt emotions at all.

Even the normal act of eating seemed out of place for such a doll-like person. It felt like he was watching something mysterious.

Taking the bite had dirtied her lips with some apple juice, so she stuck out her wet and shining tongue and carelessly licked it off.

"What are you staring at?"

"! Wh-what do you mean?"

When Sakae moved into his field of vision, Mutsuki looked away in shock.

"You were looking at Ibekusa, weren't you? Your wife's right over there, so don't cheat on her, okay?"

"I was not! Um...I-I was not looking at Ibekusa-san."

Sakae was teasing him just like with Ange earlier, but Mutsuki panicked and shook his head since he really did have a crush on her.

His intense reaction was as good as admitting to it, but that boy was not mature enough to think so rationally about it.

In search of an excuse, he looked back toward Machina and the window beyond her.

"Th-the clock. I was looking at the clock tower because I wanted to know what time it-..."

But when he pointed out the window...

It had been a casual action, but as soon as Mutsuki's eyes reached the top of the clock tower, his face grew pale. Ange noticed the same thing and once more sent her chair clattering backwards.

"Huh? What's going on?"

Sakae and Saya both looked over at the clock tower in confusion, but by then "he" had hidden behind the minute hand he had been sitting on.

He almost seemed to have been luring in only Ange and Mutsuki.

"Let's go."

"S-sure."

They left their half-eaten lunches behind and ran from the classroom. They heard Sakae and Saya behind them, but they ignored it. They descended the stairs to the first floor, put on their outdoor shoes, and stepped outside. It was a sunny day, but the wind on their cheeks was so cold they thought it was going to rain.

They had practiced for this moment quite a bit in the past three weeks.

Mutsuki did not want to get anyone else involved in the confusion surrounding him and Ange wanted to avoid filling the human world with

unnecessary chaos.

Once an enemy appeared, their first priority was finding an empty place.

Luckily, the enemy had chosen somewhere empty for them. The area was known as a place of rest, but it was not very well-maintained, half of the lawn was overtaken by weeds, and the overgrown plants acted as a natural fence that kept most students away.

The two of them ran to the base of the clock tower.

"Ha ha♪"

The boy sitting on the minute hand with his legs dangling down easily jumped down from the several dozen meter height.

"I'm so happy you came to see me, Mutsuki-kun."

The demon boy named Lucia gave a smile that Mutsuki had a hard time finding dangerous.

"I'm willing to accept your invitation. Especially when it means I can dispose of an awful brat."

Ange stepped forward, pulled a pendant from below her shirt, removed the top modelled after silver wings, and squeezed it tight.

The silver color swelled out in her small hand and became a sword pointing Lucia's way.

The angel easily swung a blade thicker than she was, but the demon boy was entirely unfazed. He did wink at Mutsuki with a cute smile, though.

"Sorry I couldn't come visit you for the past three weeks. Finding a way to deal with that troublesome angel took some doing."

He defenselessly turned his back and faced the entrance to the hexagonal clock tower. He reached for the door labelled "no students allowed". It was not locked, so it creaked open and he left behind a provocative laugh as he entered.

"Wait!"

This was clearly a trap – Lucia had pretty much said it was – but Ange did not hesitate to follow him inside.

"Ah..."

Faced with an enemy for the first time in three weeks, Mutsuki tensed up and failed to stop his reckless bodyguard.

According to Micha, this boy named Lucia was a demon. Of the two groups after the Serpent's Eye, he was from the one that controlled that thick, black water. Memories of the three-week-old fear sent a chill down his spine.

"W-wait!"

But he forced his shaking knees to follow the two of them.

As the "no students allowed" sign would suggest, this was Mutsuki's first time in the tower.

Inside, he found moss-covered stone walls and extremely faint lighting from the small windows.

Fortunately, Ange had stopped just after entering. There was no sign of Lucia, but...

"Stop, Mutsuki-kun. Don't get any closer. It's dangerous."

Mutsuki heard the demon boy's voice as soon as he set foot inside, so he had to be there somewhere.

The tower had only been designed to hold the clock at the top, so the twenty meter wide space was empty save for the spiral staircase running up the wall. There were, however, sixteen columns made of stone and cement with wooden support beams alongside them.

Mutsuki knew nothing of combat, but even he could tell something about this place.

"Over there!"

Darkness dully glistened between two columns and a curved blade poked out. Ange flipped her sword around to deflect the tip and she tried to charge behind the columns.

"...!?"

But just before she did, her sword struck the countless stone columns and wooden support beams.

With her momentum gone, she was the perfect target. The scythe slithered between the columns like a snake and targeted her wide-open body. She twisted her torso at the last second and avoided having her heart skewered, but...

"Vah...!"

Lucia appeared from a different direction and kneed her in the cheek.

Her spine bent like a spring to lessen the impact of the knee to her face, but it still did a lot of damage and her short form wobbled on her feet. The boy instantly pulled his hand back and aimed the tip of the scythe toward her chest.

"Gh..."

"Ange!"

Mutsuki shouted without thinking. That silver blade glistened a disturbing amount in this dim light and it was about to reach his roommate's heart.

He could feel the blood rushing from his face as he watched.

"Suit – Adamah!"

The tip dug into her shirt a bit, but then it stopped.

" ... "

Lucia realized he could not stab here because there was something incredibly hard below her shirt, so he swept the blade to the side instead. At the same time, Ange kicked off a column and moved away.

It was a blink-and-you-missed-it exchange. Mutsuki's eyes only caught up after Ange fell to her knees.

Was "the way to deal with that troublesome angel" this place itself? The space filled with so many obstructing columns was a poor battlefield for Ange and her large sword. On the other hand, Lucia's curved scythe allowed him to target his prey from flexible angles.

"What are you going to do now? You can retreat if you want. But only if you're fine with leaving Mutsuki-kun behind."

The boy calmly sat in a place protected by the many columns and

support beams.

"Tch."

The girl twisted her face where she had been kicked and held the front of her blazer uniform.

Her clothes had been cleanly sliced from her chest down to the top of her skirt, but she fortunately did not seem too badly hurt. A trail of red blood ran diagonally across her cute belly, but that was all. Her chest was unhurt despite the direct hit.

Just like Micha's underwear, Ange's sports bra and spats were known as a Suit. They were armor made with a special material unique to angels. When it hardened, it was impossible to pierce. However...

"Shouldn't you be retreating? I aimed for the wrong spot that time, but I'll penetrate you next time."

Lucia gave a challenging smile while rubbing his cheek against the scythe resting on his shoulder.

And he had a point. Ange was safe since the boy had happened to target her heart, but what if he lopped off her head or sliced through the abdomen next time?

"Ange..."

Mutsuki pleaded her to leave even as he trembled in fear.

But instead of nodding, the girl flipped her long hair back and stabbed her sword into the floor.

"Mutsuki, close your eyes."

"Eh?"

"Don't 'eh' me. Close them, you pervert."

She made her usual lopsided frown and he finally realized her underwear was visible. Part of him felt this was no time to be embarrassed, but he himself grew embarrassed when he actually focused on her state of dress. It was too much for him, so he did as he was told and looked to the ground.

The girl sighed.

"Plus, you wouldn't want to see this."

She grabbed her sword in both hands.

"A living creature is about to be ripped to shreds."

"What!?"

"Prominence – Loop!"

Drawn by Lucia's shout of surprise, Mutsuki also looked to see why she sounded so confident.

She split her giant sword in two like a pair of scissors, giving her two long blades.

The sense of weight remained and the two curved single-edged swords were clearly quite sharp.

Also, these were the weapons of an angel that fought with fire. A blue flame passed through the portion that had supported the center of the blade back in its original form, making it look like a hacksaw. Just seeing it was enough for Mutsuki to know how dangerous it was.

"Ange of the Double Flame."

"_____"

"So that's where the name comes from!"

"Ahhhhhhhh!"

Lucia was dumbfounded as Ange charged toward him with a weapon in each hand.

"Tch."

Even split in half, it had more than enough power to overwhelm the boy. The sound of the scythe catching just one of them was loud enough to think the scythe was going to break.



And by that time, the other blade was already on its way down.

This wide swing was using the back of the blade. In other words, the

flame blade.

Lucia's back was bent, so he managed to sway out of the blade's path, but the blue flames scattered by the passing weapon still scorched his skin.

"I'm not done yet!"

As the boy tried to pull back, Ange stepped further forward and placed her body weight behind the first attack.

The boy and scythe were knocked backwards and his smoking body crashed into the wooden wall.

"Kh!? D-damn you're fast."

"No, I'm not."

Lucia grimaced from the damage and the angel's foot was already right in front of him.

He somehow managed to escape to the side and Ange's flying kick shook the entire tower when it hit the wall.

But she used that as her first step and made a second and third step on the nearby column and wall.

"You're just slow!!"

As if to pay him back for earlier, she stabbed a sharp midair kick into his cheek.

"Hmph."

She watched his body fly off and made a light landing.

"..."

She was strong. Even as a bystander, the difference in their strengths was overwhelming to Mutsuki. Lucia clearly had superhuman power, but Ange outdid him in everything.

"I'm no match for you."

The boy had avoided an actual fatal blow, but his skin was burnt and he had been kicked across the room. His voice was weak as he got back up and he raised his hands as if to surrender.

"Improper interference in the human world is a first degree violation of the Angel-Demon Détente. In particular, involving the bearer of a special power for no reason is punishable by Nemesis 66."

"Yeah, I know. And that 66th form of divine punishment is a requisition of your material form in the physical world. In other words..."

"Death."

She mercilessly approached with both swords at the ready.

"Ah..."

Mutsuki frowned and seemed to entirely forget the situation.

The boy's burnt skin cells were rapidly healing and the scorch marks were vanishing, so he clearly was not human. Still, he looked just like Mutsuki or Ange. Getting kicked on the cheek had left a bloodstain on his lips. Mutsuki did not want to see him sliced to pieces.

It was because of his fear that he did not feel any hatred for the boy.

Not to mention the friendly smile on the boy's face.

"Heh heh. Thanks♥♥"

Mutsuki's thoughts must have gotten through to him because Lucia winked his way.

That confident expression did not look like someone prepared to die.

In fact, boldness filled his face as he faced Ange again.

"Not to worry♪ I said I'm no match for you, not that I can't win."

"!?"

He lowered his raised hands.

In that instant, black water poured down from where it was hidden in the dark ceiling. This downpour was made up of the blood-colored demonic creatures known as Succubi and they quickly surrounded Ange and Mutsuki.

However, this was not enough to turn things around. Wings of blue flame had already surrounded the girl and Mutsuki as a shield, so the black water vaporized and turned to ash as soon as it fell down.

"What was the point of that? Surely you didn't think that would help."

"Ahh, ahh. Are you sure you should have burned them?"

Ange was confused that he had not tried to escape while making his futile last attempt, but Lucia made a show of looking upwards. When the girl noticed a sudden presence, she too raised her head.

"Those little guys were protecting you."

It was already too late.

"Obstacle gone. Resuming capture of intruder...positive."

It looked like a giant spider to Mutsuki.

It hung down with eight metal stakes driven into the columns and it viewed everyone inside the tower using round eyes made by placing countless cameras at different angles.

Once it determined these truly were intruders, the tail-like shell split apart.

"A Springloaded!? Wah... Why you-!"

Several wires shot out toward Ange. She fought back with her blue flames, but she could not immediately burn through the metal wires and their thread-like flexibility kept her from cutting them with her sword. They ended up capturing both her wrists.

This mechanical spider was a Springloaded. They were the soldiers of the human organization named FeTUS which was also after the Serpent's Eye.

Mutsuki had seen ones based on cars before, but this one seemed to have modified the engine running the large clock. It was mostly made of metal parts and some analog pieces like gears and springs were visible here and there.

"Ah ha ha ha! Weren't you listening, moron? I found a way to deal with you."

Like a trapped butterfly, Ange was lifted up high by her captured arms and Lucia laughed in delight.

"Wh-why does a demon like you have a human weapon?"

"I'm not using it. The humans left it here to monitor Mutsuki-kun since he's a top priority target.

It took me three weeks to find a toy that would eliminate anyone who got close and that was waiting somewhere I could lure you to."

The boy looked perfectly calm, but the spider Springloaded was attacking him too. However, the black water swallowed up the approaching wires and hardened to keep them from moving.

"My adorable little Succubi were keeping it from moving, but – heh heh – a certain someone thought it would be a good idea to burn them all away. ...Whoops."

While mocking Ange, he turned around and stood in front of Mutsuki to protect him from the metal wires coming his way. The black water followed him and surrounded both of them.

"Are you okay, Mutsuki-kun?"

" ... "

The boy had been left speechless by the successive reversals.

"Stay close to me."

Lucia moved so close his shoulder pressed against Mustuki's chest.

"L-let go!"

Even if he could not keep up with what was happening, Mutsuki did not remember growing that close to the boy, so he violently twisted out of the way.

Lucia furrowed his brow at the unexpected resistance, but his smile remained.

"It's no use. With a Springloaded on the scene, you'll have to rely on me."

He spoke with a confident tone different from his usual charming one.

"Were you thinking that girl could help since she beat me and I'm holding off the Springloaded? If so, I've got bad news. Angels aren't that all-powerful."

Mutsuki stood perfectly still as the black water created a wall around him and the boy calmly walked out amongst the flying wires.

"All of those with power are burdened with a certain duty. None can be perfect but god. If there's someone at the top, then there have to be people down below. That's the absolute rule of all things."

He picked up the girl's dropped swords.

"You know rock-paper-scissors, right? Rock beats scissors, scissors beats paper, and paper beats rock. It's the most even matchup in the world."

He placed the two swords together like scissors and lightly swung the original sword around. It easily sliced through the Succubi at his feet like they were paper, but it was easily deflected by the spider Springloaded that's metal was as hard as rock.

"An angel's flames are a purifying light, so demons like us can't beat them. But angels can only intervene according to the rules of the natural world and those patterns have been analyzed by the descendants of those who ate the Fruit of Knowledge...in other words, you humans. We demons, on the other hand, have no restriction to the natural world. FeTUS only has the knowledge built up by mankind, so they can't kill non-life forms. In other words..."

"It's a three-way deadlock?" muttered Mutsuki.

Lucia gave an exaggerated nod.

Mutsuki looked up toward Ange, but the captured girl made no rebuttal. She hated to lose, so if she had nothing to say, it was likely true.

Angels were strong against demons, demons were strong against humans, and humans were strong against angels.

"But enough boring talk. What matters is that the angel isn't going to be any help here."

Lucia tossed the sword aside.

"Two intruders. Possibility of capture...negative. Prioritizing examination of captured target."

The Springloaded also seemed aware of those compatibility issues, so it gave up on the demon. It quit battling the black water and turned all of its threads toward the girl it already had.

The wires were not mere fibers. They seemed to be autonomous machines themselves. They were already approaching their captured target and branching out their tips into something like a brush.

"Fwah!? ~ ~ Wait, hey!"

The split tips dug into the fibers of her clothing. Ange cried out in confusion, but it was too late. With each turn of the gears, the wire brushes mechanically pulled at the clothing.

Then there was a tearing sound.

"Ange... Wah!"

"~~~~~ M-Mutsuki, you idiot! Look the other way!"

"S-sorry!"

Her uniform had already been cut down the front, so it was easily torn away and her skirt fluttered to the floor.

Except for her socks, the ribbon worn instead of a tie, and her hair ribbon, she now only wore her sports bra and spats.

The skimpy outfit may have been even more provocative than if she were nude. Even with the metal threads wrapped around her, she tried to shrink down her body to hide her chest and belly. Mutsuki quickly looked away.

Ange had superhuman physical strength, but not even she could tear through the countless wires. Even as she was disgracefully stripped in front of others, she could do nothing more than blush. Meanwhile, the machine continued its assault.

"Beginning to take samples...positive."

The finely split fibers pressed against her skin like ivy climbing a wall. Attack did not seem to be their goal, but goosebumps covered the girl's skin as they traced along her flesh.

"Heh heh. How pathetic. The Springloaded have plenty of ways to leave

an angel powerless, so it'll make quick work of you."

Lucia sounded satisfied that the opponent who had nearly defeated him was about to be turned into a specimen.

"Do you get it now? I'm the only one that can protect you."

"Nwah... Wah. Um, stop."

"Eh heh heh. You were worried for me before, weren't you? I was sooo happy♥"

He returned to Mutsuki and moved his face in close. Mutsuki tried to escape, but the black water that had defended against the wires wrapped around his hands and feet, pinning him to the wall. After rendering him as much a specimen as Ange, Lucia leaned in and rubbed his cheek against him.

The beautiful boy gave off a strange smell that was not quite an essence of sweat. It was different again from Micha's sweet womanly scent, but it was just as alluring.

As that seductive aroma surrounded Mutsuki, Lucia rubbed his body against him with the same friendly smile as before. The androgynously soft skin gave Mutsuki goosebumps of his own.

"W-wait. Aren't you a boy? Stop that."

"Hmm? I am technically male, but what does that matter? Do you not like me?"

"Well, it's mostly that...I-I'm a boy too."

Mutsuki complained while feeling flustered from the adorable expression on the face below his own.

The demon boy had slender limbs and a slender build. His white collarbones peeked out from his tank top, as did the nape of his neck. His body was filled with a bewitching charm somehow different from a woman's.

Mutsuki had never felt any homosexual urges before, so he was confused by the pounding of his heart when the boy pressed up against him. Lucia seemed to have realized how he was feeling, though.

"Is it wrong when it's two boys? But I love you."

"..."

The look in Lucia's eyes was purity itself.

Despite who this was and despite the situation, Mutsuki's heart skipped a beat when he heard someone say they loved him. And while his mind went blank, Lucia grabbed his cheeks between his hands.

"My genes yearn for the bearer of the Serpent's Eye. ...But that's not all. I

fell deeper and deeper in love the more I investigated you. By the time I actually met you, you already ruled my heart."

Lucia brought his face in toward Mutsuki's defenseless face.

"I love you, Mutsuki-kun."

"Ah..."

It was not a surprise attack like last time, but their lips pressed together.

It was a soft kiss with no tongue. His lips were not as plump as Micha's, but they made up for it with a sweet damp sensation.

Despite coming from another boy, Mutsuki felt no revulsion or displeasure.

"S-stop!"

It even felt a little good, so he harshly shook his head to escape.

Lucia looked up at him in displeasure. His lips were pouting, perhaps as a remnant of the kiss, and that made him look all the cuter.

"I'm not into guys... And, um, I-I don't think I can get along with you."

He knew how pathetic it was, but he was completely flustered.

But Lucia tilted his head in confusion.

"You don't think you can get along with me? Why not? Because the angels said so?"

"Th-that's right. You want the Serpent's Eye, don't you? So you're trying to pluck out my eye."

"Oh, what a pain. You sure are pure. Don't believe everything you're told."

For just a moment, his usual smile of enjoyment vanished and he shrugged.

"Didn't I tell you? God is the only perfect being in this world. No one else is always right, be they human, demon, or angel."

"Eh?"

Mutsuki's blank look brought back the demon boy's mischievous smile.

"C'mon. She's starting to enjoy herself over there, so how about we get to know each other better?"

"Eh? Ange!"

Mutsuki had started to forget, but then he looked back to the girl captured by the spider.

"Hkh... Kh... Uuh..."

Ange was on her knees with her bound arms both stretched diagonally upwards.

She did not seem to be in much danger. The countless wires were only binding her arms while the extremely thin ones brushed across her skin.

However, her reaction was intense. Her sweaty brow was sharply furrowed as she desperately tried to endure something. Her limbs would occasionally give a jerk and her normally pretty soprano voice sounded pitiful as it escaped her tightened lips as low moans.

By focusing his ears, Mutsuki could hear what sounded like insects buzzing around even more quietly than the rotation of the clock at the top of the tower.

"...~~~~~..."

Ears, neck, collarbones, armpits, sides, navel, back, inner thighs, front and back of the knees.

It did not seem the wires could break through the angel's Suit, but the soft brushes did apply suction and a slight vibration to all of her exposed skin.

It must have been too ticklish to bear because Ange had tears in her blue eyes.

"There's nothing to worry about. It's only taking samples of her cells and skeletal structure. She isn't in any danger."

"..."

"But... Heh heh heh. Look at that, Mutsuki-kun. She's blushing and short of breath. ...I think she's getting turned on from a toy messing with her body."

The demon laughed loudly.

This may have been the worst torture for someone as prideful as her, so Mutsuki could not say anything.

However, he did notice her red face, the suppressed moans escaping her nose as "kfh" or "nn", and the slight shaking of her skinny waist. It all looked erotic to him, so he politely turned the other way.

"Oh, I know♪ Let's help her out."

Lucia whispered mischievously as he peered in at the other boy's face while lying on the floor. Mutsuki had no idea what he meant, but Ange briefly paled. And by then, it was too late.

"Open the seal. Oh, impure demonic eye, reveal the proof that you are king of this world!"

"Gh!"

This was the third time, but Mutsuki was still not used to the sensation in his right eye.

At the same time, Lucia and the more distant Ange's bodies both reacted.

"~~~~ Ahhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

That demonic eye could bring any women to a state of arousal. Ange was trapped within its range, so the effects reached her immediately. The cry she had been suppressing burst from her lips and her entire slender body almost seemed to convulse.

"Ah hah! This really is amazing♥"

Despite being a boy, the intoxicated look in Lucia's eyes made it clear he too was affected. He expressed his desire by rubbing up against Mutsuki like a playful kitten.

Mutsuki was worried about his friend, so he looked her way.

"Ange!? Are you o-..."

"Khkhhhh! Y...you...idiot! Don't...use my...name...! Close...your...eyes!"

"Oh, sorry."

He quickly squeezed his eyes shut. According to the experiment with Micha, a woman being violated by the Serpent's Eye would be driven into an even worse state if they heard his voice or if he called their name.

The closing of the boy's eyes let the initial wave pass, but an intense stiffness stuck with her.

"Hgh... Hh... Nnnnn!"

Oblivious to the Serpent's Eye, the machine continued its probes, so she could only writhe in agony.

The many fine hairs brushed across her skin. They stroked across the most sensitive exposed parts of her fully aroused body: the neck, the ears, the armpits.

"Stop...uuh...! N-not the armpit... No, not the back!"

The ticklishness seemed to have been concentrated several dozen times over and that indescribable itching sensation caused Ange to cry out in a normally unimaginably weak voice.

Just like with Micha, fire was racing through every cell of her body and all of her sweat glands had opened.

The material of her bra and spats twisted. The heavenly armor known as a Suit could not be pierced by any material, but when exposed to salt water, it became something akin to body paint.

(Ange... What do I do? Ange is going to be-...)

Worried, Mutsuki opened just his left eye.

"Fwah!"

At that precise moment, the front of her sports bra was peeled away.

Two white balls of flesh were exposed with a pleasant bounce.

She was as short as Mutsuki's sister Chiaki, but she did have a proper bust size. It provided a nice curve up from her slender waist. Her uniform's ribbon still hung around her neck, giving an obscene look to those artistic curves.

They were beautifully round and the immature, somewhat-inverted nipples were a bright pink.

The current situation was banished from Mutsuki's mind and his heart skipped a beat.

"Heh heh. I see you're pretty horny, too♪"

At some point, Lucia had kneeled down and reached for Mutsuki's pants. Before Mutsuki could react, Lucia had undone the belt and pulled both pants and boxers down.

Ignoring Mutsuki's wordlessly flapping mouth, the boy turned his moist eyes toward the sweaty object now exposed. Given the situation, Mutsuki was not erect, but it was showing signs of stiffening due to his tension and Ange's erotic appearance.

"Ahh... So this is yours."

Lucia's chilly palm lovingly lifted Mutsuki's balls from below. With that weak point in the other boy's grasp, Mutsuki could only quietly ask him to stop.

Lucia ignored the plea, gently rubbed along his inner thigh, and wrapped his fingers around the swelling object. It had already started to fill with blood and this delicate stroking was enough for him to forget the situation entirely and harden at the touch of another boy.

"...❤️ Thank goodness. I was worried I wouldn't be able to turn you on."

Lucia really did sound like he had been worried and he then wrapped his wet tongue around the foreskin that hid the tip even now that it was fully erect.

"Ah... Wait...stop..."

Even as Mutsuki panicked, Ange fell victim to even further humiliation.

The ultra thin wires were targeting her breasts. Countless threads wrapped around those smooth spheres that resembled white peaches.

Those lovely forms were twisted and squeezed like boneless hams until her small nipples rose from the flat areolae.

"Ahn."

The thorough threads moved toward these newly-revealed points. All the while, the girl produced adorable breaths that were not quite screams. Feeling the slight vibration of the wires, her slender body shook harshly and her lustrous red hair flew through the air.

(Ange...)

Thinking he should not be seeing this, Mutsuki looked away, but the way she had sharply furrowed her brow to withstand the humiliation had been unbelievably erotic and the expression was already burned into the back of his mind.

"Ah hah. You're so big."

His uncontainable arousal caused his penis to point sharply upwards and for precum to flow from the tip. Overjoyed, Lucia stroked his obscenely twisting tongue across the frenulum.

"S-stop. Stop that."

Mutsuki's resistance was weak.

For one thing, his mind was having difficulty comprehending the fact that another boy was pleasuring his sexual organ.

But most of all, Lucia's attitude robbed him of anger, hatred, or any other offensive feeling.

Micha had given him a blowjob the other day, but what Lucia was doing seemed entirely different.

The boy placed his tongue on the sensitive pink tip and coated it with plenty of saliva to keep the stimulation to a minimum. Then, his tongue crawled across its shape.

"Nkh. Hh. Hahhhh."

Lucia thoroughly licked along every inch of the tip and frenulum while providing a slight vibration. A ticklish itching seemed to cover the surface of contact and an indescribable feeling filled the entire base of his thighs.

Lucia provided the perfect amount of stimulation for the exposed head. As a fellow boy, he knew just how to use his tongue.

"Nn... Pwah... Mutsuki-kun, I love you. I love you so much."

He moved his tongue to the balls, the perineum, and the anus. As he did, he glanced up with the mischievousness gone. Instead, he had the look of a puppy wanting some love from its master.

That expression and the loving oral service kept any revulsion from Mutsuki's mind even if this was a fellow boy and an enemy.

"...Kah... Wh-why you...hyah!"

Ange writhed, shaking the ribbon still hanging from her neck, and she let out a new cry.

She had been rubbing her thighs together, which had damaged her spats and torn a hole in the weakened material. The hole revealed her white thighs and the pink panties that were the last defense of her most precious spot.

"No...Stop... Ah, ah... Not there..."

The power of the Serpent's Eye had left her nipples so erect they seemed to throb, so the attack on them left the brave angel as helpless as a doll. Her young age may have left her weak to sexual pleasure.

"Ha ha. Look at her face, Mutsuki-kun. This is definitely turning her on."

Lucia's sticky lips formed a delighted smile.

"No matter how embarrassed or frustrated she is, she's can't stop the sexual desire. Heh heh. For how proud she acts, I bet she's a huge M."

"~~ Ange."

On the verge of tears yet unable to free his hands from the demonic liquid, Mutsuki could only watch as the spider feasted on the angel in search of more data.

The tail shell the wires came from began to move. It pressed against the back of its prey and then produced a pin that glittered with a silver light.

It looked like a marking pin. It was about five centimeters long and it had a small stud on the opposite end.

"~~~~~!"

"Ange!"

The pin was fired into the center of the girl's back.

Perhaps to investigate within her body, the pin dug over five centimeters into her. Mutsuki cried out at the painful sight, but...

"Kah... Heaaahhhh..."

Even as she writhed from the incredible shock, Ange's screams sounded somehow sweet.

"Ahn! Ah... Ahhhh."

More pins were driven in along her spine. And with each one, the tone of alluring ecstasy in her breaths deepened.

She was clearly feeling something other than pain when these pins violated her body. Each time the fine hairs tickled across her armpits or the wires squeezed her breasts or nipples, the ever-rising curve of her pleasure would spike sharply. And that was replacing the pain of her pierced skin with sexual pleasure.

Each time Mutsuki heard one of the pins being fired, Ange's round breasts would bounce.

The sharp contrast to her usual dignified attitude left Mutsuki in shock. He knew silently watching his roommate writhe as she was violated made him far crueler than Lucia, but he simply could not look away.

"Ahh...ah...ahh...ahhhh."

Once the Sprinloaded's tail finished firing the pins in a straight line from the top of her spine to the bottom, it shifted its aim to her butt region. She was lifted by her arms and pushed forward so the machine could aim better.

"Ah... S-stop... Not there..."

Once she realized where the ejection point was aimed, Ange shook her weak head.

But machines felt no mercy. With a sound as light as using a stapler, the marking pin was systematically driven into the center of her sacrum.

"Khee... Heeee..."

Sticking her butt out behind her had torn a large hole in the weak material of the spats. The girl pleaded with tears in her eyes as her panty-covered butt was exposed.

Seeing that look on her usually determined face filled Mutsuki with a cruel tremor of arousal.

"Ahn♥"

Lucia moaned happily when the penis hit the back of his throat.

He stroked the shaft with his lips and canine teeth while strongly slurping up all of the salty precum. Mutsuki felt like his urethra was in a vacuum and the sensation reached all the way back to his vas deferens.

The duet of arousal was just about enough for the boy to admit defeat.

"Phah... Nn, go ahead... Hah, let me swallow...nmh, your load."

Lucia sensed Mutsuki was getting close, so he pressed his face in close while his eyebrows twitched.

"Ahhh, w-wait... I'm...I'm a boy."

"Not gonna wait♥ Nmh... Nheh heh. Besides, your penis knows what it wants. It wants to...phah...cum in my mouth more than any girl's."

Mutsuki's reason gave one last shout of protest at the pleasure of having his entire penis wrapped in the boy's soft mouth, but Lucia ignored it and continued moving his mouth and lips while groping at the front of his own pants.

"Hee!"

Mutsuki's low groan overlapped with Ange's stiff, high-pitched voice. The machine had parted her two butt cheeks through her panties, letting the air pass through.

"~~~~!"

The final pin was fired toward her tailbone, just above her asshole.

The sensation of the foreign object grazing her sensitive flesh was enough for the girl's eyes to open wide and her spine to arch backwards.

"Hyah... Ahhh! Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Still dangling from her arms like a doll, Ange cried out in a mixture of sorrow and pleasure. Her entire body stiffened and her limbs twisted as if trying to brush something off of her back.

"Ahh!"

Mutsuki's pleasure exploded as he watched and he thrust his hips as if in time with his pulse. The tip very nearly entered Lucia's throat and the demon boy seductively rubbed his thighs together as he sucked.

"Nheh heh. Ahhh, here it comes!"

His voice was even more seductive than the other two as he sucked down every last drop of the milky fluid.



"Delicious♥"

Lucia gave a wet, satisfied sigh and pulled his face back from Mutsuki's crotch.

Mutsuki's mind had gone blank even as self-hatred filled him for getting off to Ange's state. Even after she climaxed, Ange continued to writhe from the machine's thorough examination.

The satisfied boy sighed happily that he had completed his objective and at the scent of the other boy lingering in his mouth.

"Now, then."

He stood up and stroked Mutsuki's cheek. The darkened demonic eye faded and his original right eye appeared. The boy's mind was too blank to react, but Ange gave a slight sigh of relief when the intensity dropped.

"I'll be taking Mutsuki-kun, but what to do about her? I bet Mutsuki-kun would be made if I left her here to go mad with pleasure and die. Then again, I do want to tease her some more."

He turned his callous eyes up toward the girl whose entire body was still being tormented.

But then...

"Vvvv..."

The sound of an old TV being switched off came from the spider Springloaded's mouth. Mutsuki, Lucia, and Ange all looked up in confusion.

An instant later, the eight legs digging into the columns bent silently. The wires loosened and Ange pitched forward. And as her small body toppled forward...

"Wha-?"

The machine modeled after a spider slammed into the floor and came apart as if it had been nothing but a pile of sticks.

"The Springloaded's element was removed? Impossible. Only the FeTUS Witches would know the anti-Lithography code."

An angel like Ange could not have caused that destruction, so Lucia's eyes widened in surprise and he looked around for the cause of this oddity.

And that instant was all Ange needed.

"Corona!!"

Still lying face-down, she emitted a film of blue flames that quickly spread throughout the entire tower interior. It fried the black water enveloping Mutsuki and it knocked Lucia away.

"Gh... You still have this much strength left?"

The Succubi had shielded him, so he did not take much damage. He quickly got back up, but he seemed to realize retreat was the best option once his own body started to burn and once he saw Ange standing up with her large sword in hand.

"You leave me no choice. Mutsuki-kun, I'll be seeing you a lot sooner

next time."

He brushed off the scorch marks on his skin.

"Remember: god is the only perfect being in this world. And..."

He winked.

"That god was the one that gave you your power."

He spun around and jumped out the window.

Mutsuki had not the slightest clue what was going on, but he frantically got up once he heard Ange weakly telling the boy to wait.

She used her large sword to prop herself up because her hips refused to support her.

"Uuh... Kh..."

"Are you okay, Ange? What in the world happened?"

"I don't know. It just broke all of a sudden."

The two of them looked back.

That Springloaded had been a manifestation of super science just a moment before, but it was no longer even a machine and its parts were scattered across the floor.

Lucia had seemed surprised, Ange said she did not know, and Mutsuki obviously could not pull off a trick like that.

"...?"

The black water had given off a strong smell of burning flesh and the broken metal gave off a metallic smell.

But mixed in with that, Mutsuki felt the somewhat familiar scent of a sweet fruit tickling the tip of his nose.

Adolescent Adam: Chapter 6 - Angelic Aroma

Mutsuki had known only two things: they had been saved and Ange was injured. That left only one thing to do: escape before any more trouble occurred.

Ange's uniform was ruined, but her Suit could regenerate. After returning her bra and spats to normal, Mutsuki let her wear his shirt. They left the school and took a taxi back to the apartment.

He had only needed to call their homeroom teacher to inform her they were leaving early.

Mutsuki had wanted to get back right away, but Ange had been afraid of pursuit and had instructed the taxi to take them around town for about an hour. The morning had been sunny, but dark clouds covered the sky by the time they arrived at the apartment. It looked like some intense evening rain was on its way.

"Yes, yes. We just got back. Can you not come back yet?"

"Sorry, but I'm not even in the human world yet. It'll be another five hours."

"Should I take her to the hospital?"

"Human medicine is meaningless to an angel. But don't worry. Based on what you told me about her damage, the first aid equipment in the apartment should suffice."

Micha normally spent all day lazing around the apartment with a beer in hand, but today of all days, she was out working. Mutsuki had to care for Ange on his own.

Her footing had been unsteady when they left the academy and she had been unconscious by the time they left the taxi. The most she could do was sweat and gasp for breath. He let her lean on his shoulder to carry her to their apartment on the top floor and he placed her on the living room couch.

"Listen, Mutsuki-kun. Angels can take physical attacks without much trouble, but since the materia makeup of our bodies is based in fire, we're weak to having our heat taken away. If she seems exhausted, that's almost certainly the cause. That Springloaded probably had some Bug Lithography built in and that's turned some of her skin into a radiator."

"?? Um, can you dumb that down a little?"

"Part of her body's been turned into the cause of this. Ange's young and has plenty of energy, so she'll be fine if you can stimulate her metabolism. You know where the aroma oil is, right?"

"Aroma oil? ...Oh, yes!"

With his cellphone in one hand, he headed to his own room. He grabbed a bottle of ocher-colored liquid sitting on the bedside table.

She had given him this oil. Its aroma was meant to be calming, but he

had barely used it and it was still mostly full.

"Here it is. What do I do with it?"

"That contains the mana that helps purify an angel's astral body. Apply it directly below the skin and it should help her synthesize energy. She was affected by the Serpent's Eye, right? That craving should still be there, so the ether ripple caused by your cells should help too. Use that as a medium."

"Um, can you dumb that down again?"

"What I'm saying is..."

He left his room with the bottle in hand.

"You need to rub it all over her skin with your own hands."

He just about dropped it.

The weather was only getting worse. Rain was starting to sprinkle down and the room had grown awfully dark.

Mutsuki felt oddly guilty about what he was going to do, so he did not feel like brightening the room. Without turning on the lights, he scooped up some aroma oil after having washed his hands with disinfectant and milk soap.

He removed the ribbon that still hung from Ange's neck and applied the oil directly to the back of her neck.

He realized this was his first time touching her. Her skin was incredibly smooth and his oil-covered palm slid frictionlessly across her. Compared to his sisters, her body temperature was higher than normal.

He was not doing anything wrong, but his heart beat painfully loud in his ears.

Her slender neck was the polar opposite of her dignified expression and he diligently slid his fingers toward it like she was a fragile object.

"...Hhoo...ah..."

She did not come to, but her breathing was visibly calming.

Micha had apparently been telling the truth. This aroma oil had the ability to heal angels.

He covered his palm in oil again. The mild amber-colored oil had a pure olive scent and seemed like it would be kind to the girl's warm skin. He thoroughly covered her wrists where she had been bound and then covered the back of her hand, the palm, the elbow, and even the upper arm.

"I don't know how badly she was infected," Micha had said. "So apply it to everywhere the Springloaded touched her."

That meant pretty much her entire body. The only exceptions were the lower legs and feet protected by her socks, the scalp below her hair, and her most precious spot the spats had somehow managed to protect. Everywhere else had been thoroughly tormented by those lewd brushes.

" ... "

After applying the oil to everywhere outside her clothing, a troubled expression came to Mutsuki and he returned to her neck once more. He chose the area least likely to cause trouble if he touched it: her face, her throat, her forehead, and her cheeks.

He even covered her small earlobes.

" ... "

He naturally received a close up view of the sleeping beauty's face.

(She's...so pretty.)

He passed his fingers over her eyelids and corners of her eyes while making sure not to actually get any in her eyes.

He had lived with her for three weeks now, but he had never gotten such a close up view of her.

Her face had a round egg-like outline. The gentle lines of her cheeks

were as smooth as polished marble even without the oil. Applying the lustrous amber-colored oil to her white skin gave it a sticky shine that made this all feel somehow obscene.

"Ange, I'll be removing just the shirt."

He remembered an area he had to worry about, so he reached for the buttons of the shirt he had lent her.

The torn bra and spats would have already regenerated, but each time he spotted her white collarbones or navel, that amateur esthetician's hands just about stopped.

Once he finally removed the whole shirt, he used the roundness of the couch to roll her onto her stomach.

There were occasional points of red in the indentations at the center of her back.

That was where she had been stabbed. They had removed the pins at the clock tower, but the marks remained.

Her body had been invaded there as well. Deciding to be extra thorough here, he poured some oil directly from the bottle.

"Khah....ah..."

It must have stung because the girl groaned quietly and her slender

back bent like a civet.

"...Hm? Mutsu...ki?"

"Oh, did you wake up?"

She was still exhausted, but she partially opened her eyes and looked up at him past her shoulder. She apparently could not move because she asked him to sit her up.

Her sense of balance was still numbed over because she fell right back onto the couch. He frantically propped her up by holding her in his arms from behind as she sat on the floor.

Her body had yet to recover, but her blank mind soon returned to normal.

"Aroma oil? Why are you doing my healing? Where's Micha?"

"She's out, so I'm doing it instead."

"...I see."

She put on her usual lopsided frown when she realized he had been touching her body while she slept.

However, he had meant well. She still had her underwear on, so she did

not get angry.

"That's enough. I can have Micha do the rest."

"Eh? But she won't be back for another five hours and she said it would be best if I did it. Something about ether."

"Oh, the ether resonance. ...I don't need that. I can put up with this."

Her body swayed as she tried to escape his arms.

That irritated Mutsuki because she was implying she did not want him to touch her.

"..."

He briefly wondered whether he should put up with it or argue back.

But then Lucia's face appeared in the back of his mind.

"No, I'm doing it."

"Eh? Fwah!"

His sticky fingers crawled along the contours of her spine. Her shoulders gave a jerk from the ticklishness on her skin and the stinging in the wounds.

The boy was acting bolder than anyone would have imagined. Ange's hair was long enough to spread out on the floor when sitting, so he brushed it forward, exposing her white back.

"You were injured protecting me, so let me take care of you a little. I swear I won't touch you anywhere inappropriate. But I can touch you here, right? It's the same as before."

He thoroughly applied the oil to the first wound directly below the back of her neck.

By "the same as before" he was referring to when he had removed the pins before leaving the clock tower. She should have no reason to refuse him now.

The girl probably disliked that he refused to do as he was told, so she wrinkled her brow for a while. But finally, she sighed.

"If you do touch me anywhere inappropriate, I won't forgive you."

Mutsuki had forced her to let him continue, but Micha's was the only other girl's back he had ever seen and this proved too stimulating for him. His hands grew much more careful on the second wound.

"Nn...fh...uh..."

And Ange's oddly sexual moans were certainly not helping.

Just like when the Springloaded had attacked her, there was a nasal tone to them. But unlike when she was desperately trying to suppress her voice, these were softer and much sweeter.

(Is she...horny?)

His thoughts quickly turned in a wicked direction.

He did not know all the details of the Serpent's Eye's power, so he began to wonder how long the arousal lasted. What if it was still affecting her?

He lowered his fingertips to the third wound. This one was right above her bra strap.

The girl's skin was still soaked with sweat and the material was still weak. He would be able to tear right through that bra.

And then...he would be able to see those beautiful breasts again.

(What are you thinking, you idiot?)

He shook his head.

He was healing her. He had promised not to touch her anywhere she would not want.

But Mutsuki was not yet mature enough to restrain himself just because it was “wrong”. The desire he had expelled into Lucia in the clock tower was about to rear its ugly head again.

(A girl’s...skin. And body.)

Even if it had been forced, he wanted to erase the fact that he had been satisfied by another boy. And that made Ange’s body look all the more attractive.

“Ahh... Hahhn. Wahn.”

Ange’s seductive moans only made things worse. As he approached her waist by moving to the fourth and fifth wounds, a sweet tone filled them.

The boy intentionally covered her slender back with more oil than entirely necessary. As it dripped down, the spats could not absorb it all and it dripped all the way to the floor.

The rain was really starting to pour outside and that provided them with strangely pleasant background music. As Ange’s melting moans mixed in, Mutsuki’s fingers continued down almost subconsciously.

“Hyah!”

“Oh...sorry.”

His fingers wrapped around the deep indentation of her waist.

He had known she was slender, but he could hardly believe how much it curved inward now that he felt it for himself. Mutsuki's hands were not all that big, but his middle finger almost reached her navel with his thumb on her spine.

And that drew his attention to her navel.

"It messed with you here too, didn't it?"

He had promised not to touch her anywhere inappropriate. Thinking she might allow him this spot, he moved his palm around front. She had rid herself of all excess flesh, but she still had a feminine softness to her.

"~~ Th-that tickles... Not so sudden."

Ange bent her eyebrows, but she only complained and did not reject him.

When she glared back at him over her shoulder, a sensual heat filled her eyes.

The blood rushed to Mutsuki's head and he suddenly realized his fingers were digging into her waist. The way her back pressed against him only increased his arousal.

"Ahhhn. I-I said not so...sudden."

"Sorry, Ange. You're ticklish, aren't you?"

He applied the oil to her navel with a wet sound.

"Shut u-~~~~"

She tried to complain, but it melted away when he teased her cute little indentation with his middle finger.

Her lovely lips opened and she gave a voiceless cry.

"You...idiot. Ah, not there... Ahh...uuuhh..."

When he wiggled his finger around with it sticking into her navel down to the first joint, her entire small body jumped. It was enough for her bust to bounce harshly beyond the black sports bra.

"I see. Then..."

He did not want to make her angry, but he also wanted to hear more of her adorable voice. The boy gulped his dry throat and used his entire palm to cover her waist with oil.

"Ahh...hh...ee...nnn..."

She could relax when he used his palm, but he would occasionally press down lightly with his fingers. The application of the medicinal oil had

transformed into a massage in search of her erogenous zones. The oil was only an excuse now and his hands were clearly performing the caresses Micha had taught him.



However, neither Ange nor Mutsuki himself had noticed.

"Wait... Not...there..."

"You don't like it?"

"~~ It...tickles."

He traced his hands along her pelvis and groped her sides.

Each time, her slender body would writhe in his arms. Before, it had only been her upper body, but now she wiggled her hips and pressed her butt against the floor. It almost looked like she was trying to rub it on something.

"No... I'm...I'm feeling funny."

With that quiet comment, Ange leaned forward.

The ten or twenty minutes of "healing" were showing results. She subconsciously placed her hands on the floor and supported her own body weight.

She had regained freedom over her own body and it was enough to support herself.

"Hahhn! Ahhhhh!"

But neither of them suggested they stop.

The girl bit her lip and her tear glands may have had a way of loosening at times like this. Her long eyelashes were glittering from something other than the oil.

Her narrow eyebrows were still bent upwards. Her dignified look remained in its entirety, yet tears wet her eyes and her expression sometimes melted from the sticky feeling building up inside her.

That weakness stimulated the boy's assertive side. Or rather, it put him on the attack.

"Yes, here too."

"Eh? Uuh...h-here? But...I really..."

"C'mon, just lift your arm."

He covered his palm with more oil and moved his hand to her shoulder. She could move her arms now, but she did as he asked and let her guard down.

He slid his index finger to little finger through her relatively warm armpit.

"Ee...ee!"

His four fingers crawled along with a waving motion and Ange gasped a little.

The film of oil kept Mutsuki from noticing, but the hair was just starting to grow there, leaving it incredibly sensitive. She almost thought she

could feel every groove of his fingerprints.

"Ahhn, ahhhhhhhn. C-c'mon... Ahhhn, c'mon."

The ticklish sensation was as concentrated as possible. It felt like a feather duster tracing along her nerves, so the girl's body jerked about immodestly.

A horribly warm chill assaulted her. Drool flowed through her clenched teeth and dripped down her slender chin. Whenever any one of the four fingers under both arm bent even slightly, goosebumps covered her entire body.

The dripping oil had pooled up on the floor and Ange's heated hips bumped into that hard surface.

"Ow! ~ ~"

Her intoxicated and lovely features bent sharply.

"Ange? What's wrong? ...Oh."

Mutsuki stopped moving his hands, assuming he had hurt her, but he quickly realized something else had caused it. When she lightly lifted her hips, he saw the foreign object.

"There was one left!? Why didn't you tell me?"

"B-because... Fwah! Wait, Mutsuki."

It was only a five millimeter sphere, but it was flashing red and its presence was obvious from the angle he had.

It was the end of a marking pin fired into her black spats.

He had thought he had removed them all, but it seemed he had missed one. It had been fired into her tailbone and it hid inside her butt crack when she stood up. It was hardly surprising that Mutsuki had not noticed it or that prideful Ange had been unable to ask him to remove it.

"Leave it to me."

"Ah... Stop."

He had to remove it now that he had noticed it. He grabbed her hips without asking and lifted them to stick her butt out toward him.

He forced the girl onto all fours and reached for the object buried in the center of her smooth ass.

"There...huh? Oh, damn."

But it was too small. His oil-covered fingers had trouble grabbing the object from above her equally oil-covered spats.

Once he pulled it out just a bit, he pressed the surrounding skin down with his second joint.

"Wait, Mutsuki. I can...get it myself...ahhhh."

His bent thumb's joint touched the hot place in the deepest part of the valley.

The girl had only been writhing from ticklishness before, but her hips reacted harshly to a sensation on an entirely different level.

"Ahh..."

Meanwhile, touching somewhere that dangerous helped Mutsuki calm down.

He also noticed the pose he had placed Ange in.

She was on all fours like a dog with her hips right in front of his face. Her spats were formfitting enough already, but they had ridden up in the center, showing him every contour of her beautiful butt's plump hills.

He had not meant any harm. In fact, he had been worried since she still had a piece of the enemy embedded in her body. But he could not keep going and he removed his fingers.

Wondering if he had any other options, he realized the top of the pin was outside her clothing.

"Oh, I know. Ange, I'm going to pull a bit."

The girl watched him continue with her face beet red and tears in her eyes. When she expressed her understanding, he reached for her spats.

He pulled on the material as if to pull it out of her butt crack. It caught on the head of the marking pin and lifted it as well. His idea was a success. Once it was out this far, he could grab it with his fingers again.

"Okay. Got it, Ange!"

But...

She had been sweating enough to soak the borrowed shirt, so the sweat had of course soaked into her spats as well. The fragile Suit's fabric tore. The vertical tear revealed the pink nylon plastered to its contents by the oil soaking it.

Her hips had no excess flesh and looked like two boiled eggs pressed together. And now they appeared before the boy's eyes while protected only by her panties. Also, the oil plastering them to her flesh gave him a clear view of the round shape below.

The way she stuck her butt out toward him had spread the two plump cheeks, but the panties were still riding up in the center because the material had lodged itself in a small opening in that deepest point. A closer look revealed the wrinkled central portion was visible through the cloth.

" ... "

A shudder ran through Mutsuki's chest like cold water had been injected into his heart. He gulped without realizing it.

"How pathetic."

"I refuse to live with a pervert like-..."

"Just to be clear, I'm only protecting you because it's my duty. I don't actually like humans."

The many looks he had seen on her face for the past three weeks spun through his head: a scornful look, a dignified look, and that innocent smile.

This defenseless girl seemed like an entirely different person from that Ange. As if his body had become a machine, he set the pin aside almost too calmly and let more oil drip from his hand. He let it drip onto her hips and onto the panties wedged inside her butt crack.

"Nnah... Mutsuki? Ah...no..."

He pressed on her spine with his middle finger as he rubbed the oil in.

He just barely stuck with his initial objective of treating her wounds. However, he was breaking his promise not to touch her anywhere

inappropriate. The boy's fingertip took advantage of the oil's lubrication.

"~~ Ahhh..."

When his fingers slipped inside her panties, Ange moaned through her nose in surprise.

(She's so hot in here. ...Oh, the heat's coming from here.)

His finger arrived inside her sweat-soaked panties and the sweaty valley of her butt. His mind was so blank he was oblivious to his own arousal and he set the previous location of the final pin as his goal.

He could feel the soft, elastic flesh squeezing his finger from either side.

He started a gentle piston motion just a few centimeters above the collection of small wrinkles visible through her panties.

"Ah...fwah.... S-stop. Not there...not theeeeere."

Despite her weak cries, the girl's body immediately accepted the boy's finger. Her butt swayed sensitively. He kept his middle finger on the wound and the way her entire hips would jerk made it look like she wanted him to go further.

She must have been awfully embarrassed because her butt was extremely tense. There were even dimples in the swelling flesh. And that made the wrinkles of her anus all the more noticeable.

(Ange...)

When he saw her like that, Mutsuki finally noticed his own sexual desire.

(I want to make her cum. I want to make her cum by my hand.)

His rational mind peeled back to reveal what had started growing deep inside him when he saw her being tormented in the clock tower. This was a dark desire he had been forced to suppress.

"Kyah!"

Just like a cunning snake waiting for its constricted prey to lose strength, he reached around her unresisting body and pulled up her sports bra's zipper.

Ange's body bent back in surprise. The full cup material peeled away and her breasts forcefully popped out.

"It messed with you here too, didn't it?"

He grabbed them from the base as if wrapping his fingers around them. As the flesh was pushed higher and higher, the areolae on the tips puffed out. The girl hesitated at first, but the sense of perversion had already filled her mind and she put up no resistance.

(Ange's body... Ange's boobs.)

They had the perfect resiliency and softness of gelatin that had yet to firm up. But more than the wonderful feeling in his hands, it was the fact that he was teasing Ange's breasts that fried the boy's brain with blazing arousal.

The enemy had poisoned her wherever it had touched her, so he rubbed in the medicinal oil.

But that logic had vanished from his mind. He simply wanted to take her back from that spider, take her back from anyone else who had filled her with pleasure. And to do that, he firmly groped her breasts.

"Ahh...ahhhh...no..."

The girl bent her eyebrows and moaned. Her red hair glittered like a jewel as it fluttered through the air. Even the tips of her hairs seemed to react to his touch.

"Ah..."

Then her butt bumped into his hips.

He responded by moving his hips forward and digging the hard stiffness into her soft, feminine butt. Her eyes widened. Micha had called her a virgin, so this might have been her first time to feel that male organ.

"~~"

Normally, she would have yelled at it him and maybe even hit him, but he was confident she would do nothing as he rubbed his hips against her.

Her reaction was even better than he had imagined: strength left her entire body.

"I'm going to touch every last part of you."

"..."

She answered him with silence and did not reject him.

He leaned over her as she stood on all fours and he squeezed her bust while he pressed against her beautiful porcelain-like back. Her breasts looked large, but her overall frame was small enough that they fit right in his palms. He gathered up that sensation that felt like it would slip from his fingers due to the oil.

At the same time, he thrust the hardness inside his pants toward the hips sticking out toward him. It delighted him to see the twitching reaction of melting pleasure run along the line from her butt to her thighs.

"Ah...ahn...hahn..."

"Ange...Ange..."

The aroma of the oil seemed in the way. He wanted to smell Ange's own sweet and sour scent, so he buried his nose in her hair. That placed his mouth right by her adorable ear.

"Your boobs are really horny, aren't they?"

He whispered into her ear.

The girl's spine trembled as his wet breaths traced along her eardrum.

"Sh-shut up... I am not...horny."

That was exactly the kind of thing he had expected her to say. The erect nipples pressing against his palm seemed to be begging to be pinched, but her eyebrows were still bent upwards.

Now he wanted to have her admit it no matter what, so he moved his fingers even more obscenely. He remembered what Micha had taught him and kneaded the fleshy hills like he was wringing them out from the base.

"Wai...t. Don't...touch me like...that..."

She could not help but breathe heavily.

"Ah...hahh...Nn..nnnn..."

"Are you sure you aren't feeling horny? Your boobs are so hot."

"Shut up, shut up. My body temperature...is up due to...the Serpent's Eye...is all... Hyaahhn!"

Her dignified beauty was heated by a moist sweetness and her long hair fluttered about.

No matter how much she clenched her teeth in embarrassment, she was clearly melting from the sexual pleasure of his thorough petting. Each time the sticky oily feeling rolled her bust around, her hips would react and rub her butt against his pants. She almost looked like a dog wagging its tail.

Mutsuki had also grown short of breath and transformed into a beast. He fondled her twin breasts even more persistently while thrusting his hips against her. The sensual elasticity of her tight skin felt good, but he had to continually send his hips back toward her because that same elasticity would push him away whenever he let his guard down. Filled with a desire to go on the attack, the boy grew so rough he seemed to try to pry open her asshole with his hard organ.

"Ah... Ahhhh... Hahhh... Ahahh..."

He had not replenished his supply of oil since moving his hands to her breasts, so the friction on his madly dancing palms grew as the wetness became a mere stickiness.

Unable to bear with it, the girl thrust her white throat forward.

Her nasal breaths came to an end and her cherry red lips opened instead. She could no longer restrain her beautiful voice, her shoulders were trembling, her elegant features were twisted in pleasure, and her butt rubbed against his erection in his pants enough to distort the shape of her flesh.

(She's about to cum.)

He had avoided a concentrated attack on the protruding tips of her breasts as he rolled them around in his hand, but now he moved his fingers toward them. He used his thumb and forefinger to hold the hardened and erect areola.

He removed his face from her hair that gave off a faint clean scent and he looked to her face instead.

The continued attack on her erogenous zones had given her a distinct expression of pleasure and intoxication. Her naturally tear-prone eyes further stimulated his emotions.

Mutsuki felt a dark confidence that he could do anything to her now.

"I'm going to touch you here now. Okay, Ange?"

"Uh?"

"Do you want me to touch you?"

He massaged her breasts without directly touching the most important part. He instead applied pressure from the surrounding area.

The mixture of pleasure and insufficiency brought by only massaging the areolae caused the small protrusions to grow all the more erect.

"...Ye...s..."

Drowning in ecstasy, the girl nodded as she was told.

"Please...touch...ah!"

Once her breasts shook in his palms, Mutsuki did as she asked and slid his fingertips to the tip.

With his fingers around that wonderfully hard sensation, he twisted them.

The girl's eyes widened enough for the gathered tears to scatter to the floor.

"Ah...ahhhhh! No, no, no. ...Stop..."

Unlike when the machine had done it, Ange cried out with an incredibly sexual voice as she submitted to the pleasure from the bottom of her

heart. Her body also jerked and bounced.

As if to accentuate the roundness of her hips, her slender spine arched backwards. She seemed to be pressing her butt against the swollen object behind it. The lovely, ballerina-like curve of her back trembled as currents of ecstasy surged through it.

"Ahh..."

Mutsuki's eyes widened as he noticed an unexpected scent parting the minty oil's aroma.

He initially thought of his little sister Mutsumi. He would sometimes smell this when waking her in the morning.

The golden liquid that his sister would dirty her bed with now puddled on the floor after flowing from the spats that still just barely hid the girl's holy place with what little material remained.

"Ahhn...ahahn.... Ahhhn. Mutsuki...Mutsuki..."

She called the boy's name and gave more sweet cries with saliva dripping from her mouth.

This was different from Micha's sexiness. Seeing that proud angel cutely cumming while pissing herself sent Mutsuki's heart racing. Lucia had supposedly sucked him dry earlier, but so much white fluid exploded inside his pants he could hardly believe it was the second time.

(I...made her cum. I made Ange cum.)

A dark joy filled his chest.

(She belongs to me.)

But then something else happened.

The heavy breathing filling the living room was drowned out by a footstep.

It had not been all that loud, but Ange’s sharp hearing immediately picked it up.

“_____!?”

“Wah!”

Ange stood up with Mutsuki on top of her, so he was thrown back into the couch. Only then did he notice.

“ .. ”

“ ”

"Here."

"_____!?!?!?"

Ange let out a voiceless cry as she gathered her bra and spats together to hide her body.

Mutsuki watched in a daze as someone peered into the living room from the entranceway hallway.

"I came to give you this."

Ibekusa Machina calmly held out two copies of a printout she had brought.

Adolescent Adam: Chapter 7 - Black-Dyed Eye

"Listen!"

Ange raised her index finger.

"What you just saw was necessary and wasn't wrong in the slightest. We did that because we're relatives, so it wasn't anything even remotely filthy or weird! Make sure! Make absolutely sure you don't misinterpret what happened!"

"Understood."

Ange was acting incredibly threatening, but the reaction from the sudden visitor, Ibekusa Machina, was as low-key as ever.

Even though their seats were right in front of each other, Ange still had a poor grasp of Machina's character, so she was doing her very best to make excuses.

"So you see, he was only trying to help me recover! Isn't that right, Mutsuki!?"

"Ah...ah ha ha. That's right."

Mutsuki was left to clean up the oily floor, so he gave a vague bitter laugh with a rag in one hand.

Ange glared at him, asking how he could be so calm, but on the inside, he was even more shaken than she was.

That girl had come to bring them the printout they had missed after leaving school early. The doorbell apparently had not rung, the door had been unlocked, and she had heard some odd voices, so she had peered inside...and that led to the current situation.

(She's definitely going to misinterpret what happened.)

That would not have happened if he had stayed rational, so he had trouble calling that a misinterpretation. But most of all, it was quite a shock for her of all people to see him teasing his roommate like some kind of pervert.

Ibekusa Machina was a strange character even for their class. She made no effort to gather attention, but she still had an incredible presence.

She was a pretty, mysterious, and oddly alluring girl.

(She probably thinks I'm a pervert.)

Mutsuki sighed deeply as he wiped up the stubborn oil and Ange's urine.

"So you understand? You really do understand?"

"Positive. That is my responsibility for entering without permission."

It sounded like things were settling down between Ange's angry attacks and Machina's calm deflections. Mutsuki looked up, assuming Ange had cleared up the misunderstanding.

"?"

For some reason, she was beckoning him over.

"Eh? Eh?"

He had lived with her for three weeks, but this was his first time inside Ange's room.

However, that was not the confusing part. He was baffled by the girls' actions as they entered the room too.

Ange was wearing clothes now. It was only a T-shirt, but Mutsuki was still thankful. In just her bra and spats after he had teased her body so much, he had difficulty knowing where to look.

The problem was Machina and how her state of dress made it difficult to know where to look.

"Here."

"Yeah, you wouldn't want it to get wrinkled. I'll take that."

She unhooked her own skirt and passed it to Ange.

Her cute striped cotton panties were exposed. The boy averted his gaze at that point, but then she removed her uniform's ribbon and began unbuttoning it.

"An...ge. What's going on?"

The girl he was interested in...no, that he had a crush on had suddenly started baring her skin, so he sought help from his roommate while sweating.

"To make up for seeing me in such an embarrassing situation, we're doing the reverse now."

Ange sat on the corner of her desk, put on her usual lopsided frown, and stuck her chin out. Machina obeyed the haughty instruction by sitting on the bed.

"I get to see her in an embarrassing situation. You're just a tool. Do to her what you did to me."

"What!?" Mutsuki raised his voice without meaning to. "Wh-what are you talking about? What possible purpose-..."

"Do it."

He tried to argue back, but she immediately rejected it. Just fifteen minutes earlier, she had been shedding tears of pleasure in his hands, but the intense light in her eyes overpowered him and he looked away.

"Um...but I can't. Ibekusa-san would get mad."

"I do not mind."

He searched for a new way out, but he found the girl opening the front of her uniform.

"Wow."

"Wow."

Both Mutsuki and Ange were shocked by the contents of her opened blazer.

Mutsuki suddenly remembered that Kurikara Saya, the girl in the class with the least delicacy, had seen Machina changing for PE and told the rest of the class the girl was "quite large".

But "quite" did not cover it. "Very" or even "incredibly" would better describe the volume before his eyes.

"This is my responsibility for entering without permission. I will make up for that."

She did not hesitate to unhook the back of her bra, which almost shot off of her from the weight it had been holding back.

"You look...a lot skinnier with your clothes on."

Ange had been the one to insist the girl stripped, but she was shocked by this unexpected size. Her cheeks grew red from embarrassment and her displeased look returned as soon as she compared them to her own. But...

"C'mon, Mutsuki. Guys like this kind of thing, don't they? Then this is a good deal for you."

She used her chin to tell him to get going.

"D-don't be ridiculous. This is wrong. How can you call this a good deal?"

Squish.

(W-wow. They really are heavy.)

Mutsuki was fully aware he was scum for doing this, but that self-hatred vanished as soon as his fingers sank into that white flesh like it was a swamp.

He could feel the weight pressing down on his hands. He had wiped

the oil from his hands, but her skin still felt damp and sticky. It was as soft as pudding, yet it had an intense elasticity that pushed back at his fingers like springs.

He had no real preference in size, but even he was a slave to these breasts.

She had narrow shoulders, yet they smoothly swelled out in beautiful bowl shapes. When he touched them, he found them to be the perfect level of soft yet also vibrantly elastic. They were too large to fit in his hands either way, but he judged by eye that these were a size bigger than Micha's which were voluptuous enough already. And yet Machina was more than ten centimeters shorter.

The comfortable weight seemed to fill Mutsuki with pleasure. With his fingers digging into them, he moved his hands in large circles to fondle those great masses.

"Nn..."

Machina had remained expressionless even as he grabbed them, but her eyebrows briefly twisted now.

Then, her cheeks flushed with embarrassment. Her skin was a milky white, so the red noticeably stood out.

She sat on the bed facing Mutsuki, so he barely had to lift his gaze to see her expression. He gave a cautious glance but immediately looked away when their eyes almost met.

(Ibekusa-san... This is Ibekusa Machina-san.)

That thought alone nearly set his mind boiling.

He had been interested in this classmate since spring. He had tried to talk to her even if just once, but he had failed every single morning.

It was too much for him to suddenly have her half-naked to do with as he pleased.

(I'm touching Ibekusa-san's breasts.)

A tremor of nerves passed through his fingers and jiggled her breasts a little.

He looked up, wanting to see her face again. He realized he had seen her in profile a lot since she sat next to him, but he had not looked at her head on very often. And it was a first from this close.

" ... "

(She's beautiful.)

He felt her allure was in her eyes. The doll-like perfection of her face was part of it, but his mind always came back to the elusive half-lidded look of her eyes. Her transparent eyes looked like a single drop of water on a pure sheet of ice.

It was love at first sight, just as it had been during the spring.

He felt like her deep eyes were sucking him in.

"So you hide those giant tits of yours, huh? Honestly, Mutsuki, you sure look a lot happier than with me...ah."

Ange had put on her lopsided frown in annoyance, but then her eyes widened.

Mutsuki was snapped back to his senses by that third party's voice.

(Huh? What am I doing?)

He felt a wonderful softness pressing against his lips. A sour and somewhat sweet scent of apples tickled his nose.

Machina gently closed her eyes from so close their noses touched.

"~~ Fwah! I-I'm sorry, Ibekusa-san! Um...I didn't mean to do that..."

He frantically pulled back his face.

The smacking sound was enough to know he had stolen her lips with unexpected strength. Ange's eyes were opened wide off to the side.

He had promised to only touch her breasts, so he tensed up in fear.

"...?"

But Machina seemed confused that he had stopped.

"I do not mind."

She placed a finger on his lips.

"Your lips...were not unpleasant."

She stared straight at him with unreflecting eyes as transparent as the sky.

Mutsuki felt like he could see what lay beyond them, so he reflexively placed a finger on her mouth as well.

They began teasing each other's lips.

(Ibekusa-san's...lips...)

"Um..."

Before Ange could say anything, their lips pressed together again.

Mutsuki's momentum pushed Machina back onto her butt, so he reached a hand behind her head to powerfully pull her close and deepen their kiss.

"Wait, you two..."

The third party's voice no longer reached them.

When he brought her pleasant smelling pink lip into his mouth and sucked on it, Machina vacantly closed her eyes again. She then wrapped her arms around his neck with the familiarity of lovers with years of experience. They seemed to be creating their own private world.

"Your mouth smells like apples."

After moving a bit away, he poked at her cherry blossom petal shaped lips with his tongue and licked off the overflowing saliva. The girl let him without opening her eyes.

"I want to eat more of you."

"...Ah."

They said little, but she opened her mouth as if their hearts were connected.

While realizing this was his first time to be the one doing it, he gently stuck his tongue inside.

Her mouth was soft and warm. The plentiful saliva that wrapped around his invading tongue left the greatest impression. It ever so slightly smelled of apples.

(Her mouth is delicious. ...Ah.)

As he started growing dizzy from the sweet aroma of her saliva, he found her tongue at the bottom.

When he gently teased it, she quickly realized what he wanted and stuck it out. He did not hesitate to lick all over it. The air caught below her tongue made obscene noises.

(Her tongue...is so sticky and cute.)

Their sticky tongues pressed against each other for a while as he tasted her mouth.

(Um, you do it like this, right?)

"Nfhn..."

He deepened the kiss further.

He poked at the tip of her tongue with quick vibrato movements and sucked at the base without warning. His clever mouth caress led Machina to blow air from her nose.



(This is turning her on. So next I should do...this.)

He focused on tickling just the base. That was enough for her eyebrows to twist and her closed eyelids to twitch.

But Mutsuki was only getting started. He slowly licked up to the tip...or pretended to. Halfway up her tongue, he moved to her teeth and gums where he started tickling and poking at her.

"Nnah..."

Machina cried out in irritation.

After plenty of teasing, he wrapped his tongue around hers and powerfully sucked at it. That was enough for her slender spine to react. Her large breasts bounced from the movement and the pink tips stood erect.

Mutsuki had learned both techniques from Lucia. He was not sure he had perfectly copied the tongue technique that had charmed a fellow boy, but he did know the girl's breathing had quickened.

(And next...♪)

He pressed the bottom of his tongue below her tongue and slowly stroked it back and forth.

This was a technique Micha had taught him. That was the most ticklish spot of the mouth and this was the best method of bringing pleasure there. As he rubbed that erogenous zone, saliva began dripping from her mouth like love juices from a vagina.

He sucked it in and tried swallowing it. It also had a hint of apple juice flavor.

"...Hh..."

The girl barely reacted. Even as he caressed her sticky mouth and sucked in her overflowing saliva, no displeasure or embarrassment appeared on her face. She was just as doll-like as in the classroom.

But...

"Fujita...-kun."

She opened her eyes a little.

Warm tears floated in her icy eyes as heat filled the corners.

She had not told him anything, but he still gently let his own saliva flow gently into her mouth.

"...Ah...♡"

She swallowed it all as if it were the most natural thing to do.

The sounds of rain and distant thunder could be heard from outside. It was still evening, but thick clouds covered the sky and the room was incredibly dark without the lights on.

Mutsuki and Machina exchanged tongues as if trying to dissolve them in each other's mouths.

"Um... You two?"

This had only been a game to hide her own embarrassment, but at some point, the other two had gotten serious. Ange tried to interject, but...

"Ibekusa-san, your body is so sexual."

"...~~"

"Ah ha ha. Sorry, but it really is wonderful."

Her voice did not reach them.

As he attacked the girl's mouth to the point of swapping out all of her saliva with his own, Mutsuki's hands returned to her breasts. He traced his hands along their outlines and kneaded them.

Machina's body had enough feminine curves to charm even another girl like Ange. To enjoy those lines, Mutsuki's fingers traced down to her navel. But they suddenly moved back up and pinched her nipples that looked like freshly-bloomed cherry blossoms.

(He...really is lewd.)

Watching was enough to be infected by the obscene atmosphere, so the angel started fidgeting her hips without noticing.

Rubbing her thighs together, pulled the plump flesh of her butt to either side and let the corner of the desk in between. She frantically started to lift her hips, but...

"I'm going to touch you, okay?"

Mutsuki's hand moved even further down than Machina's navel.

Ange relaxed her legs and pressed her hips against the corner.

"Nnah..."

Mutsuki wrapped his hand around the warm mound he could feel through her striped panties.

A low cry escaped the girl's lips.

Ibekusa Machina tended to remain silent, so hearing her voice at all was a rare treat. He had always liked its beautiful bell-like quality, but when a sensual tone was mixed in, it was enough to stimulate his male instincts. Mutsuki could not help but suck at her lips even more. He could not find a good time to stop kissing her.

(Ibekusa-san... This is Ibekusa-san. I'm doing...this...with Ibekusa Machina-san...)

He was kissing her and petting her half-naked body.

"Nn...nnnn."

He had always thought this classmate was beyond his reach, but they were now kissing like lovers.

Her curly hair always looked messy even when it had been well brushed, her white skin looked like it was made from a film of pale milk, and her scent was sweeter than Ange's and sourer than Micha's.

He loved everything about her. He thoroughly groped the honey field he had in his grasp. The elastic mound softly swelled further in his hand.

"Kfah... Hah... Nn... Fujita...-kun."

(Her voice is so sexual now.)

He had attacked her lips with the tongue techniques of an angel and a demon, he had attacked her breasts with the technique that had left an adult like Micha and a child like Ange dizzy, and now he teased her crotch with the thoroughness of a loving parent. The beautiful girl was as horny as she was ever going to be.

Her usual lack of reaction made her arousal all the more obvious when her cheeks grew flushed, her breathing grew heavy, and she occasionally let out quiet moans.

The more of his saliva she swallowed, the more obedient she grew. She had initially closed her legs in embarrassment, but they were now spread to welcome him in.

(The surrounding flesh is so soft... and her butt is really warm.)

He gently rubbed the hidden lips that grew obscenely visible through her panties when she spread her thighs. That was enough for Machina to sensitively furrow her brow and wrap her soft tongue around his in place of words.

The hills of her butt were just as ideally large as her bust. Seductively tight thighs were located at the base of the lovely legs extending from her perfectly slender hips. Her deep gray socks covered her tight calves. Every part of her body was perfect.

And that body grew more flushed with every movement of his arm and of his fingertips. An embarrassing stain grew on her panties.

(I want her.)

His heart was dyed by a dark desire that kept appearing and disappearing within him.

(I want to make Ibekusa-san mine.)

His hesitation and conscious shook his heart, but he was fixated on that one point.

And in that instant...

"...!"

Ange's shoulders gave a jerk as she watched from behind.

"...Can I?"

But Mutsuki ignored the other girl, moved his hands behind Machina's beautiful hips, and grabbed the cloth in his way.

The girl still said nothing, but she did move her hands behind her and lifted up her hips. This was less of a "you can" and more of a "please do".

He slowly slid down the panties while continuing to kiss her. The sweat-soaked nylon striped panties stuck to her skin. He almost had to roll them down and, as he did, a single line of sticky liquid formed a bridge between the fabric and her virgin flesh.

"You're so wet. I'm glad you got this horny for me."

He rubbed her porcelain-smooth butt and dazzlingly tight thighs as he whispered in her ear.

She must have been embarrassed because her cheeks reddened and she looked to the side.

But she still spread her legs with her knees up in an M-shape. Mutsuki only had to lower his gaze a little to see the most precious part of her body.

Her nectar-covered flesh was a lot different from Micha's in more than just the skin color. His thorough petting had left her incredibly wet, but the outer flower petals were still closed.

When he gently spread them with his fingers and peered inside, he found the same pink flesh as with Micha, but the shape was different. The folds hid the vagina like they were forming a lid.

"...Ibekusa-san."

Looking at it was enough to fill him with excitement. His mind went blank.

He could not go any further. This was only a game. It was only meant to satisfy Ange, so even kissing her and removing her panties had been going too far. It should have been over after he touched her breasts a little. And yet...

He unzipped his pants and pulled out his hard, erect object. He had not cleaned up after cumming earlier, so the smell of the dried milky substance wafted from his boxers.

(I'll make her mine.)

As if to convey his desire, he rubbed the hard thing against her knees and thighs.

"...~?"

As Mutsuki gave into his dark desires, Ange reacted before Machina did. As she watched on, she felt an almost painful throbbing running through the center of her skin. Both of her hands were holding the spot pressed against the corner of the desk.

"What is this? The Serpent's Eye? ...No, it isn't open."

"..."

Machina's usually narrowed eyes briefly widened in surprise at the exposed penis, but...

"Be..."

She lay back on the bed with her legs still spread.

"Be...gentle."

A nearby lightning strike shook the apartment window with its thunderclap.

The boy leaned over the girl and carefully pressed his weight on the point of insertion.

He had tried a few different positions with Micha and missionary had

been one of them, but he was still nervous. His classmate's interior was surprisingly tight and he felt like he would break the walls if he forced it inside. He used the plentiful wetness to slowly deepen their bond.

Micha's had felt like an infinitely-deep and muddy swamp, but Machina's truly was a tunnel of flesh with a comfortable elasticity to it.

It resisted him with the writhing movements of a living creature, but he could feel himself forcibly expanding it. And...

"Ah...ahhh..."

The painful tones escaping his silent classmate fanned the flames of Mutsuki's animalistic side.

He slowly moved his hips forward and back, wringing further lubricant from the delicate structure.

As his tip slid forward, it would further pry open her sensitive flesh.

(Wow... Am I dreaming? I'm having...)

He was so moved by the situation that he very nearly came from that alone, so he gathered his strength to hold back.

(I'm having sex with Ibekusa-san. ...Hm?)

He felt like something struck the head buried inside her. At the same time, Machina's body gave a sharp jerk from the deepest point of her slender waist.

Dense as he was, Mutsuki initially thought he had imagined it, but when he moved his hips further in, he felt something tearing. And with each movement, the soft swellings of her breasts would bounce and her mature hipline would wriggle. Only then did he catch on.

"Ibekusa-san, you mean...?"

"..."

She nodded.

His experience was based on Micha, so he had completely overlooked this possibility. This girl had the most developed body in their class, but she was still his age.

"S-sorry. I, um..."

"This is not a problem."

The girl wrapped her arms around the boy's neck as he panicked.

"If you are...gentle, then this is not a problem."

Her tone was as unconcerned as ever.

Even inside her holy ground, the melting folds of flesh contracted and

wrapped around the swollen invader as if guiding it deeper inside.

There was no way he could run away now. No man would pull out here. Mutsuki's only option was to make her deflowering as nice a memory as he could.

He wrapped his arms around her back. He could feel the head swelling out further as it slid further down the delicate pathway of flesh.

"Ibekusa-san."

Would it be pathetic to say "thank you"? Instead, he stroked her curly hair and finished penetrating her down to the base.

He then bent his upper body downward so the two of them lay on the bed together. He embraced the vibrant aroma of a young girl with an active metabolism. To reduce the shock of her deflowering as much as possible, he stuck his tongue in the mouth he had already developed into an erogenous zone and he rubbed her hardened nipples.

Painful sighs occasionally escaped her covered lips.

(She feels completely different from Micha-san. Oh, she twitches inside when I squeeze her nipples.)

This felt different from when he had lost his virginity. He enjoyed how the youthful internal flesh sucked at him, how warm the sticky fluids were, and how a wave of convulsions would occasionally leave her womb and pass through her tightened flesh.

Suddenly, he noticed something different.

(Um, this is her cervix, isn't it? And...)

As the head hit the donut-shaped flesh, it felt like raw rubber. That he recognized, but...

"Fwah!"

He only moved his hips a little, but she cried out louder than ever before.

The boy now wanted to check on this all the more, so he lifted his hips again and again. It was simply a thrusting motion. It was nothing special and he only slid his erection up and down inside her, but...

"Gh! Kh! ~~~!"

Each time, her eyes opened wide.

He felt a bumpy area on the navel-side of her vagina. When he pressed his penis into it, the head seemed to fit in perfectly.

This was the lewdest part of the female body that he had only occasionally scraped against with Micha.

In Machina's body, it sucked at his penis as if returning the favor. It seemed to be measuring his length and girth.

(Does this mean...we're a perfect match?)

"Ah...wah. ...Ahn...ahn."

Every slight movement kept a constant stream of moan's coming from the usually silent girl.

Filled with excitement, Mutsuki gave more momentum to his flesh pillar.

The penis dug in so perfectly that his each and every move stimulated that spot of sexual pleasure. Machina's usual expressionless look crumbled and her melting face began to sob.

"Ibekusa-san, does this feel good?"

"Ah...nn... Meany."

"Good. Then I'll make you feel even better."

He wanted to see her even further lost in pleasure, so he rubbed his rod against her weak point.

She bit her lip in embarrassment to quiet her moans. But even if she

could bear with the pleasure, she could not hold back the instinctual womanly bliss coming from her cervix. The moans overflowed from her lips no matter how hard she tried.

Her legs in black socks wrapped around the boy's waist and crossed behind him.

(She's so cute. ...O-oh, no.)

Mutsuki's face grew red as well.

Even after Lucia milked him and he self-destructed with Ange, a new sexual torrent was recharging at the base of his penis.

The rest was simple. His beautiful crush held their bodies together and writhed about with her large breasts bouncing all the while. One look at the blatant pleasure on her normally composed and expressionless face was almost enough to make him cum.

At some point, the girl had even started rolling her slender hips a bit.

"...Hh...nn...uhn..."

No matter how much she suppressed her embarrassing moans, the ecstasy covering her face was impossible to hide. She lifted her hips as if performing a bridge to actively rub her constricting nectar flesh against Mutsuki's penis.

"Nn, Ibekusa-san, you like having your deepest parts teased, don't you?"

"Don't...say it."

She bent her eyebrows in blissful agony, but did not have it in her to lie and simply nodded. She nodded clearly enough that her bouncing breasts hit her chin.

"..."

The boy's dam crumbled at that admission.

"I-I'm going to cum... Can I? Can I cum inside?"

He whispered something so bold not even he could believe it.

"I want to cum inside you. I want to fill you with my semen."

Even as his mind grew foggy with the pleasure of his approaching ejaculation, he was not just saying that.

He wanted to climax inside her. He wanted to dye her womb and the inside of her body in his color.

"...~~"

Surprisingly, she nodded without even having to think about it.

In fact, she gave an intoxicated look at the thought of him conquering every nook and cranny of her vagina and even her womb.

"Please..."

Her vagina squeezed down along the entire shaft and head.

"Please...cum inside me."

"~~!"

The waves of release traced along the nerves of his lower body, he felt pleasure like every pore on his body was opening, and he trembled like an excited horse.

She lifted her vagina toward him and he thrust his penis inside even harder than before. It was enough to distort the shape of her donut-like cervix.

"~~~ Ahh... So deep..."

The shock was enough for the girl's entire body to jerk. Her milk-colored bust gave a large bounce a short moment later. Her nectar field spewed out syrup like someone was scooping it out with a spoon and the folds of her vagina gave a new reaction. They stopped swelling out sideways and instead sucked the invading object upwards.

"Ah... Ibekusa-san... You're...amazing inside..."

"Ah, ah, nn... Fhah... Hur...ry..."

Wrapped in her reacting vagina, his penis and his entire lower body felt so good he thought they would melt. The fleshy organ swelled out further and the enlarged flesh plunged even deeper into her womanhood.

He would press in on the cervix when he thrust in and the thick head would rub against her sensitive spot when he pulled out

That vortex of double sexuality travelled up and down her crotch. Her pleasure grew with each excavation and her sweaty breasts bounced endlessly.

"Hurry... Give it to me."

She begged him with her hoarse voice.

"Hurry... Fill me...with your..."

"_____!"

Just as his erection swelled to its limit, her nectar flesh tightened to its limit.

The male organ and the female flesh pressed so tightly together they seemed to become a single entity. The borderline between them vanished. Boy and girl became one at the point of penetration.

"~~~~~Nnah!"

"!"

As his lips sought another kiss, Mutsuki reached his limit. Their lips met as his pulsating organ filled her womb with its milky liquid.



"Kfh...hh...~~~"

As the torrent struck the sensitive back of her womb, the girl obscenely wriggled her slender hips at the approaching orgasm.

Machina rarely showed emotion, but the pleasure enveloping her was even more obvious than with a normal girl. Her normally expressionless form was dyed with seductive joy as convulsions rose from her womb, were amplified by the wonderful size of her bust, and shook those bowl-like objects so much they nearly lost their shape.

"Ah... Kh, Ibekusa-san."

"...Fujita...-kun."

They exchanged a kiss in a world where they could only see each other.

Neither of them noticed Ange collapse to the floor behind them as her knees gave out.

Machina brushed back her hair that had grown soft from sweat and she crawled over to bury her face in the boy's crotch.

Her tongue crawled across his rod that was showing signs of wilting after pumping three straight loads into her womb.

She had initially grimaced at her own fluids covering it, but when she saw the delighted look on Mutsuki's face, she stroked her extended tongue along the shaft.

"Wah, hah. That feels good. Ah, hah. It tickles."

"Mfh... Nnn, ahn."

Machina's mouth contained plenty of saliva, so a quick lick was enough to form beads of dew that made his rod shine wetly. After coating it with her saliva, she made smaller strokes like a kitten which tickled more than it felt good.

Not only had he felt compatibility down to the bottom of their hearts as he had sex with his crush, but now she was orally pleasuring him. Mutsuki felt like he was dreaming.

He sat on the bed with his legs stretched out and she had crawled over to bring her head in from the side.

Her back was hunched over, so he only had to reach over to scoop up her bouncing breasts or stretch a little further to reach her hips. She had not fixed her clothes, so she was only wearing her shirt and socks. His fingertips easily slipped between her hips.

"Kfhn, nn, nnn."

Machina still said very little, but she had started moaning much more easily in this short period of time.

Mutsuki grabbed and groped her plump butt and reached a finger toward the alluring region in the center. He traced a finger across the nice indentation of the puckered opening that felt warm to the touch.

She had allowed him her body, but she still looked troubled as he teased her asshole. But an intoxicated look finally filled her eyes and she returned the erection to her mouth. Her cheeks tightened onto it and her tongue wrapped stickily around it.

"Wah... Y-you don't have to blow me that lewdly."

"Nfh...nnm..."

As if to say it was his fault, she jerked her chin around to pleasure his erection with her entire head.

She sometimes started to choke when she brought it too deep into her throat and she was less skilled than Micha, but she made up for inexperience with passion. She was clearly falling into a state of ecstasy as he teased her anus. A longing wetness filled her eyes as she sucked the almost bluish-red penis.

"Ah ha ha. Ibekusa-san."

He wanted to see her face some more, so he used his other hand to brush back her hair and called her name.

She looked blankly up at him. Her eyes were narrowed as always, so she looked like a sleepy kitten.

Not only was she cute, but he was speaking with Ibekusa Machina like they were lovers.

(She belongs to me.)

A dark elation filled him.

He had felt this emotion a few times already: when he had become one with Machina, when he had kissed her, and when he had decided to go

on the attack with Ange.

In fact, this emotion had taken root somewhere in his heart ever since the Serpent's Eye had first opened three weeks before.

"...Ah, ah..."

Suddenly, he heard a weak cry behind him.

He looked back to find Ange crouched on the floor.

Her legs were turned to the side and she sat on top of them.

And she was rubbing her butt against her left heel.

"..."

Mutsuki wordlessly reached out a hand. He bent his upper body a little to show her his left thigh. With Machina leaning in from the right, that spot was free.

The girl crawled across the floor like she was hypnotized and leaned onto that spot. Beyond her fluttering red hair, her wet blue eyes were unfocused. And her indistinct gaze was focused on a single point: the object buried down to the base in their classmate's mouth.

"Nn...ph."

"...Thank you."

After the other girl removed her mouth, Ange closed her vacant eyes and kissed the erect, dark-red head as if she had no choice.

The angel's lips were thinner than Machina's and felt more sticky and raw than they did soft. The sensation shook Mutsuki's heart.

(Yes, both of them...)

Machina began licking the base and his balls. She had no real knowledge of this, so Ange simply gave quick but passionate licks to the urethral opening and the underside of the shaft. Their normally intelligent and dignified expressions were completely forgotten as they mindlessly sucked at it like sister kittens indulging in catnip.

"God is the only perfect being in this world. And..."

Lucia's words replayed in his mind.

"That god was the one that gave you your power."

"Kyah..."

The sixth eruption that day burst onto Ange's face.

White lines were drawn through the air like tracer rounds as the hot liquid spewed again and again from the swollen head. The girl quickly closed her eyes, but she forgot to move out of the way and everything from her cheeks to her lovely red hair was dirtied. Despite how many times he had already cum, he produced plenty of semen. The amount that trailed down the bottom of his penis dripped onto Machina's face for the first ejaculation to reach her anywhere but in the womb.

The pleasure alone had weakened after so many times, so the boy watched the scene in a pleasant daze. Without aiming the tip away, he watched as his own bodily fluid dirtied the two girl's faces.

(Both of them are mine...)

And that dark emotion filled him all the while.

Adolescent Adam: Chapter 8 - The Perfect Man

"Pervert!"

Mutsuki could hardly argue with her. A merciless punch from an angel with top class combat skills sent him flying and his back slammed into the bedroom wall.

"You...pervert! I let my guard down for a second and you cover my face in...in... ~~You perv!"

"I never actually told you to suck it."

"_____"

"Sorry."

If he argued back, his life might really be in danger. Sensing that in Ange's eyes, he sat down and bowed over and over.

After his sixth ejaculation, she had snapped and their trancelike state had left them. The two girls were wiping off what covered their faces and Machina was fixing her clothing.

"Oh, honestly! Why do I have to protect you of all people?"

An odd scent lingered in her mouth, so Ange continued shouting in

anger.

"C'mon, you say something too."

After scrubbing her face with a wet tissue until it grew red, she turned to the other victim.

But Machina showed no concern as she gently wiped off the stickiness and calmly buttoned up her uniform and adjusted the ribbon.

When Ange saw how unconcerned the girl was, she must have remembered who it was who had gotten the other girl wrapped up in this in this because she stopped arguing.

"W-well, sorry this got so weird. You can leave now. Thanks for bringing us the printout."

She gave a slapdash show of appreciation and turned her back.

Machina nodded and looked to Mutsuki for just a few seconds.

She immediately looked away once he raised his head and started to leave the room.

"Ah, I-Ibekusa-san, wait."

Thinking letting her leave now would make him an awful person, he

frantically called after her.

But when she looked back his way, he was unsure whether he should continue speaking or not.

"Um, it's pouring outside, so let me call a taxi."

"I have...an umbrella."

"An umbrella won't help when it's pouring this hard. Um, where do you live?"

He asked a perfectly harmless question.

However, that was enough for Ange to drop the tissue in her hand.

First, her eyes widened in surprise, but then they sharpened.

She grabbed Mutsuki by the back of the neck, pulled him over, and threw him onto the bed. She then stood in front of the confused boy.

"You're Ibekusa Machina, right?"

"Yes."

"How did you know about this place?"

She grabbed the pendant on the desk.

"The school was only given a fake address, so how did you get here?"

"..."

Ange's question was low and sharp. Machina's expression did not change, but her skin visibly tensed for just a moment.

That was enough to confirm Ange's suspicions.

"It was that pin, wasn't it?"

Mutsuki's mind had yet to catch up, but the clear angel gave her conclusion and pulled the boy from the room.

"~~~!?"

"Lithography: excellent."

The living room had completely changed from the one he had lived in for three weeks.

The TV, audio system, refrigerator, and all of the electronics they had bought to fill out the room had vanished.

The table, sofa, and other furniture had been crushed into rubble. And in that empty living room, something stood atop the bisected sofa.

"Resuming capture of angel...positive."

It almost looked like the previous spider, but this mechanical soldier's shell was even more offense-oriented. Its joints creaked as it faced them.

The belly was made from a series of joints below the head and chest. The giant joint-legged animal even had a long needle attached to its tail. This steel scorpion had devoured all of the mechanical devices in the living room and swept the furniture out of the way with its giant tail.

Finally, Mutsuki understood. That one remaining pin had become a Springloaded using the machine-consuming power that could devour everything from a cellphone to a large truck.

"Beginning capture!"

"Gh!"

The scorpion Springloaded leaped at them. The girl shoved Mutsuki out of the way and used her large sword as a shield. She fought the machine's great weight with just one slender arm.

"Run away, Mutsuki! I'll hold this thing back, so you escape from that girl!"

He looked at Machina who had left the bedroom.

"Escape? From Ibekusa-san? Why?"

"She's with FeTUS! She found this apartment using the beacon in that pin!"

"~~~!"

Mutsuki faced her in stunned disbelief.

Machina was as expressionless as ever.

She was not at all surprised at the half-destroyed living room or the moving scorpion machine.

With a sound that shook the entire apartment building, the living room's window exploded.

Ange was thrown outside into the rain.

"Why you...! Corona!!"

A thin film of blue flame instantly enveloped her. The raindrops were large enough to see their droplet shape, but they were vaporized as soon as they fell around her.

She used that air pressure as footing and returned to the balcony, but...

"Movement range: excellent. Anti-angel tools: prepared. Capture: possible."

"Kwah!"

With eight legs identical to the spider's, the Springloaded clung to the outside wall and charged forward before she could balance herself. The giant scorpion-like tail swung like a whip.

Ange somehow managed to catch the attack on her sword, but even with her great power, she lacked body weight. She was blown away.

"Kh..."

"Equal or superior power confirmed. Capture: possible. Capture: possible!"

"Shut up!"

The girl clung to the wall and swung her sword, but the mechanical scorpion's many legs gave it more chances to attack and a swing of its tail was enough to easily knock the girl away.

Unlike the spider Springloaded, this type kept pushing and pushing with its power.

“Ahh! God, you’re annoying!”

“Ange, are you okay!?”

Mutsuki ran out onto the balcony and shouted her way.

Ange and the machine used the apartment wall as footing as they clashed. Even to an amateur, it was obvious the girl was being pushed back.

“If you’re nothing but brute force, I just have to fight smarter not harder! Prominence – Loop!”

She split her giant sword in two and switched to her two-sword style.

Blue flames blazed along the back of the swords. At the same time, the flames erupting from her back grew more intense. The deep blue wings seemed to manifest as physical objects. The raindrops around her were vaporized, creating an explosive blast of heat that reached Mutsuki on the balcony.

“Daaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!”

The weight did not hold her back as she ran forward. She raced along the outer wall and charged toward the mass of machinery fast enough that Mutsuki could barely see her beyond the curtain of steam.

Once she was in range, she rotated with her arms spread wide.

The girl became a top that sliced through everything in the vicinity. She even deflected the extended tail once she touched it and the Springloaded noticeably faltered.

There was no avoiding her attack at this range, but...

"Target within capture range. Firing net...positive."

"!?"

The raised tail fired the same white threads – or metal wires – that the spider had used to toy with the girl. A shield-like web formed between the machine and the sword.

The full-speed slice easily chopped through the impromptu shield, but...

The metal wires split their tips into fine brush-like hairs. They were as sticky as a real spider web and they wrapped around the sharp blade.

Splitting her sword into two came back to bite her. Their halved weight kept the sharp edge from slicing through the thread, so she could not cut the metal machine.

The spiral of power Lucia had mentioned was true. The angel could burn a demon with her flames, but her scissors-like weapon had less luck against the solid Springloaded that was hard as a rock.

"Angel capture simulation: complete."

"!? Oh, n-..."

"Checkmate."

The needle at the end of the tail targeted Ange. She deflected it with her other sword, but...

"~~~~ Kh!"

She paid dearly for leaving herself defenseless within the enemy's attack range. The scorpion had extended its pedipalps at the same time as its needle, so it captured her arms and torso between them.

"Khah... Let me go! Let me goooo!"

The girl struggled, but her arms were not strong enough to break free of their alloy bonds and her swords were useless without use of her arms. Not that she could have cut through its shell with the threads and wires tangled around one of them.

"Ange... Wah!"

A metallic groan accompanied every movement of the frighteningly nimble mechanical scorpion as it hopped back to the balcony with the girl in tow.

It landed right in front of Mutsuki.

"Likely Serpent's Eye possessor spotted within capturing range."

"Mutsuki...you idiot! Why didn't you run away!?"

The machine had shaken the entire balcony when it had landed, so the boy had fallen onto his butt. The scorpion extended its mechanical tail with the girl still in its grasp.

With the sound of splitting metal, the tip parted into a crane shape.

"Ah...ah..."

Mutsuki's hips had given out, so he crawled backwards to escape capture. But after taking aim, the catcher caught up quickly.

Plus, his back hit something at the balcony exit and he could move back no further.

"..."

He turned around and trembled like ice was licking at his heart.

Machina stood there. Her usual cold eyes were calmly observing the abnormal events.

That was all the confirmation he needed, but...

"I-Ibekusa-san..."

He felt like he was praying as he asked the question.

"Are you with FeTUS?"

Speaking it aloud filled him with a tremor not brought by fear.

Just a few minutes before, he had felt she was the closest person in the world to him. She was no longer a mere classmate and that time had been so sweet and even more passionate than time spent with a lover. He had been happy and he was confident she had enjoyed it too.

But when he thought back, he had to ask why she had come here and why she had so easily opened her body to him.

"Positive."

She gave a quick, precise answer and an unconcerned nod.

"Are you one of FeTUS's top level members!? The FeTUS Witches!?"

Unable to move, Ange only shouted angrily. The other girl once more nodded.

The boy's mind went entirely blank and all strength left him.

Then had she only allowed him her body and heart as an act to deceive him?

He had longed for this classmate since spring.

Just as he thought he was going to fulfill that desire, the ground had crumbled below his feet.

"Mutsuki! Pull yourself together! You need to escape, Mutsuki!"

Ange's futile voice was drowned out by the rain and the boy had stopped moving. Machina reached out a hand and the Springloaded's mechanical hand approached from the front.

"..."

The boy was surrounded and had no escape.

The mechanical hand continued forward.

"Mutsuki! Why you...!"

It grabbed the body of the chosen one.

“Let goooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!!”

“Eh?”

Why did Ange sound so confused?

Because the crane-like hand holding the boy had broken to pieces?

Or because the two mechanical bonds holding her had torn away like tofu?

“Ange?”

Mutsuki was just as baffled by the scene before his eyes.

His gaze met Ange’s wide-eyed gaze. Her eyes were as dignified and sharp as ever.

But they had shed their usual blue and taken on a divine gold color.

To match her eyes, the usually blue flame wings were also burning gold.

In a spherical shape around her, everything was audibly vaporizing: the balcony wall, the window, and even the Springloaded’s body. But as always, Mutsuki did not even feel warm.

“What...is this?”

" "

Machina looked just as curious as she stared at her own hand on the wreckage of the tail crane.

She was the one that had destroyed the crane. Her outstretched hand had passed the boy by and grabbed the Springloaded trying to capture him.

As soon as she had touched it, the tail had fallen apart as if all of the screws had been removed. It looked just like when the spider in the clock tower had been destroyed.

Had she protected him? Mutsuki was confused by both this and what had happened with Ange.

"Damage level: 37%. Within capture range: negative. Attack still possible. Switching to attack."

Two of the Springloaded's legs had melted and its tail had come apart, but it approached the angel and boy with its remaining six legs. However...

Ange and Machina swept their hands dismissively toward it.

One hand melted it like chocolate and the other dismantled it.

"What in the world is this?"

They both looked curiously down at their own hand.

"The temperature of my purifying fire has increased. It's on an entirely different level."

"I can input the Anti-Code so quickly...This is six times as fast."

They were both surprised by their own power. They exchanged a glance, completely forgetting they were enemies.

Ange remained utterly shocked, but Machina ultimately calmed down.

"Our bodies... Our cells and spirituality have raised our abilities to protect Fujita-kun."

"Wh-what are you talking about? Raised our abilities? We can't just get a power-up that easily."

"It is not that surprising. The Serpent's Eye affects every part of a woman. And if he is the true origin..."

"_____!"

They both looked his way.

"Adam?"

"The perfect man?"

"Hm? Wh-what are you two talking about?"

Mutsuki grew flustered when they both gave him a frightening look.

Ange seemed dumbfounded and Machina gave a look of realization.

"Damage...level: 71%. Move...ment: im...possible."

The metal scorpion could just barely stand on its remaining four legs, but it gave a staticky groan like a poorly-tuned radio.

"Securing...classified information...top priority. Self...destruct approved...positive."

"!"

"!"

Panic filled Ange's and – for the first time – Machina's face.

"The astral source is reversing. The core energy is being annihilated. The algorithm is shifting from libido to death drive... Oh, no."

"Self-destruct!? Mutuski! Get down!"

Ange charged forward, wearing flickering armor of golden flames.

She almost seemed to trample his collapsed form to shield him.

"Ange...!?"

At the same time, Machina stood in front of the both of them and spread her arms.

He saw both Ange and Machina trying to protect him.

And...

"...❤"

He saw the pouring rain grow a dark blood-red.

"Looks like my timing was perfect."

"Vvvv!?"

The Springloaded let out a groan of surprise with only five seconds until it self-destructed.

All of the raindrops on it became the dark red of blood and began wriggling about on their own, so its surprise was understandable.

Rock could not be cut by scissors, but it was weak to paper.

A moment later, the black liquid surrounded the Springloaded and tossed it into the sky. All of its groans were drowned out by the rain.

"...! ...!!"

Mutsuki did not know if a machine could scream, but he knew this one had to be screaming if it could.

More and more rain wrapped around it, slipped into the gaps between parts, and easily took control. At the same time, it was smoothly carried up toward the source of the rain. It moved opposite of gravity.

The raindrops acted like a slide as they carried the Springloaded high into the sky.

The clock inside was accurate, so it happened precisely four seconds later.

The thick clouds producing the intense rainfall were blown to smithereens by a sphere of light.

Ange, Machina, and Mutsuki were dumbfounded.

"Eh heh heh♥♥"

Lucia gently landed.

"Told you I would be seeing you sooner this time."

Just like on the day Mutsuki had been invited into this bizarre new life, the demon boy winked with a glimpse of the setting sun in the background.

Adolescent Adam: Chapter 9 - Gather Heaven, Earth, and Hell

A clock ticked with perfect regularity.

Clocks were science incarnate. The world was ruled by time and man had built clocks to rule over time. They were proof that man used springs to oppose the world that god had created.

That was why the girl loved this old clock.

Leaning on it was enough to relax her. The ticking of the second hand was especially comfortable. Its regular rhythm felt like the beating of a heart, reminding her of her mother's heartbeat. It brought her back to her time as a fetus.

The girl was human, so that was where her memories of peace lay.

And the girl was human, so it was only natural to rely on science.

"Miss A, I have a report from Miss E who contacted that boy."

A mechanically synthesized voice cut in. The girl frowned at having her rest disturbed and she looked upwards.

The clock was a pocket watch with a leather strap and it hung around a white rabbit's neck.

Light reflected from the rabbit's red eyes which were larger than the girl.

"She succeeded in procuring the boy's sperm. He is definitely Adam, the core of our plan. However, it seems the cells can't be implanted for artificial insemination. She also failed to request his cooperation. He is already working with the angels."

"I see. I suppose Machina...Miss E is too poor a talker."

The girl got up from the old clock and placed her tall leather heels on the floor which was entirely covered with countless playing cards.

"Not a problem. We can correct this scenario."

She parted her blonde hair.

"Maintain the current situation so we can make our next move against the angels and demons on a moment's notice. It hurts that they got the first move in, but all three factions are still lined up alongside each other. If he's leaning toward the angels, that gives us a slight advantage."

"Understood."

The girl gave a small sigh.

"The time of rivalry has arrived."

Despite the girl's appearance, she gave a deep, deep sigh that seemed to hide a thousand years of life behind it.

"If we cannot break through destiny, nothing remains for us. We need him to break it for us."

"Yeah, that's right, mama. I broke through a piece of destiny."

There was darkness.

It was too dark to tell which way was up and which was down, but Lucia lay there.

Or was he really lying down? He might have been standing or he might have been falling.

Regardless, he seemed to be using the darkness as a comfortable bed.

"I was too late to make the first move, but I made up for it this time. Didn't I tell you I could manage even against an angel?"

He opened his pale, cloudy eyes.

A woman was there. She had long blonde hair and a beautiful yet somehow inhuman devilishness to her.

Her gently drooping and maddeningly bewitching eyes were just like

Lucia's.

"I'll move to the next stage soon. ...Heh heh heh. I'll be taking another step closer to Mutsuki-kun."

The mention of "Mutsuki-kun" was enough for both the boy and the woman's cheeks to melt.

They laughed obscenely like they were drunk on sweet wine. And...

"All three factions are lined up alongside each other now. It'll take us some preparation to achieve our goal, so we might be falling a little behind. Well, we'll make up for it soon enough."

He jumped down to a large clock.

"After all..."

He landed on Megutono Academy's clock tower.

"I'm the one that loves Mutsuki-kun the most♪"

A place far closer to the sun than the earth was filled with never-ending light.

The humans commonly called it "above the clouds" and both the floor and walls were as white as clouds. The reflecting light dazzled Micha

after her time in the dimmer human world.

But unlike on earth during the summer, this place was nice and cool.

She narrowed her eyes and stretched her back.

She faced...a mass of wings. Something had six pure-white wings wrapped around itself like a cocoon.

"Thank you for the report. So you are certain it is him?"

Someone spoke from within the wings. The voice was too muffled to tell if it was male or female.

"There is no mistaking it."

"Then...you and the maiden of blue fire are to prioritize protecting Adam rather than the Serpent's Eye holder. I will pass the report on to the higher ups."

"Understood. And according to the report, one of Mutsu-...one of the boy's classmates is a member of FeTUS. At Ange's current level, I believe she would have trouble opposing them."

"That is not a problem. We have already taken measures against that. We are all on equal footing, which is not the best situation, but as long as the humans and demons stay put, this should be fine."

"Understood."

Micha gave a quick bow with her back still straightened.

The winged individual finally lowered its voice like a living creature with actual emotions.

"Gather heaven, earth, and hell and you will have everything. ...Who would have thought they would be gathered in such a small place?"

The six wings slowly opened.

"According to Genesis, the world was created from discord."

It was not clear what or who was there. It was as bright as the sun, so Micha could not even look at it after growing accustomed to the dim human world. But she did know one thing.

"Human history is a history of discord. Ever since they were created from the dirt of the earth, they have never forgotten conflict. And the same can be said of us angels and the demons. After all, god is the only perfect being."

This being was superior to her.

"But..."

The light spoke.

"If some form of harmony does in fact exist..."

"Listen, Mutsuki."

"Y-yeah?"

"She got away yesterday, but we're definitely getting that girl to talk today. I doubt she would talk even if we threatened her, so you talk to her. Get her to tell us what's going on inside FeTUS and what she's doing."

"But...I wouldn't know what to say."

"Think about it. You were getting along so well yesterday. Just get her to tell you about FeTUS as a continuation of your pillow talk. Simple, right?"

"I-I wouldn't call it getting along..."

"Here she comes!"

It was eight thirty the following morning.

Ange and Mutsuki looked out the window and spotted Machina slipping through the school's gate at the last second like a machine.

"Morning, Fujita-kun, Jiyuuni-san. You left early yesterday, but are you oka-... What is it?"

"Ah...ah ha ha. Good morning. It's nothing."

A deadly look came over short-tempered Ange who was already prepared to fight, so Saya and their other classmates looked shocked.

"Anyway, you need to get her talk by force. After what you did yesterday, you should be able to do that."

"Qu-quit mentioning what happened yesterday."

The eager girl made Mutsuki blush and grow frantic.

This time yesterday, Machina had been a classmate he was happy simply watching from the sidelines. He did not know what kind of distance to keep from her after the previous night, but...

"..."

At the same time, it was useful to have a way to find out about FeTUS. Ange would be providing backup and there was a lot he wanted to ask about: what kind of organization it was, why they were after him, and...

About yesterday.

"Here she is."

He looked up at Ange's comment and saw Machina enter the classroom.

Mutsuki and Ange's desks were next to and behind hers, so she naturally approached them with her usual doll-like lack of expression.

"C'mon, say it."

"O-okay. Um, Ibekusa-san..."

Once she was within earshot, he hesitantly spoke to her.

She walked past him, placed her bag on her desk, and then spoke.

"What?"

She turned only her eyes toward him.

"...Um."

"?"

"Um..."

What was her connection to FeTUS? Was she after his Serpent's Eye? Was she okay after what happened yesterday? He wanted to ask so much and it all swirled around his head.

And he ultimately managed to get out a single word.

"G-..."

"..."

"Good morning."

"...Good morning."

A smile naturally rose to his face and he had a feeling her expressionless look had softened when she replied.

Ange, on the other hand, collapsed onto her desk behind the girl.

"You are useless! That's enough. Hey, Ibekusa! We need to talk!"

After kicking her roommate in the butt, she approached Machina.

But time was already up.

"And this is our classroom. ...Hey, Mutsuki, you here?"

The friend he had not seen yet today entered the classroom.

“What is it, Sakae?”

“Well, we’ve got another transfer student today. I was showing him around the school, but he claims to know you.”

“Mutsuki-kuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuun♥♥♥♥♥”

Someone pushed passed Sakae and dashed toward Mutsuki.

It happened too suddenly for Mutsuki, Ange, or Machina to react. The transfer student jumped right into Mutsuki’s chest.

“Eh heh heh~ I couldn’t resist, so I came here. I’ll be in your class from now on~♪”

The boy’s smile may have been cuter than any of the girls in the class as he rejoiced like a puppy.

“Eh? Wah. Wait. You. Lu-...”

For some reason, he was wearing the same Megutono Academy boy’s uniform as Mutsuki.

“Lucia-kun?”

Mutsuki's mouth hung open.

"————!"

Ange was just as shocked and she quickly pulled her wing pendant from her chest. She prepared to summon the divine sword that could respond to this demon's surprise attack, but...

"Stop. No fighting in the classroom."

"Gh..."

Machina stopped her with a hand.

Even if Ange had the upper hand against a demon, she had to be cautious of the FeTUS girl, so she was forced to stop.

Lucia continued rubbing against Mutsuki's chest and stuck his tongue out toward the other two.

He also showed no sign of fighting.

"U-um. Why?"

Once Mutsuki's mind finally caught up, he hesitantly moved away.

"Satowa Lucia here is transferring in today," introduced Sakae. "Looks like he really does know you, Mutsuki. Anyway, Satowa, I'm the Tomono Sakae, class rep and the man who will one day stand at the center of the world. Nice to meet you."

"What are you talking about? The most you'll ever manage is the center of this class."

The other classmates gathered around.

"Um, Satowa-kun? Wow, you're so cool♡"

"Damn, I was hoping for another cute girl, but it's just a guy. ...Wait, that is a guy, right?"

"Ha ha. Looks like we've got a new friend♪ I'm Kurikara. Kurikara Saya. You can call me Saya."

Lucia was surrounded in no time.

He fully pretended to be a transfer student and pleasantly said "nice to meet you all".

The androgynous and coquettish boy had stolen the hearts of every girl in the class (and of a lot of the boys), so Ange could not touch him. She glared at him but had to put away her pendant top.

"Hey, you! What's the meaning of this!?"

She knew she had to be cautious, so she shouted angrily at him.

“Eh heh. This is Mutsuki-kun’s scent~”

Lucia ignored her and rubbed up against Mutsuki some more.

“...”

Machina did not seem to care and sat in her seat.

Ange: a short-tempered angel that protected Mutsuki with blue flames and a large sword.

Lucia: a hedonistic demon boy who commanded creepy demons and opposed the angels.

Machina: a mysterious classmate who claimed to be one of the FeTUS Witches.

Gather heaven, earth, and hell, and it was said you would have everything.

And according to Genesis, the world was created from discord.

But when one classroom’s worth of the world was gathered...

"Eh heh. I finally get to be with Mutsuki-kun~♥♥"

"Mutsuki! How long are you going to cling to him! Get away from him!"

"I-I'm not clinging to him. He won't let go."

"...Phew."

Strangely, it felt no different from a normal lively morning.

Adolescent Adam : Afterword

Hello. If you gathered all the money I've ever spent on the crane game, you'd probably have enough to buy a car.

This is Sakakikasa.

As the second release from Atomic Bunko, how did you like Adolescent Adam? I'm guessing this ranks toward the herbivorous end on the spectrum of photosynthetic men.

While creating a story based on a dream probably 99% of guys have had, I mixed in a little of this and that. Did it come out well? There will be a sequel if it's popular enough, so I hope you'll show your support. Will there be sex scenes with Lucia? ...Grin.

Finally, some thanks. To the illustrator, Amagai Yukino-sama, thank you very much for the cute illustrations. I thought they looked pretty enough when I saw the roughs, but I didn't expect them to be so full of life when the color was added.

Now, until we meet again.



Adolescent Adam 2

Time to get back to Adolescent Adam with the second volume, Adolescent Adam 2: The One Who Attacks from Behind (思春期なアダム2 背後をねらう者).

The second entry continues the story where first left off and it introduces the first actual villain. For some reason, the manga adaptation cut out most of this novel's sex scenes, so it has a fair bit more material than seen in the manga.

Author: Sakakikasa (さかき傘)

Illustrator: Amagai Yukino (天海雪乃)

Label: Atomic Bunko (あとみつく文庫)

Adolescent Adam 2: Prologue





Life had become a troublesome thing, so Fujita Mutsuki had been sighing a lot lately.

For example, his roommate was a young woman who drank beer at a pace of ten cans a day. She claimed she was tougher than your average person, but he was still worried.

For example, his other roommate was an ever-irritated girl. She had always been a bit selfish, short-tempered, and sullen, but it had been especially bad recently.

For example, he was no longer sure how close he was to a classmate he had been interested in since spring. Just as he had thought they had grown closer, he had discovered they could not be friends and now did not know how to approach her.

For example, he stood out in his class recently.

Because a cute transfer student was so attached to him.

"Heh heh♪ Your body is so warm, Mutsuki-kun."

"Y-yeah."

"And you smell great. ~~~ You're sweating."

"Sorry. ...And don't sniff at me. It's embarrassing."

Even in the few minutes between their last class and the final homeroom, the transfer student would cling to Mutsuki.

The transfer student sat behind Mutsuki and would lean on Mutsuki's back, sit on his lap, or rub against his chest.

The transfer student was named Satowa Lucia and was the latest cause of trouble for Mutsuki.

Rumors of how cute the transfer student was had spread through the

school the very first day and a fan club had already formed by the tenth day. Mutsuki did not dislike the excessive intimacy, but...

"Um, Satowa-kun. It's about time for homeroom, okay?"

"Mh~~ Don't call me Satowa-kun like we're strangers. We're classmates, aren't we?"

"Then...Lucia-kun. For now, um, don't cling to me."

"Okay♪"

When asked, he obediently moved away. Yes, "he".

Satowa Lucia-"kun" was a boy.

His blond hair was kept short, he had big round eyes and soft facial features, he was so small that his S-size uniform looked baggy, and 100% of people would mistake him for a girl if he changed his clothes. Nevertheless, he was definitely a boy.

"Eh heh heh♥ School is so much fun. I wish I'd done this sooner."

Even after hopping off of Mutsuki's lap, he leaned his face in close with a happy smile.

Even though he was not a girl, Mutsuki's heart skipped a beat.

The problem was all the jealous glares reaching him from the edges of the room. From both girls and boys.

Mutsuki was not exceptionally good looking or gifted in academics or athletics. He was a perfectly normal student with no real points of interest, so he felt uneasy in the center of attention.

He gave one of the heavy sighs that had become a habit lately.

"You two sure do get along."

His friend, Tomono Sakae, approached.

"Of course. I love Mutsuki-kun sooooo much."

Lucia responded without a care in the world while still hugging Mutsuki.

Caught off guard by a smile so coquettish it seemed wasted on a boy, Sakae's heart skipped a beat, so he smiled bitterly.

"But you can't, Satowa. This guy's already got a wife."

He gestured over with his chin.

A cute girl sat diagonally behind Mutsuki in the farthest back seat by

the windows. She had a sullen lopsided frown on her face and she actually was a girl.

The lines of her well-shaped chin descended from her slender cheeks, her eyes were angled sharply upwards, and she had a more dignified look than any of the boys in the class, but her femininity was made apparent by her height that did not even reach 140 cm and the red hair that reached her knees when standing.

That girl, who angled her sharp eyes even further as she glared at Mutsuki, was named Jiyuuni Ange. She had transferred in a little before Lucia had.

Also, she lived with Mutsuki and had recently seemed in a constant state of irritation.

"Oh, how scary. Ha ha. Looks like your wife is pissed."

Sakae rubbed his fist against Mutsuki's cheek.

Mutsuki said nothing. He had known since kindergarten that this childhood friend had no fear, but he would still prefer the boy did not throw oil on the fire. That was part of the reason she had been so irritated lately.

"Everyone, in your seats."

Their teacher arrived and the final homeroom began.

Their homeroom teacher, Katsue Subaru, was young, beautiful, and popular with the boys, but she was quite strict. Both Lucia and Sakae hurried to their seats.

"I have some announcements. The baseball team has a practice game, so hurry on down there. The halls of the southern building have been dirty lately, so be more thorough when cleaning them. And tomorrow's PE is swimming, so don't forget your swimsuits. That is all."

After briskly passing on the information, the student with day duty instructed them to stand and bow.

Once the tense homeroom was complete, they were free to do whatever they wanted. Some collapsed onto their desks and others began chatting with friends, but the majority prepared to leave.

"Let's go, Mutsuki."

Ange was the fastest of that majority. She immediately stood from her seat with her bag in one hand.

As they lived together, they also walked home together. She started tugging on his elbow even though he was not done gathering his things. ...And in the process, she knocked over Lucia in the seat behind him.

"Ah! What are you doing?"

"Shut up. You're in the way, so move."

"You could at least ask before shoving me. Ahh, violent girls are the worst. Isn't that right, Mutsuki-kun?"

Lucia gave an exaggerated shrug. Mutsuki did not want to make Ange mad when her eyebrows were already twitching. However, she had been wrong in this case, so he only gave a vague bitter smile.

The girl told him not to stop trying to please everyone and tugged even more on his elbow. That was when Sakae smiled at her blatant behavior.

"Come on now, Jiyuuni. I know you want your husband to yourself, but you shouldn't be this jealous all the time."

"I-I am not jealous! And he's not my husband!"

Unlike Mutsuki, she was far too short-tempered, so she blushed and shouted back at the joke.

It had been a month since she transferred in, but she still did not get that reacting like that was the worst possible option.

"A girl's jealousy is such an ugly thing. And poor Mutsuki-kun has to put up with her all the time."

Lucia knew how to handle these situations and immediately joined in

on the teasing.

Ange had only shouted at Sakae, but she gave Lucia a murderous look as if she could never allow him to provoke her. Mutsuki quickly tried to get between the two, but...

" ... "

The girl was forced to stop when someone else interrupted with an unnecessarily loud sound of a chair being pushed back.

" ... "



The noise came from the classmate who sat in front of Ange and next to Mutsuki.

Without speaking a word, she grabbed her bag and stood from her seat as if to throw cold water on the volatile situation.

Compared to the girly Lucia or the manly-eyed Ange, this girl's sex was much more obvious. Her facial features were as flawless as a doll's and her glossy lips were the pink of a sweet springtime dessert. Her slender limbs and the height of her hips gave her a refined and almost artificial-

looking beauty.

Her name was Ibekusa Machina. Barely anyone had held a proper conversation with that silent and mysterious classmate.

She was the one person in the class that Ange had to be cautious around and forced her to restrain her short temper.

And to Mutsuki...

"Oh...Um, Ibekusa-san."

He called out to the girl as she started to leave.

When she faced him, her transparent – too transparent – and unreadable eyes made his heart race, but he gathered the courage he had finally gained recently.

"See you tomorrow."

"...See you."

He had managed to say goodbye.

Machina left after a short response and Mutsuki watched her leave with his cheeks relaxed.

That short exchange was all he needed.

He had been interested in this classmate since the spring. Until recently, he had never even spoken to her, but now he could greet her like that. He was happy with just that.

"Nnn..."

"...Honestly."

Behind him, Lucia grimaced jealously and Ange formed an even more lopsided frown.

"Um..."

The two of them walked out the school gate side by side.

"The pool opens tomorrow, doesn't it? That'll be a first for you won't it, Ange? Do you even have a swimsuit?"

"..."

Even though they walked home together, it was hard to say they got along.

"You do understand, don't you?"

After entering a back alley so they could not be seen, the silent girl exploded with irritation. Mutsuki had half expected this and she crossed her arms while glaring arrogantly at him.

"Don't tell me you've forgotten why I'm here."

"O-of course not."

"The higher ranking angels do not wish to infringe on your freedom. Leaving your home is enough stress on its own, so we aren't telling you to change your name, change your school, and hide in some distant part of the world. I am protecting your current lifestyle by acting as your bodyguard."

"Yes, and thank you."

"But how am I supposed to protect someone so stupid he makes friends with the enemy!?"

She gave him an incredibly menacing look as she shouted in anger.

She was less than 140 cm tall and she had an adorably childish face (except for the eyes), but she still had the intensity of an experienced hero.

Jiyuuni Ange was said to be the most powerful angel.

And then there was "the enemy" she referred to.

Mutsuki had hardly forgotten why Ange was here and why she was acting as his bodyguard so he did not have to leave his hometown or school.

That was the biggest trouble that had arrived in Fujita Mutsuki's life: the Serpent's Eye.

Some called that dreadful power the ability to rule half the world. One month ago, Mutsuki had learned it resided in his body.

When activated, that demonic eye could make slaves of half the world. That is, the female sex of man, beast, angel, demon, and all living creatures.

Any woman viewed by that corrupting demonic gaze would be filled with sexual arousal.

Thanks to that power, Mutsuki was being targeted by FeTUS, a human group that used mechanical soldiers, and the demons, a collection of supernatural creatures.

If misused, that power could fundamentally destroy the order of the world, but there was another group that protected it.

Those were the angels.

They were servants of order and they would nip any sign of disorder in

the bud.

Currently, Mutsuki was being protected by them.

He had left his home to keep his family from being caught in the middle of it all and he was living with two angels. Ange of the Double Flame was his dedicated bodyguard, so she even came to school with him.

FeTUS and the demons were frightening opponents, but the angels were reliable and the first three weeks had passed without issue.

It was ten days ago when things had changed.

He had thought Ibekusa Machina was a perfectly normal girl who had been his classmate since the spring, but he had since learned she was a member of FeTUS.

For some reason, she was not targeting Mutsuki. Ever since spring, she would have had countless opportunities, yet she did nothing but observe even as he grew closer to her.

Ange and Mutsuki had tried to ask her about it, but the second incident had interrupted. A demon had joined their class as well. That was the coquettish transfer student, Satowa Lucia.

They could not tell what he was after either. And with an angel, human, and demon present, all three were unable to act.

Angels were born from a pure radiance and were formed from the purifying light that was fire. They had the power to burn away the impure creatures that were demons, but as their temperature only reached 1000 degrees Celsius, they could not burn away machines with a metal framework.

Those human machines were resistant to heat, but tools that could not autonomously evolve had a limit and could not handle the constantly evolving demons.

As an ever unknown existence, the demons had an advantage against the human knowledge based on past data, but they were weak against the holy blades of heaven.

The three of them were in a three-way deadlock.

Angels were strong against demons, demons were strong against humans, and humans were strong against angels.

With a representative of heaven, earth, and hell next to the ultimate power that was Mutsuki, they all held each other in check.

A three-way battle that could influence the entire world could break out at any moment, but ten oddly peaceful days had passed.

"How many times do I have to tell you that making friends with FeTUS and the demons is out of the question?"

"I know, I know."

The two of them chose a deserted way home and Ange expressed her irritation the entire way.

That was hardly surprising. Two unreadable enemies were constantly nearby and she could not do anything to them. Nothing could build up more stress for a bodyguard.

Plus, Lucia liked to cling to Mutsuki, Mutsuki was too nice to be mean, and they ended up simply looking like friends.

"Listen, Mutsuki."

"Yeah?"

"I don't know why they're behaving, but keep in mind that they'll pluck your eye out the second you let your guard down."

After receiving that frightening warning, the boy hung his head.

Ange was not exaggerating. His right eye was the Serpent's Eye. It held the power to rule half the world, so a lot of people would want to take it.

"..."

But to Mutsuki...

"What is it?"

"Nothing."

When he stopped replying, Ange gave him a puzzled look, so he quickly shook his head.

He knew she would get mad if he told her what he was thinking.

They finally arrived at their home.

It was a single-story building without a yard tucked back behind a small road. The location was poor and a parking lot bordered it on the south, so it got plenty of sun but not much air.

They had been living in an apartment before, but they had moved since it had been half destroyed in the trouble ten days before and since Machina of FeTUS and Lucia the demon had learned its location.

"Nn. C'mon, Micha... That's in the way."

Ange expressed her annoyance as she climbed over the off-road motorcycle parked right in front of the building. That motorcycle with a giant engine and indestructibly thick tires was the sole possession of their other roommate.

Either because it was large or because the house was small, it covered

the entire entranceway. Mutsuki also climbed over it with some trouble and slid open the poor-fitting door.

"We're back...ah."

"We're back...ah."

They both gave the same greeting and they were both left dumbfounded.

The place was so small that the living room was immediately inside the entrance, but even though most of the boxes had yet to be unpacked ten days after moving in, the room was too messy to see the tatami mat floor.

They both held their head in their hands. It looked like the place had been attacked, but they could not blame this on FeTUS or the demons. Nothing looked damaged and most of the clutter came from beer cans, junk food wrappers, magazines, and removed clothing.

The culprit was sprawled out, asleep, and clutching a bottle of booze.

"Zzzz~~"

The blonde beauty with dark skin was snoring on the floor. She was nearly 170 cm tall, so she covered most of the ten square meter living room.

She had apparently stripped after getting drunk and hot. Her clothes

were strewn about and the breasts sexily rising from her chest were exposed. She was still wearing her skirt, but her legs were spread wide, giving a perfect view of her thong. Mutsuki blushed and looked away.

She was Jiyuuni Micha, the other angel who protected Mutsuki.

"How did she make such a mess in only eight hours?"

The place had been clean that morning, so the boy sighed. And at times like this, it was always Mutsuki who got stuck with all the housework.

"Oh, honestly. Take care of this, Mutsuki."

As usual, Ange showed no sign of helping and stomped through the trash to go change in her room.

"Sure... Oh, Ange."

"What? ...Fwah!"

He was going to tell her to be careful because plastic was slippery on top of tatami mats, but before he could, she looked back and stepped on a salami wrapper. She made a spectacular fall forward.

" ... "

She usually wore spats, but today she was not wearing them.

He saw the color white.

"Ow, ow...gah!?"

She frantically held down her skirt and gave him the same murderous look she had given Lucia earlier.

"You perverrrrrrrrrrrt!"

"Y-you did that on your own!"

"Shut uuuuuuup! If you hadn't said anything, I wouldn't've tripped!"

After he was sent flying by a high kick, Mutsuki sighed for the umpteenth time that day.

Life had become troublesome. A strange power had awoken inside him, a lot of scary things had happened, and his daily life had changed.

The worst part today was not the demon or mysterious classmate.

It was his irritated roommate.

Adolescent Adam 2: Chapter 1 - Plot of the Elders

A straight corridor continued without end.

The floor was covered in shades of red, blue, white, black, yellow, gold, silver, and green so bright they hurt the eyes and the area overhead was too dark to see the ceiling.

Countless doors lined the walls on either side. Doors with identical dimensions, color, and keyhole shape continued forever without end.

A single figure walked down that strange hallway before finally coming to a stop.

It was Ibekusa Machina.

There was no visible difference between the doors and there had been 102 of them as far as she had walked, but she did not hesitate to reach for the knob. She chose the correct knob from all of those different doors.

She found a blue sky and garden on the other side and a refreshing breeze blew in as soon as she opened the door. The scent of fresh grass welcomed her.

This miniature garden was decorated by red and white roses. Straight ahead were a table covered in a pure white tablecloth, a white wooden chair carved with a design, and a small girl sitting in the chair.

The girl wore a red gothic dress with plenty of lace, frills, and ribbons.

Her hair had curly ends, was tied to either side, and was colored a blonde as dazzling as the sun. She did not look even ten years old, but she had a strangely mature calmness to her.

A single maid stood behind her.

A chess board and a white stuffed rabbit sat on the table. There were also two teacups. When she noticed Machina, the maid immediately began preparing tea.

"Welcome back."

"Welcome back."

"...Thank you."

Machina sat across from the girl.

"I see you're as punctual as ever."

While taking a sip from the cup in her hand, the girl pulled out a wooden pocket watch. The time was precisely 16:59:57.

The stuffed rabbit on the table moved on its own to move one of the chess pieces.

It boldly moved a rook forward to break into the opponent's formation.

But a moment later, the girl used the hand not holding her teacup to move her queen one space forward. The rabbit froze in place with its long ears tensed. That rabbit had the world's five best chess programs installed in it, so it knew she would achieve checkmate in seventeen more moves at this rate.

Deciding to recalculate everything from square one, the rabbit blinked its red eyes while thinking.

"..."

"Mh."

Machina reached out and used the previous rook to take the pawn next to it. The blonde girl confidently enjoying her tea looked on in shock.

At 17:00:47, the beautiful garden was enclosed in darkness.

The sky, trees, and scent of fresh grass all vanished, leaving only the table.

Also, twelve monoliths built to the golden ratio appeared floating around the table.

Those rectangular solids had the designs of playing cards. A Jack, Queen, or King was drawn on each one and one of four suits was designated in the top left and bottom right corners.

"Hi, Miss A. how have you been?"

The King of Spades was positioned out front and it swayed like a clown while speaking in a mechanical voice that muddled the voiceprint.

The gothic dress girl referred to as Miss A closed her eyes and briefly replied "fine".

"Esteemed guests of FeTUS, thank you very much for gathering here today."

The maid prepared a cup of tea each even for the cards and began the meeting once she was done.

"Today, we will be discussing FeTUS's final objective, Adam, which has at long last appeared. I will provide a report on the current situation and FeTUS's plans for the future. As I am sure you know, Adam is currently-..."

"That is not necessary." The Jack of Hearts interrupted as the maid began with a gentle smile and voice. "We can gain a certain amount of information on our own."

"The Adam scheduled to be born within these hundred years has finally appeared."

"Mutsuki Fujita, the Serpent's Eye holder mentioned in our last meeting, is Adam."

"Currently, he is under the angels' control and safely retrieving him would be extremely difficult."

"We know all of that."

The Queen of Clubs, King of Diamonds, and Jack of Spades spoke one after another and the others showed no sign of attacking them for their rudeness. It seemed all twelve were already in agreement.

"My apologies."

Despite their overblown complaints, the maid's gentle smile did not crumble.

"Then Miss A will provide her thoughts on FeTUS's future plans."

"Yes."

At the maid's insistence, the girl finally set down her cup of tea.

For a brief moment, she seemed to glance toward Machina across from her. Machina remained just as silent and expressionless as at school and that was her response to Miss A.

She was letting Miss A say what she would.

"Let me begin with the conclusion."

The girl spoke to the floating monoliths that surrounded her as if to intimidate her.

"From here on, maintaining the status quo will be FeTUS's top priority. Fujita Mutsuki will continue to be observed by Miss E and the others currently monitoring him."

"What...!?"

The twelve cards each gave muffled expressions of surprise. Despite the lack of expression on the playing cards, the microphones meant to disguise their voices still let through how shaken they were.

"Miss E has already built a favorable relationship with Fujita Mutsuki. As such, I believe keeping everything as is would be the safest and most reliable method of achieving our ultimate objective."

Even as the stir vanished from beyond the microphones, the girl continued speaking.

The cards replied after managing to at least calm their voices.

"You mean we have Adam right before our eyes...and we will do nothing?"

"Precisely."

"I cannot accept that! From what I've heard, the demons are already advancing on him! You know perfectly well what will happen if Adam falls into the demons' grasp. To achieve our ultimate objective, we should secure Adam as soon as possible and even restrain him if need be!"

The Jack of Diamonds moved forward while shouting in anger.

That led to several other cards joining the argument to agree.

"Miss A, you have been far too passive lately. It was almost certain that Mutsuki Fujita was Adam, yet you had Miss E do nothing, allowing the angels to snatch him from our grasp. It was also your mistaken decisions that allowed the demons to approach him, wasn't it?"

"I know you have not forgotten how much money went into locating Adam! We investigated every single infant in the world and monitored the six hundred thousand with a possibility of holding the Serpent's Eye. But of all things, the angels and the demons found him ahead of us...and now I hear all three factions are on equal footing!"

"And then you went on to observe without acting, which is not like you at all. What happened to the vigorous Miss A who supported the history of mankind for centuries?"

They all voiced their complaints and showed no sign of stopping.

Machina remained expressionless throughout, the maid's smile was erased by her annoyance, and Miss A sighed and frowned.

Those beyond the playing cards were investors who had made large financial or informational contributions to FeTUS, the organization led by Miss A.

This was a gathering of influential members of large corporations from around the world, but the rich being loud and annoying was a global constant. And being unable to speak back to one's sponsors was another such global constant.

However, a hierarchy had been established.

"Listen."

"Mh..."

The girl's heavy voice rapidly silenced the sponsors.

Showing respect to one's elders was yet another global constant. Even if this group of twelve owned a third of all the world's legal currency, they could not treat her rudely.

Even if all twelve of their large ages were added together, they still could not match hers.

"I am not saying we should do nothing. I am saying we need to actively work to maintain the status quo."

She glanced to the side and the maid stepped forward. The cards moved back after approaching to complain.

"First, I will report everything we know about Adam." The maid's smile had returned. "We have succeeded in retrieving Adam's sex cells. We have attempted an experiment with the highest known implantation rate, but we have learned artificial insemination is impossible."

"The cells closest to god cannot be manipulated with science," added Miss A.

The monoliths' microphones picked up another stir.

Miss A picked up her cup and took a sip of tea before saying more.

"That means restraining Adam would be meaningless. In fact, doing so would only sow the seeds of conflict between us and the angels protecting him."

"We do not need to fear the angels. The report said our Springloaded fought extremely well against the angel acting as Mutsuki Fujita's bodyguard."

"Do not forget that Adam is currently held by the angels. No matter

how well we can fight, the results are what matter. We lost to the angels last time."

"Mh..."

"And with a demon on the scene, another loss would destroy the three-way balance and put FeTUS's very existence in jeopardy. We must act with utmost care."

The elder's composed words mostly silenced the twelve cards.

But they still did not accept it. There were a few comments of "well" and "but" coming in over the microphones.

"...Sigh."

The girl sighed because persuading them was proving difficult. And...

"Now, Miss A. How about this?"

One of the few cards that had not taken part in the previous argument spoke up. The King of Hearts floated calmly forward.

"What you say is correct. When implementing a plan, caution is the greatest virtue. But I am sure you understand the fact that simply

observing has caused us to lose ground.”

“Mh...”

“We are at an impasse. So how about we compromise by having Black Cat act?”

As soon as the name Black Cat was mentioned, the girl showed surprise for the first time. She had been setting down her teacup, but it clacked quietly against the saucer.

She was not the only one. Machina had remained as motionless as a doll, but she turned her head to stare at the King of Hearts. Finally, the maid’s smile vanished again.

The monoliths reacted differently; they produced laughter.

“Now that would do nicely. Black Cat is a member of the FeTUS Witches, so we and Miss A can trust her.”

“And she is quite close to Mutsuki Fujita! She would be perfect for dealing with Adam!”

“More importantly, no one is more loyal to our desires than her.”

“...Wait. Black Cat is... Miss C is too dangerous.”

The girl's previous composure vanished and she spoke with a low groan in her voice, but the twelve cards refused to listen and the King of Hearts continued after finding this weakness in the girl.

"Not to worry. The modifications made to her came from the best military technology that my country has to offer after being reunited from its split between east and west. Based on our calculations, she can take on an angel or even a demon."

"Dr. Strangelove," said Miss A. "I am sure you understand that we are not seeking victory in a trivial battle."

"If our knowledge proves effective against demons as well as angels, we will have taken a large step toward our ultimate objective. That seems to be a much more beneficial plan than simply monitoring the situation. I simply cannot see why you would oppose it. It's almost as if..."

The mocking laughter was obvious even through the microphone.

"Miss A, it's almost as if you desire this disappointing situation."

"..."

That finally silenced the girl.

Seeing an opportunity, the King of Spades immediately spoke loudly to seize the situation.

"Very good. Then we will have Black Cat secure Adam and eliminate his angel bodyguard."

"Understood," replied a new voice in the darkness.

Miss A, the maid, and Machina turned toward the voice in surprise.

"Ohh, so you're here, Black Cat. Then I assume you know what we wish from you."

A girl stood there. Only a straight-backed silhouette was visible in the darkness, but she did nod in agreement with the investors.

And she gave a slight snicker.

"It is about time, so let us bring this meeting to an end."

They reached that conclusion without waiting for Miss A to say anything more and the monoliths each spoke their thanks before vanishing.

Miss A glared at the King of Hearts which remained to the end. It then vanished without changing the clownish and somewhat mocking expression of the illustration.

With the ringing of a bell, the feminine silhouette turned its back.

Finally, the lights returned and the garden enveloped in peaceful sunlight followed.

The blonde girl brushed aside her bangs which were plastered to her forehead with sweat and sank heavily into her chair.

"This will probably lead to an all-out conflict with the angels. ...I just hope the legends of Metatron are greatly exaggerated."

"..."

Silence fell and Machina took a drink of her tea now that it had finally cooled.

She took a large gulp without changing her expression. It was meant to calm her rattled nerves.

Miss A was the opposite, so she set down her cup as if to say she would drink no more.

"Be careful, Fujita Mutsuki's angel bodyguard."

"Cough!"

Ange choked like she was coughing up blood.

Then she collapsed to the ground.

It was 7 PM. In the Jiyuuni house, that was dinner time.

The three roommates were sitting around a small tea table in the cleaned-up living room.

Micha and Mutsuki blinked in confusion as pale-faced Ange pushed herself up with her hands and pointed at the small plate she had eaten from.

"Mutsuki... What is this?"

"Hm? Today's dinner."

"What is it?"

"A stuffed bell pepper."

"..."

"With kusaya, smoked cheese, and seaweed since they were on a really good sale."

"~~"

"Was it not any good?"

"It's disgusting! Was that choking not enough of a clue!?"

The girl rudely spat out a half-chewed piece of bell pepper and shouted in anger.

"That's odd. It's plenty nutritious, you know?"

Mutsuki tried eating an identical bell pepper sitting on the large plate in the center.

He thought it had a unique flavor but not anything worth getting worked up over, but Ange was angry regardless.

He loved cooking, but for some reason, his reputation was poor.

"What do you think, Micha-san? Is it not any good?"

He turned to his other roommate in search of an ally.

"Hmm? Anything's fine by me as long as I can drink."

The brown beauty had been passed out drunk earlier, but she was already working on another can of beer. She grabbed one of the stuffed bell peppers (that had some extra ingredients) and easily popped it into her mouth.

"Ahhhh~ Now that's the stuff♪"

"See, Ange. Micha says it's good."

"She's talking about the beer. ...But forget it."

The girl gave up and reached her chopsticks toward the salad on another plate. It was a premade item they had bought at the supermarket.

"...Ah, I'm out."

After eating the bell pepper, salad, and fries to go with her drink, Micha shook the can and gave a sorrowful look toward the hollow sound coming from it.

She then gave Mutsuki a begging, upturned look.

"No. I already told you only two cans a day."

"Ehhh~~~?"

"Don't give me that."

He ignored her.

Her wild brown face was flushed around the eyes from the alcohol, so she looked sexy enough to get any guy to do whatever she said. He would have been in trouble if he had not looked away. After all, that was her third can she had just finished.

However, the young woman saw right through to the boy's weakness.

"C'mon, Mutsuki-kuuun."

A coaxing tone filled her voice.

"Uuh..."

The angle gave him a double punch from her childish begging look and the bewitching cleavage visible thanks to her risqué outfit. He quickly looked away, but...

"C'mon, pleeeeeease."

"Wah, wah."

She collapsed forward.

The tea table was small, so she was quite nearby and her face landed right in his lap.

"C'mooooon. Muuutsuukuiii-kuuun."

"I-I said no. You secretly...well, no, you didn't even try to hide it. Anyway, you drank a bunch during the day, so I can't let you have anymore-... wah!"

She started rubbing her cheeks against the base of his thighs and she curled up her body to press her breasts against his hip.

"Pleeeeeeeeeeease~~~~"

"Wait...okay! Okay already!"

When she started shoving her face right into his crotch, he admitted defeat and frantically moved away. At this rate, the contents of his pants were going to enter a dangerous state at the dinner table.

Ever since he met her, he had never been a match for this young woman, so he fled to the kitchen adjacent to the living room.

"Get me a pickled plum."

Ange gave him an order of her own.

He opened the fridge, grabbed the requested items, returned, and handed them each to the one who had requested them.

"Here, Ange. ...Micha-san, you're going to make yourself sick eventually."

He made sure to at least warn her.

"~~♪ I'll be fine. Angels like us are made from flames unlike you humans made from dirt. That means flammable substances like alcohol are nutritious to us."

She refused to listen and started gulping away.

"...Really?"

"I wouldn't know. I hate alcohol."

Ange placed the pickled plum on top of her rice.

Seeing a red-haired blue-eyed girl eating Hinomaru-style rice was a surreal sight. Mutsuki gave up on Micha and focused on her reaction.

"How is it, Ange?"

"What do you mean? All pickled plums are the same...bfwah!"

Seeing a cute girl do a spit take was also surreal.

"This isn't the same at all! What's with this pickled plum!? It's sweet! Sweet!"

"Yeah, I pickled it myself. In plum honey."

"Hon-... Whoa, it does taste like honey..."

"D-don't get mad, okay? This is actually a traditional method."

"I don't care how traditional it is! It doesn't go with rice! How could you watch me cover my rice with honey without saying anything!?"

Eating it thinking it would be sour had amplified the damage of the sweetness, so she did not even have it in her to yell anymore.

"Ugh... My rice is covered in honey..."

"S-sorry."

"And isn't this honey a little dark?"

"You can tell? The honey I used was actually kind of old, so I added some black vinegar to kill any germs."

"Ahh! Ahhh! Don't tell me that! I'll remember! I'll remember the hint of vinegar flavor!"

"But black vinegar honey is a traditional health drink..."

"Shut uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuup!"

Ange was angry and Micha was happy with her beer.

These two had been his family for a month now, so he had grown quite used to this scene.

Of course, he had not forgotten about his real family.

"Ahhh~ I'm so lonely without my Mu-chan~ So lonely, so lonely, so lonely~"

"Don't cry. I might stop by this Sunday."

Every morning and sometimes at night, he would call home to hear his parents and sisters' voices. He had not missed a single day during the past month. They did not know when the enemy would attack, so he could only see them for a few hours on the weekends. He normally had to get by with a phone call.

He had one older sister and two younger sisters.

He was currently speaking with the older sister (who was an adult in college).

"Sob, sob. You promise? You'll really come see me? If I don't refill my little brother nutrients, I'll be all empty."

"Yes, yes."

"No saying 'yes, yes'."

"Sure, sure."

"No saying 'fine, fine' either~"

She had the tearful voice of a spoiled child.

Lately, even his youngest sister (a kindergartner who had a habit of wetting the bed) had matured enough to not cry even though he did not visit often, so he could only shrug with his cellphone in hand.

But with this sister, it was not a real problem.

"It's getting late, so I've got to go."

"Okay. Good night, Mu-chan♪"

Her tone changed entirely, proving that the tears had been fake. She liked causing trouble for her little brother.

After hanging up, he shooed away the mosquitoes swarming him and stepped inside the house. In this day and age, a house with bad cell reception was very inconvenient.

Right inside the entranceway was the living room that had the walls to the kitchen and hallway torn down. There was a single bedroom and storage room in the back. The storage room functioned as a private room for Ange, so there were really only two rooms Mutsuki could use.

There was no one in the living room, so he moved to the back of the house and opened the south-facing window.

"! Shahhh! ~~!"

In the parking lot of a company closed for the night, Ange wore only a plain T-shirt and spats so as not to restrict her movement. She was fighting far more balls of light than there were mosquitos.

The lights floated with irregular movements and would sometimes spark as they attacked their target.

The girl would stop them and cut them down with a sword taller than she was that resembled a sheet of metal. The lights would burst into particles that would eventually gather with other particles to form new balls of light. The girl swept every last one of them aside as they made their never-ending attack.

Ange had trained like this almost every night since they had started living together. The lights had a temperature of several hundred degrees, so they hurt a lot if they touched you. They were known as Helios and she

defended against them with Prominence, the sword so large that it looked hard to wield. She claimed the training was meant to hone her reflexes.

"Seh! Dah! Crush! Hahhhhh!!"

Any number of the lights could come from any direction, but the girl calmly deflected, endured, and dodged each and every one.

It looked like an ultra high-speed dance and it would have been impossible for a normal person.

The giant sword's core was wrapped in blue flames and it drew a trail of blue radiance through the dark night. At the same time, her sharp movements caused her red hair to flutter sharply like it too was a burning blade.

Surrounded by those flames of blue and red, the girl looked courageous and cool.

"..."

As her roommate, Mutsuki had seen this a few times already, but it always filled his chest with warmth. She was strong, she was beautiful, and she was working this hard for him.

"Thanks as always, Ange."

Watching might interrupt her, so he closed the window.

She was normally a willful and somewhat selfish girl, but when he saw her like that, he could not find it in himself to get mad at her. In fact, the childish gap made her seem all the cuter.

He was thankful she was protecting him and he wanted to get along with her.

And to do that...

"Heeeey! You there, Mutsuki-kuuuun?"

He heard Micha calling for him. It was apparently bath time for her because her voice came from the bath at the end of the hall.

He knew what she would want while in the bath, so he grabbed a bottle of mineral water from the fridge before approaching.

"What is it?"

"I'm thirsty, so get me the usual."

This was normal. She liked taking long baths, so she often asked for a drink partway through.

He already had one, so he entered the changing room, slid the frosted

glass door to the bath partway open, and held out the chilled bottle.

"Water? I want beer."

"Not a chance."

"You're too strict, papa. ...Nn, I can't reach it. Bring it to me."

The tub was on the opposite side from the door, so reaching his arm inside was not enough to hand it to her.

With no other choice, the delivery boy blushed and stepped inside.

The house itself was falling apart, but the easily-dirtied bath had apparently been remodeled, making it much cleaner than the rest of the house. The faucet was split between hot and cold water which felt quite outdated, but the tiling on the floor and walls was brand new.

There was not a hint of mustiness, so only the scent of soap and the somewhat sweet aroma of an adult woman welcomed him in.

Micha was soaking in a deep, square silver tub.

"Phew... This bath is pretty big, but I wish there was room to stretch out your legs."

She had been in the bath long enough to be soaked to the core, so the

corners of her almond eyes drooped sexily.

She was submerged up to her shoulders, but the twin fruits covered by a towel were floating up on the surface. Mutsuki's eyes naturally focused on their wonderful size and he blushed further. His heart pounded as he handed her the bottle.

"Thanks♡"

Micha immediately started chugging the water.

The boy was tempted to take a peek inside the tub, but since he had completed his task, he obeyed the reasonable side of his mind and started to turn around. But...

"Wait."

After draining half the bottle at once, she closed it and stood up.

"Since you're here..."

Her blonde hair was not as long as Ange's, but it would still cover her back.

She had swept it forward, revealing a surprisingly fit brown back with

an animalistic eroticism to it.

Mutsuki looked away so as not to stare as he scrubbed a bubbly towel up and down.

"Ahhhhhh♡ Yes, yes. Just like that."

After warming herself up and getting her blood flowing, she had her favorite boy washing her back.

The young woman narrowed her eyes in bliss.

"I feel years younger. I should have you wash my body every night♪"

"...At least not more than one night in a row, please."

While she seemed satisfied, Mutsuki was extremely nervous having to rub his hands all over her naked body with only a towel in between.

(Micha-san really does have one hell of a body.)

Until this year, he had never understood what exactly a "sexy body" was, but he could tell her body was exactly that.

She had slender, feminine shoulders, a muscular back, and chocolate-colored skin that dully reflected the light. She had casually shown off her naked body ever since the day he met her, but he still found himself charmed by it.

(She's so pretty...and sexy.)

He naturally followed her curves with his eyes.

She had unbelievably long legs and they rapidly grew thicker from her ankles to her thighs. Those thighs had plenty of feminine fat. The butt positioned above them also had a mature amount of flesh that was squished down against the bath chair.

Her waist was as slender as possible, creating a flowing contrast to her hips.

The curves moved seductively back out for her chest and Mutsuki was filled with an urge to peak at the front. He felt the blood rush to his face as it grew warm, so he looked down to restrain himself.

"...Well?"

"Yes?"

"How's school going? I can make a good guess based on how Ange is acting, though. Are you getting along with the demon...Lucia-kun and the FeTUS member...Machina-chan?"

"Oh..."

She actually sounded composed for once and the boy's heart skipped a

beat.

This entire situation may have been a way to speak with him sans Ange. Realizing that, he felt embarrassed for his inappropriate thoughts.

There was actually one thing he had wanted to discuss with her for a while, but he had never done so because he had been unsure what to say.

He still could not find the words, but she seemed to catch on.

"Say it. I won't get mad, so tell me everything you're thinking."

She spoke kindly and persuasively.

She knew how to guide those younger than her in more ways than one, so Mutsuki had no choice but to confess. He gathered strength in the hands on her back as if to rely on her.

"I don't think those two are...bad people."

He could never say this in front of Ange.

"I just don't think Lucia-kun and Ibekusa-san could harm me."

"That's right."

"Both of them have had a few chances to pluck out the Serpent's Eye if they really wanted to, but they didn't. At the very least, I don't think they're after me. I don't know why Lucia-kun followed me to school, but... but..."

Nothing else he could say had anything to back it up, so he came to a stop

Lucia was so affectionate and had saved him from danger.

Machina had been with him since spring and had been like a lover ten days before.

He felt no desire to call either one an enemy.

And this second bodyguard responded by...

"Heh heh♡ Well done."

He had been certain she would be angry, but her kind tone of voice remained.

"As far as I can see, they aren't a threat. Although Ange can be stubborn, so she probably wouldn't understand. The Serpent's Eye is not their target."

"Eh?"

"It's you yourself."

She was his bodyguard, yet she gave a pleasant smile after he showed good will toward the enemy.

"???"

Their target was him and not the Serpent's Eye. He did not understand. Wasn't targeting him the same thing as targeting the Serpent's Eye?

"But remember this, Mutsuki-kun. Ange does not view them in a hostile light without reason. Gather heaven, earth, and hell, and you will have everything. Also, the world is made of constant discord."

Her kind smile remained, but her tone had grown serious.

"There are those with FeTUS and those with the demons that will harm you. There are also those who would misuse your Serpent's Eye. ...And those who would misuse you yourself."

"I-I see."

She once again made a distinction between the Serpent's Eye and him.

"Well, there's no need to think about it too much. Lucia-kun and Machina-chan – especially Machina-chan – really aren't a threat. You understand why, don't you?"

She did not actually give him any time to think.

"Any girl who has had sex with you even once becomes physically unable to do you any harm."

With a mischievous smile, Micha stood up from the bath chair, placing her chocolate-colored butt right in front of the crouching boy.

He gulped as the scent of an adult woman reached him.

"It really can be a problem. All you did was wash my back, but all I can think about it how wonderful your hands feel and how you must be rock hard right now♡"

She turned around, bringing her hips close enough that soft blonde hair tickled his nose and she placed one leg up on the edge of the tub.

The seductively wet inside was exposed from close enough to see the veins.

The mound of flesh the same color as her skin was pushed open by the inner lips that grew larger than average when engorged. Her shocking pink clitoris poked out from its pod. When he looked up, he found her nipples standing erect from the tips of her beautiful bust.

Every last part of her body was engorged.

"Not only am I throbbing down here, but my womb itself is throbbing."

The Serpent's Eye was the power to rule over all women. Any woman under its effects was forcibly brought to a state of arousal.

They would become a slave in body and mind to its owner, Fujita Mutsuki.

"Ah..."

He had assumed he was the only one growing aroused, so he was dumbfounded to find she was far hornier than him.

She gave a challenging and wet lick of her lips.

"You don't need to wash my back anymore♪"

"...Okay."

He was allowed to get along with Machina and Lucia.

With that settled, he had nothing more to discuss.

"Nnn~~~~~♡"

"Fwah... Wah, M-Micha-san, that tickles."

More importantly, Micha was clearly not going to discuss anything else even if he wanted to.

She knocked him onto his back and straddled him. She kissed him, rubbed her cheek up against him, and pressed her nose against the back of his neck and near his ears.

"Sniff♡ I love your scent so much, Mutsuki-kun~ Not too sweaty and not too childish."

"M-Micha-san, um, you're going to get my clothes all wet..."

"Yes, yes. Then let's get rid of those troublesome old clothes~"

She pulled up his shirt, undid his belt, and reached inside his pants. Overwhelmed, Mutsuki was pushed back against the silver tub.

He was embarrassed and did nothing to fight back, so she easily stole his shirt and pants.

But he was only a little embarrassed and he actually quite liked being forcibly assaulted by a beautiful and sexy young woman.

"It's been a while since we did this."

“...Ah ha ha.”

Micha's warm tongue licked across his navel, nipples, relatively flat Adam's apple, and lips.

A month before, on the day they had first met, the two of them had tested the power of the Serpent's Eye and ended up going all the way, but they had not done anything in the ten days since moving to this house. They had no real choice because the house was too small to hide from Ange.

Because it had been so long, Micha was even more intense than usual.

“Hey, hey. Wash me here too.”

She grabbed the towel from him, twisted her body around, and skillfully wrung the towel out over her butt.

The ample remaining soap fell onto her fleshy brown cheeks.

“Okay.”

Mutsuki did as he was told and washed her butt with his bare hands. He groped the springy flesh enough for it to change shape.

He pressed his fingers in and rubbed the two cheeks together in the center.

(Her butt is so soft and amazing.)

The mounds of her butt shined stickily from the soap and they became too slippery to grab easily. He took his careful time groping that mature elasticity with enough force to leave his fingerprints behind.

"Ah...nn... Yes, you're good at this."

His strength seemed to seep into her lower spine and sacrum, so the woman blissfully narrowed her eyes.

Perhaps as a reward, she began kissing every last part of his face: the ears, the cheeks, the nose, the forehead, the corners of the eyes, the chin, and...

"Nn..."

The lips.

The reward continued as something slipped inside his mouth. It was so soft he thought his chin would melt away.

At times like this, she seemed to have a magic power preventing him from resisting. He felt embarrassed, but he offered his tongue up to her and she immediately wrapped her own extended tongue around it.

"Hh...nn."

She adored his tongue as delicately as giving a blowjob.

Breaths escaped his nose as the delicious pleasure melted from his mouth and into his entire body. She pressed her giant breasts even harder against him and yet gently stroked his head. She confidently guided the younger boy.

But even as sweet saliva and ecstasy filled his mouth...

(It's so soft inside her and it smells great. Also...)

He observed her expression through his narrowed eyes.

(Her face is so sexual.)

When she was horny, her deep-cut Latin features would always gain this erotic look with a blank look in the eyes.

Even the pure, inexperienced boy could tell she was aroused when he saw that.

He enjoyed the flavor of her kiss, but seeing that expression from so close was unbearable. He wanted to put an even more sexual look on her face, so he resumed groping her butt while continuing to entangle their tongues.

"Eh...? Mutsuki-ku-...nnah...ah..."

(She really does like a softer touch. And...)

He used the slippery bubbles to bring his fingers toward the center. He tickled her on the verge of touching her plump inner thighs.

"Nhh, ah, c'mon... Y-you're such a dirty boy...fwah!"

As soon as his feather touch primed her nerves, he gave another strong squeeze.

Micha could not believe that his thorough massage was intentionally avoiding the center in order to fill her most precious place with an almost painful throbbing.

Mutsuki had been born with the Serpent's Eye that forced women to a state of arousal, but he also had a natural talent for discerning the perfect spots, timing, and level of strength to pleasure his partner.

Each time they shared their bodies, he learned even better where her weak points were. His desire to delight the person he loved was probably stronger than for the average person.

"Ahh...ahah...mnn."

He used the perfect level of strength while intentionally avoiding her weak points, so her entire body only grew more aroused.

The pleasure from her licking and tongue grew all the deeper.

(Honestly, wh-when did he get so...ahh...n-no...)

When she had taken his virginity a month earlier, he had only tearfully moaned while clinging to her like a baby, so Micha shuddered when she considered what he would do in the future.

As he rubbed at the bottom of her tongue and she swallowed the youthful saliva flowing into her mouth, a pulse of sharp pleasure ran along her spine.

As the surge reached the depths of her hidden garden, it pleaded to be touched by covering her thighs with its hot juices.

"...Nn. O-okay, Mutsuki-kun, I'll wash yours too."

Micha got down from his lap and gently removed his underwear.

He was used to being seen by her, but that instant was still a little embarrassing. Especially when he was so shamefully hard.

"Looks like you're all ready. And the smell is strong too."

"Sorry."

"Well, it has been ten days."

She had yet to move her face in close, but the hormonal smell still reached her nose. She gave a pleasant giggle at the manly intensity of his erection.

"You saved it up without masturbating, didn't you? Good boy, good boy."

"Nyaaaaaaah! M-Micha-san!"

She had grabbed the tip and patted the head while saying that last part.

That area was usually protected by the foreskin, so it was still weak to stimulation. His hips jerked intensely as he felt like jolts of electricity were running through him.

Micha gave a relieved smile when she saw it.

"Then let's wash each other♡"

She poked out her saliva-covered tongue and turned her body around.

She climbed on top of him while he lay on his back to form the sixty-nine position. His head was still propped up against the tub, so he faced her butt from quite close by.

"Nhh..."

He could see every part of her most precious place. She took a pose that seemed to accentuate the interior of her butt crack and the base of her thighs. Then she brushed her long blonde hair back and lowered her head.

Mutsuki gulped as an undulating object touched his most sensitive place.

(A-as always...her mouth is amazing...ah, ah...oh, no.)

Something so soft it felt more like jelly than flesh wriggled around while conforming to his shape. The warm pleasure made him clench his teeth.

He felt saliva being rubbed on down to just a bit below the head, and it felt so good he thought both his penis and his pelvis were going to melt. That alone was enough for the ten days' worth of fluids inside his testicles to throb, but the tongue did not stop there. It teased at the underside, the head, and the tip.

"...Hh...!"

A rough softness danced across his sensitive skin. It felt itchier than it did pleasurable, so he twisted his hips around.

"Nn...nnh. ...What a naughty flavor and scent. Ten days' worth is

amazing.”

It did not help that Micha was using her tongue much more passionately than usual.

He had been keeping it clean, but his raging erection gave off a salty flavor that stung the tongue. Every time he trembled, a clear liquid seeped from the slit at the tip and gave off the same immature smell as semen.

Micha’s feminine instincts reacted to the male hormones covering her tongue and filling her nose with an intensity too great to imagine it came from a child.

“~~~♡ It’s spreading out like crazy here too.”

Her eyes widened as the head expanded to create a great height difference.

“It’s so thick... I bet it would stir me up all the way to my womb.”

She placed the expanded umbrella in her mouth and wetly moved her entire head up and down. The kissing technique that always enslaved the boy was now directly applied to his erection, so his back arched below him.

“Ahh...ah...Micha-san...that’s...amazing...”

“Eh heh heh...Hn...nh...nnnm.”

Her soft, slippery lips moved up and down the surface of his shaft. Her tongue continued poking at the tip and her hand gently stroked the bottom of his balls. All in all, she pleased him quite thoroughly.

However, he was not the only one crying out in joy. Servicing the sizable piece of male-smelling meat was enough to arouse her as well. As she continued her passionate service, she let out low moans and wiggled her hips.

Seeing that reminded Mutsuki that they were supposed to be washing “each other”, so to distract himself from the pleasure, he grabbed at the chocolate-colored flesh positioned right in front of him.

When he massaged the two spheres, her hips swayed even more intensely than before.

(She’s enjoying this, too.)

After grabbing it, he realized her butt was an important erogenous zone.

As he massaged that obscene flesh, her engorged flower petals completely gave up on protecting their precious contents and instead peeled back. The honeypot within even opened and closed its mouth as if it desired to devour something.

And more importantly...

"...Wow."

Mutsuki noticed something at the center of the mounds of flesh in his hands.

Due to their sixty-nine position, he could see her soft-looking anus with its elegantly closed wrinkles.

His upper body was propped up, so that exit was at the perfect viewing height as it wriggled as if breathing. The movement was intense enough to give glimpses of the poorly-lit contents.

Hidden deep behind her wild brown skin was some softer flesh the color of a young girl's lips.

The delicious-looking salmon pink filled Mutsuki with so much arousal a tremor ran through his body.

He gulped and then...

"Fyah!? Wait, Mutsuki-kun!?"

It happened so suddenly that Micha quickly spat out his shaft.

"Sorry. But your butt's so cute."

Mutsuki did not hesitate to press his face into her butt and his nose into lovely fleshy spot breathing at the center.

He made use of the tongue techniques built up by his deep kisses with her. He loosened up the flesh with saliva and heat as if parting each individual wrinkle.

"Nnah...ah...um, Mutsuki-kun, that's...that's..."

Not even that sexy young woman was accustomed to this type of stimulation, so the surprised sphincter quickly squeezed shut.

Mutsuki continued kissing and even sucking at the ring of muscles.

"St...stop... That's dirty..."

"There isn't a single dirty part of your body, Micha-san. ...Nn."

He placed his tongue in the center of the ring and pushed it in to slowly expand the circle.

He knew it was not a clean place, but since it was Micha's body, he truly did not think of it as dirty.

That was how powerful an impression the woman had left on him.

He saw her as a roommate that knew how to get him to do what she

wanted, a young woman that he could rely on, a mother that would envelop him, and at the moment, a beloved lover.

He wanted to kiss every last part of her plump body and see even more sexual looks on her face. Most of all, he wanted to make her feel even better.

With that thought in mind, he very, very thoroughly dug into her anus.

"Ah...wah...fwaaah...nn."



His thoughts seemed to reach her anus before the rest of her, but the anal caress finally began to fill her with a strange sensation.

The woman could not help but lewdly shake her large butt. She writhed from the clever caress that was Mutsuki's second talent.

"You smell so sexual, Micha-san. Even your asshole is erotic. ...Ah, it opened♪"

His thorough tongue play almost seemed to melt her flesh and robbed her of the strength needed to close it. The sphincter was still stiff, so her anus swelled out like a volcano. His tongue sank into the sunken crater at the peak.

"Ahhhhhh...khhhaaaahhhh...♡"

A soft creature slipped in and out of that sensitive and supposedly dirty opening. A strange feeling welled up inside her and she began trembling from her thighs to her hips and her back.

(She's moaning in pleasure.)

Goose bumps covered the entirety of her round butt and something other than confusion filled her voice. Sensing that, Mutsuki felt a different sort of arousal that seemed to lighten his body.

(I want to do even more. Um...)

He searched through his memories for a way to make her feel even better than licking.

(Will a finger fit in?)

He decided to try to reach even deeper inside.

He gathered the remains of the soap to get his finger nice and slick. When he removed his tongue from the small entrance between her butt

cheeks, it trembled like a small frightened animal, so he pressed the tip of the finger against it as gently as he could.

"Ahn!"

But even that light touch caused it to slip in up to the first joint.

It felt like she had loosened up to welcome him inside. Both surprised and interested, Mutsuki pushed his finger in with a look of arousal.

Her squishy rectum was surprisingly soft. However, it seemed to be wriggling in fear of the foreign object, so he tried to relax her by using his second joint to massage the tense sphincter from within.

"Eeeeek! C'moon... Not from inside...my ass... Ah, ah...hyaaaaahn!"

"Ah ha ha. But it gets softer as I mess with it. It's all wet inside too, so I doubt it'll hurt much."

"Uuh..... Nn♡ Nnn♡"

Micha screamed as his middle finger audibly moved in and out of her.

Once something caught his interest, he would investigate it as much as possible. Being on the receiving end of that kindergartner-level curiosity left her body on the verge of melting.

Simply slipping his finger in and out gave her an artificial feeling of excretion and the boy bent his finger even more to rub at and loosen up the sphincter.

A month before, he had been a virgin boy who could only tearfully cling to her, so she would never have imagined being pleased like this by him. A mixture of frustration and pleasure enveloped her in a mysterious sort of ecstasy. She was unable to preserve her heart and could not stop her embarrassing moans. Her butt moved in circles all on its own.

Having that hole toyed with from the inside and outside felt undeniably good. She would have preferred he focused on her front side instead because this exclusively anal attack was unbearably embarrassing. Despite the lack of stimulation elsewhere, the anal pleasure caused her womb to tremble and her flesh flower to leak plenty of juices.

She had always known this area brought more pleasure, but she had rarely touched it out of embarrassment.

"Nh... C-c'mon..."

In order to get him under control, Micha used her pride as an adult to lower her head even further than before, swallowing his erection nearly to her throat. Her breasts and erect nipples pressed against his lower stomach.

"Fwah..."

Mutsuki gulped as he felt an intense sensuality cover his entire hips

region.

Micha's lips were no longer merely caressing him; she had gone on the offense to actively try to wring out his fluids. She sucked so hard he thought she would create a vacuum in his urethra and she licked all over the sensitive underside.

"Um, Micha-san...ah...wah...ahhh!"

This situation brought trouble to the younger boy instead. As she continued to tease his penis, he felt like it and his testicles were more obedient to her than himself.

Pleasure had been drifting through his entire body, but now it gathered in the base of his hips.

He accidentally tensed the finger in her anus.

"...Eek!"

His ring finger slipped inside the cramped entrance to join his bent middle finger.

Micha's eyes widened as her anus was spread twice as wide as before. At the exact same moment, the pleasure gathered at the base of the boy's penis seemed to burst.

"~~~~~! Ahhhh!"

"Nn! Nn!"

As her anus was violated, ten days' worth of young fluids were squirted from the head sticking nearly down to her throat.

She tried to stop it with her tongue, but the torrent surged out regardless. Her entrance was filled with semen and her exit was filled with fingers.

"Nngh... Nn...nnnnnnnnnn..."

She too was launched to a bittersweet state of perfect ecstasy.

Her loosened anus tightened down on his fingers and, slightly below, the seductive flesh flower squirted hot nectar as if to protest the lack of stimulation.

Her nicely slender hips twisted and her butt wiggled in joy.

"Kh...nn, nkh...nkh."

Even so, she did not forget to care for her younger lover by swallowing the substance filling her mouth.

"What a troublesome child. I can't believe the boy with the Serpent's Eye is such a pervert. Who knows what will happen if you misuse it."

Micha breathed a heavy sigh.

This truly was a problem.

"Oh, it opened up again. I bet I could fit another one inside..."

"Hey...hyahn! S-stop that!"

Even after cumming, Mutsuki immediately resumed messing with her from behind.

He placed Micha on his lap and began audibly moving his fingers in and out of her butt. Instead of giving her a rest, he added a third finger to the mix.

"You're so sexual... H-hey, Micha-san. Does this feel good?"

"~~ I-I don't know."

It was obvious her hips had given out and she was at his mercy, but he still asked her that embarrassing question.

He was touching a hole meant for filthy things. The boy had lost himself in the arousal of seeing a beautiful woman writhing from something so

abnormal. He wanted to see just how wide he could get it as he opened and closed the middle and ring fingers held inside.

"Hon...estly..."

Micha gave a weakened sigh at the boy's childish enjoyment.

Fujita Mutsuki possessed the Serpent's Eye that let him rule half the world.

And now he may very well have awoken to a frightening new talent.

But then...

"Hey, Micha, how long are you going to be in there? I want to take a show-..."

The bath's door slid open with a rusty creak.

"Eh?"

"Ah."

"Ahn...ahhn..."

It had of course been opened by the house's third resident.

Mutsuki looked up and froze in place, just like Ange as she looked down.

Micha, however, had gone too limp to freeze.

Adolescent Adam 2: Chapter 2 - Together in the Infirmary

The mood on the way to school the following day could not have been worse.

Ange did not actually neglect her bodyguard duties, but she refused to walk alongside him like normal and she kept a distance of five meters at all times. And she always stayed behind him.

" ... "

" ... "

Naturally, they did not speak at all.

She had been thoroughly irritated lately and things had often been awkward, but this was the worst day that month.

She had apparently suspected Mutsuki and Micha were in that sort of relationship, but actually seeing it – and while he was attacking her partner's secondary hole – seemed to have been quite a shock.

Not only would she not approach him, but when he had happened to circle behind her while they put their shoes on in the entranceway that morning...

"Don't get behind meeeeeee!"

She had shouted in intense anger.

She had darted away and covered her butt with both hands with her back to the wall.

"...Um."

"Shut up, shut up! Face forward! Don't stand behind me, you pervert! You butt devil!"

That summed up how she had been acting.

Even if it was his own fault, being called a "butt devil" was so blunt it made him want to cry.

He did not want her shouting that in front of others, so he maintained the five meter distance on their way to school.

That awful situation continued all the way to the classroom. Ange moved to her desk in the very back and Mutsuki to his diagonally in front of hers.

Normally, Ange would stare out the window until morning homeroom began, but...

"~~~"

"Ugh."

Today, he felt a gaze so sharp it was physically painful and it lasted the entire time.

His saving goddess appeared with only a few minutes until the chime rang.

"Morning, Fujita-kun, Ange-chan. ...Something wrong?"

"Good morning, Kurikara-san. Everything's fine."

"...Good morning."

Their classmate ran over with a smile as bright as the midday sun.

The girl with plump feminine lines on her cheeks and upper arms and adorable round eyes like a dog's or cat's was Kurikara Saya.

She liked to talk, she was cheerful, and she was something like the leader of the class's girls. Ange preferred being unsociable, but this girl would still speak with her and they had started speaking quite a bit recently.

She seemed to have noticed the dangerous atmosphere surrounding

the two, so she blew it away with the smile of an eternal optimist and slapped them on the back. She seemed to be in an even better mood than usual.

"Hey, hey. Did you bring yours today?"

"Our what?"

"Oh, c'mooooon! You know!"

"Eh!?"

She suddenly lifted her own skirt.

Mutsuki and Ange were sitting down, so they were in the perfect position to see her healthy thighs. The two of them were speechless and they could even see the black material covering her crotch.

"Wait! K-Kurikara-san! What are you-...ohh."

Mutsuki briefly panicked, but he soon caught on.

"Heh heh heh~ I can't wait until swimming class during third period~ The pool is finally opening~"

The black material was her swimsuit, not her panties. Their classmate spun around in a little dance with her skirt still lifted and the nearby boys

stared, but Mutsuki looked to the side.

"So did you bring yours? Your. Swim. Suits♪"

This was the source of her good mood. Even at her age, Saya was so excited she had worn her swimsuit below her clothes and she smiled.

"Mutsuki nodded and patted the bag he had brought with him.

"So what about you, Ange-chan?"

"I...don't have one of those."

Mutsuki realized Ange was acting weird.

Her irritated expression had stiffened and she looked out the window as if to avoid the issue.

"Oh, did you forget yours?"

Their eternal optimist classmate immediately latched onto the reason for this change.

"Noooooot to worry! Leave it all to Kurikara Saya, lead helper for Class 2-A!"

"Huh? ...Fwah!"

"We just have to borrow one from another class♪"

She grabbed Ange's hand.

"Kagura-chan in Class C is on the swim team, so she'll have a few school swimsuits here. One of them should fit you, so let's borrow one."

"Wait, you don't have to do that! I'm fine sitting out!"

"We can't have that! Not swimming when the pool's first opened is blasphemy against summer! So let's go! Adolescence isn't going to wait around. Our summer has only just begun!!"

"I said noooooo!"

Ange was reluctantly forced from the classroom by Saya's energy and Mutsuki was left all alone.

He checked the time and found it was past 8:30, when the school's gate was closed, and homeroom would begin in five minutes.

"..."

"...Oh, Ibekusa-san."

Machina arrived at the usual time and entered the classroom with a puzzled look toward the two classmates running out.

"Good morning."

"...Good morning."

Exchanging a greeting had almost become a daily ritual. She sat in the second window-side seat from the back, which put her right next to Mutsuki.

Even without Ange, his bodyguard, she showed no sign of laying a hand on him and the Serpent's Eye.

What he had discussed with Micha the night before seemed accurate.

She was not an enemy.

" ... "

He must have stared at her too much because she suddenly turned his way. She looked him in the eye with her usual half-lidded gaze.

His heart skipped a beat at the eye contact. Those eyes were more intellectual than any scholar's yet as transparent as an infant's. Mutsuki felt his cheeks growing warm.

For the past ten days, he had worked to restrain his feelings because she was part of an enemy organization.

But he had spent the sweet time of a lover with her ten days before and he had been interested in her ever since spring.

He did not know how to feel and he wished he could at least hide the pounding of his heart.

"...Fujita-kun."

She called his name with a voice so thin it seemed about to vanish yet that carried like the ringing of a small bell.

He doubted his ears. They regularly greeted each other now, but this was the first time the generally silent girl had called his name in the classroom.

"I have something to discuss with you. In private, if possible."

That was all she said before returning to her normal self and staring out the window with her mouth closed.

That was when their homeroom teacher arrived and morning homeroom began.

"Ibekusa Machina, Class 2-A Girl, Student #2. Personality: silent. Special trait: expressionless."

"Right."

"Number of friends: 0. Likes and dislikes: unknown. Favorite food: probably apples."

"Right."

"Starting today, she's my #1."

Sakae was visibly delighted.

They had swimming for their third period PE class. This was the first time, so after a test of each individual's skills, they were given half an hour to swim as they liked.

The seven-lane pool had been split in half so lanes 1-3 were for the girls and 5-7 for the boys. However, Mutsuki's friend Sakae had dragged him over to join the other boys hanging out at the very edge of lane 5.

"Oh, nooo! The boys are leering at us!"

"Hey~! Get that dirty look out of your eyes~"

Just as the girls suggested – while looking somehow happy – the boys were carefully observing the girls in their swimsuits.

“Ibekusa’s been hiding those amazing things this whole time?”

Their focus had turned to Ibekusa Machina who sat on the edge of lane 1 with her feet soaking in the water.

She was silent, expressionless, hard to get along with, and inconspicuous, but she was secretly well-known for having a good shot at the top spot in the class when it came to looks.

Her figure did not normally stand out, but she really drew the eye when she removed her clothes.

“Huh? How big are those? At least an E. Maybe an F? Or even a G?”

Her pure white skin gained a milk-like sheen when it was wet. Her arms extended smoothly down from her slender shoulders. Her thighs were surprisingly well developed and her calves were tight.

But what grabbed the attention of Sakae and the other boys most of all was her ample bust that stretched the chest of her swimsuit tight enough that the nametag saying “Ibekusa Machina” was difficult to read.

“ ... ”

She was about two sizes bigger than Micha’s F cup.

While muttering that fact in his heart, Mutsuki felt a little discouraged.

It did not feel particularly good to have so many curious eyes focused on the exposed skin of the girl he had been watching since the spring. That was just how the selfish male heart worked.

"Hmm, I'd thought everyone would be talking about Jiyuuni this year, but we had a surprise hiding in plain sight the entire time."

Sakae grinned and finally turned to look at the others.

"Bwah! Ah, ah... Wait! Too fast...too fast!"

"Nya ha ha♪ Sorry, sorry. Okay, now go. One, two! One, two!"

"Uph...nn...ph...abhbhh!"

Saya was helping Ange as the girl drowned (swam?) with a kickboard in one hand.

"You're so athletic, Ange-chan, so I never thought you couldn't swim."

"Shut up! Land animals don't need to know how to-...bhhbh! Don't let go...bhhbh..."

It seemed drowning was the correct verb.

Angels were supposedly created from fire, so they seemed to have trouble with water.

Ange had several times the athletic ability of a normal person on land, but she became incredibly cute when she was thrown into the water. No one seeing her kicking her small little legs while holding onto the kickboard would have ever imagined how dignified she had looked training with that large sword in a single hand the night before.

"I'll give her a 97. She has some decent tits and she gets high marks for that kickboard with her height."

Sakae had some odd tastes.

"And the winner of the ass category is Kurikara Saya! She beats out all the rest! The guys who came equipped for underwater combat will be able to battle that plump ass for another decade at least-gah!"

A kickboard thrown by Saya (the softball team's ace pitcher) hit him square on the head.

Sakai somersaulted over in the water and Ange began to sink with nothing to support her.

And then...

"Wah!?"

Something suddenly rubbed against Mutsuki's thigh...no, against his crotch over his swimsuit.

"Gasp~~ Hey, hey, Mutsuki-kun. Come play over here."

Lucia had stealthily approached underwater and began clinging to Mutsuki's bare skin.

Despite Machina's unexpected figure, Ange's cuteness, and Saya's (as rude as it was to say it) nice butt, this boy was gathering the very most attention in the class.

His body was at the exact midpoint between a beautiful girl and boy and he was wearing a swimsuit, so a lot of the girls were naturally looking at him. He had a slender frame, a small indented navel, and temptingly pink nipples. His coquettish aura had a way of tickling at the male fancy as well, so he had also grabbed the attention of quite a few of the boys.

"Now this is just plain cheating. Satowa Lucia.....I'm cool with it!"

Even Sakae was losing his way.

In fact, Mutsuki himself felt an odd feeling rising within him as Lucia clung to him with his soft and squishy skin.

"Um, sorry, Lucia-kun. I have to go."

"Mhh. That's no fuuuun."

When Mutsuki moved away with a bitter smile, Lucia pouted his lips in displeasure but did not try to pursue.

Mutsuki then climbed out of the pool.

"..."

He glanced toward Machina and she looked his way as well. When she realized he was signaling her, she gave a slight nod.

They were free to go wherever they wanted during this free time, so he told the teacher he was feeling sick and easily got permission to leave the pool.

He returned to the classroom they were using to change in and put his uniform back on. They had not set a specific place to meet, but he went to the infirmary. Sure enough, Machina had realized what his signal had meant. She had apparently not changed, so she still wore her swimsuit with a towel over her neck.

Conveniently, a note saying "I'm in the faculty room" was placed at the infirmary's entrance and the teacher was not there.

The unique smell of disinfectant made him nervous as he faced her "in

private" as she had wanted.

However, there seemed to have been a misunderstanding.

"...Where is Jiyuuni-san?"

"Eh?"

Mutsuki was confused.

"I wanted to speak with you and Jiyuuni-san."

"Eh? Oh! With Ange too!? S-sorry, I didn't ask her to come..."

He had mistakenly thought she wanted to speak with him alone, so he blushed and bowed deeply.

"I see," said Machina as she calmly sat on a nearby sofa. "That is not a problem. If the two of us leave at the same time, she will notice and eventually find us here. We can wait until then."

He realized she was right and breathed a sigh of relief.

"..."

Then he realized that he was the one who had wanted to be alone with her.

He had wanted to speak with her alone.

"Um, Ibekusa-san."

They had time until Ange arrived, so this was a good opportunity. His Adam's apple moved a little as he swallowed his tension.

"So...you're definitely part of FeTUS then?"

He got right to the point.

Her face tensed briefly, but she quickly recovered her expressionless look.

"Positive." She nodded. "I am FeTUS Witches #5, aka Miss E."

She added on more information he had not asked about.

He had known this, but he did not like having it reconfirmed and he frowned.

"Um."

He wondered whether he should really ask this or not.

"Why...are you here?"

"To observe you."

"...I see."

He regretted having asked.

He had been interested in her ever since meeting her that spring, but to her, he was the Serpent's Eye holder rather than Fujita Mutsuki.

It was a painful realization and he had to wonder how he looked to her as he kept glancing over at her.

After some silence, he began wandering aimlessly around the room. The school was unpleasantly quiet while classes were in session and it only exacerbated their awkward silence.

Machina was just as still and unconcerned as always.

She was the same doll-like girl as she had been in the spring.

He had thought they had grown a little closer ten days before, but he had apparently been alone in thinking that.

"Um."

He asked what he had wanted to know the most since the day before.

"C-could you maybe get along...with the angels like Ange?"

"..."

"You aren't trying to take my eye, the Serpent's Eye, right? Then I think you can do it. Ange has a short temper, but she's a good girl. And..."

"Negative," she curtly replied. "I will agree that I am not trying to take the Serpent's Eye. However, our target is the Serpent's Eye holder, aka you. So if necessary, we could even restrain you. The angels object to the violation of a powered individual's freedom, so we cannot reconcile with or build up an amicable relationship with them."

"I see..."

Her expressionless answer caused Mutsuki to hang his head hopelessly.

Just as Micha had said, she had no intention of harming him,

He had hoped that would allow the two groups to get along, but that seemed impossible.

That was unfortunate, but she also viewed him as a mere "powered

individual". The fact that she had no interest in him as "Fujita Mutsuki" was the biggest shock.

He sat down on the bed.

"I have...one last question."

It was a meaningless question, but he took the chance to continue.

"Before, we...um...did it, right?"

"We did."

He was referring to that day ten days ago when they had ended up sharing their bodies.

He thought back to that sweet time when they had acted like lovers.

"Why did you do that?"

It was a weird thing to ask and he did not really want an answer, but his mouth moved in desperation.

"To acquire your sperm."

He had known she would mechanically and expressionlessly answer him, but....

"Examining your sex cells is one of our goals. It was not yet time for that, but I took advantage of a useful opportunity."

"...That's why you did it? That's why you...kissed me...and stuff?"

"Positive."

Machina calmly nodded. In a way, that answer was the biggest shock of all.

He had thought of sex as an extension of love, and yet...

"But... Wasn't it unpleasant...doing that kind of thing for a job?"

"I am meant to exist and function alongside you. Offering my body can be one such function if necessary. Any negative feeling in carrying that out would be self-contradictory. It was not unpleasant."

"I see."

Her plain tone of voice had infected Mutsuki as well.

"And? Did it help?"

"Negative. The only cells that could be investigated were those remaining in my womb, but they were influenced and changed by my

egg cells. I require sperm ejaculated outside of my vagina."

".....I see."

Mutsuki was beginning to feel stupid.

He had been truly happy when he had become one with her. He had intended to take lifelong responsibility when she had given her virginity to him. Even as a child, he had been prepared for that.

But she had never intended it that way. She had only done it for FeTUS. It had not taken place between Fujita Mutsuki and Ibekusa Machina; it had taken place between the Serpent's Eye holder and a member of FeTUS.

He could tell his feelings for her were rapidly cooling.

So...

"Press against me harder."

"...Like this?"

Even if he was not in the mood, seeing her slide down the shoulder straps, pull down her swimsuit, and lift up her weighty bust was more than enough to get him hard.

She kneeled at his feet while he sat on the bed with his pants pulled down.

The splendid body that had caught the eye of every boy in the class was defenselessly exposed just for him. His heart trembled with an itching sense of conquest.

The seductively jiggling spheres were pressed together and were squashed longer in the vertical direction.

The sweet softness and elasticity of a baby's cheek surrounded his sensitive penis. The gentle pleasure of that flesh sent a tremor down the boy's spine.

Since her sperm cell extraction had been of no use last time, he was helping her again.

Any method would have worked as long as he did not cum inside her vagina, so he had suggested a titjob. Machina had agreed to his desire to monopolize the giant breasts his classmates so coveted.

"Can you move now?"

"Yes. ...Hh...hh."

Her cleavage was still damp from the shower as it enveloped the mushroom-like form and she moved her white breasts up and down.

(Ah... Th-this is even better than I thought it'd be.)

He had only reluctantly agreed at first, but he quickly began breathing heavily from the pleasure.

The sensation of a rice cake wrapped in gelatin surrounded the entire tip and seemed to envelop its shape.

This pleasure was different from the stickiness inside lips, the pressure inside a hand, or the all-encompassing feel of the vaginal flesh.

"...Ah...ah..."

He naturally arched his back and squeezed the sheets with the hands supporting him on the bed behind him. The cheap bedsprings creaked.

The sensation on the head was weak and nearly only a tickle, but as she moved her breasts up and down, that slight pleasure continued without end. Instead of leading directly to ejaculation, it seemed to permeate his entire body. He felt like his hips were slowly melting away.

But then he looked down at her.

" ... "

Machina was down on her knees and rolling her own large breasts around to pleasure his erection.

Her cheeks had grown a little red, but she still had no expression to speak of. She was using her body toward a functional end and nothing more.

And as he watched her...

(She's only doing this because I have the Serpent's Eye.)

He could not stop that frustrated feeling from welling up inside his chest.

He was filled with irritation and disappointment. But his feelings for her would not go away and they drove him to action.

"Nn... F-Fujita-kun?"

He reached out and grabbed the defenseless pink points moving up and down before him and she let out a groan of surprise.

"Is something...the matter?"

"No, so continue."



He rolled her areolae around as he gave her a command.

She seemed to hesitate, but she finally nodded obediently and resumed bouncing her breasts.

" "

He wanted to tease her in some way, so he began an even more indecent attack on those bouncing breasts.

Touching her again after ten days confirmed that this was the same girl he had loved on that day.

Her nipples grew more sensitive the closer to the tip he got, but she was also weak at the border with the areolae at their base. Her ears, neck, nape, armpits, back, and sides were also sensitive. As he traced his fingers across her, her entire body wriggled.

"N...nhh."

When he stroked her hair, she breathed from her nose like a relaxed kitten.

When he obscenely stroked her areolae, he could see the butt twitching inside her black swimsuit. She also began pressing her breasts more strongly against his penis.

He could feel the rhythm of her breathing quicken as her breaths tickled his legs. She clearly wanted him to grope her bust until they lost their shape entirely.

Eliciting that indecent reaction gave Mutsuki a slight sense of satisfaction.

But at the same time, he could not forgive himself for falling back in love with the entranced look visible in her upturned eyes.

"Is someone there?"

Mutsuki heard the door slide open and heard the voice of the school doctor who ran the infirmary.

Oops, he thought. He had been so focused on being alone with Machina that he had completely forgotten they were at school. He started panicking.

"...Over here."

But Machina reacted quickly. She immediately stood up, fixed her half-removed swimsuit, and signaled for him to hide behind the shelf by the bed.

The shelf held new sheets and tubs for vomit, so it was quite large and the surrounding area was divided off with a curtain. There was plenty of room to hide a single person.

"Oh, so there is someone. What's the matter?"

Just as he had hidden, the school doctor peeked in through the gap in the curtain partition.

"...Feeling anemic. I want to rest a little."

"Oh, the pool, huh? Yeah, that's tough for girls. Wait there."

Fortunately, School Doctor Shiromiya Kaede was a woman and well-known for being kind. Seeing a female student in a swimsuit was enough to believe the claim of anemia without really checking.

After sensing the teacher leaving the partition, Mutsuki peeked out.

"..."

His eyes stopped on Machina's backside.

Quickly pulling her swimsuit back up had caused it to ride up on her small butt.

Unlike her chest, her butt was small and tight. The flowing roundness of a marble statue was pressed in by the edge of the swimsuit, emphasizing the feminine softness of her flesh.

(Her ass is really sexy too.)

He had forgotten with all the focus his classmates had given her breasts, but her nice hips and long-legs were also as beautiful as the average model's.

"!?"

He naturally reached out to the delicious butt sticking out in front of him.

He ignored Machina's widened eyes and lewdly groped it. He knew someone was right on the other side of the partition, but he could not stop himself. In fact, her troubled expression worked up his sadistic side.

"Fujita...-kun."

She tried to rebuke him in a voice almost too quiet to hear, but he continued pushing his fingers and the swimsuit in between the two cheeks.

Unlike Micha's squishy butt, Machina's had a pleasant elasticity.

He could not help but dig his fingers into it. He rubbed it, pinched it, and kneaded it.

"Hh...hh..."

Machina's breathing grew heavy once more as his fingertips reached her thighs as well.

"Fill this out."

The teacher was back. Luckily, she did not peek inside, so Mutsuki was able to zip back behind the shelf. Still, he kept his hands moving along her erotic flesh as he did so.

Machina pressed her hips against the shelf to keep his hands from being seen – essentially sticking her butt right in front of Mutsuki's eyes – as she filled out the form needing her class, name, and symptoms. And then...

(...Hm?)

She began twisting her hips in irritation as he thoroughly groped her.

With her butt so close, he breathed in through his nose and detected a familiar scent.

"Okay, you can rest now. ...You're Ibekusa from Class A, right? Where are your clothes?"

"...In locker #2 of the outside girls locker room."

"Got it. I'll bring them here, so don't go to sleep until you change out of that wet swimsuit."

She was a sloppy but good teacher, so she handed Machina an iron supplement and some water before leaving the room.

After hearing the door close, the girl quickly moved away from his indecent caress.

"D-don't do that."

She fixed her swimsuit that had nearly become a thong and she lowered the ends of her thin eyebrows.

Mutsuki smiled bitterly when he realized this was his first time seeing her angry, but it did not slow him down any. In fact, his cheeks twisted upward at the rare expression.

"Don't do it? Even when it's done this to you?"

Before she could stand up, he wrapped his hands around her fleeing hips.

He embraced her as she pitched forward and brought his hands to an even more risqué depth. As he rubbed all over her inner thighs, her slender shoulders twisted and she lost the strength to fight it.

"Um..."

"You're getting horny on the inside too. ...Keep an eye out in case the teacher comes back."

Even through her swimsuit, she was obviously melting. She had definitely been burning up ever since the titjob and a sweet and sour feminine smell was rising from deep within her round butt.

Her belly was unbelievably tight, so her hips created a sharp contrast and her butt really stood out. That tightened texture was irresistibly cute,

so he traced his tongue along it.

"Ahh..."

Machina leaned forward in surprise.

She was now clinging to the metal pole for the partition and her entire lower body – from her small and adorable butt to her toes – was presented before the boy crouched behind her.

"I'm gonna take a look."

That short comment sounded like a command and he pushed aside the swimsuit's crotch.

The soft mound of her hidden palace was exposed below her white butt. The swollen flower petals had seductively spread to reveal the pale inner flesh, but the undeveloped inner folds did their best to hide the central hole.

Mutsuki gulped.

Seeing the shameful flesh he had deflowered ten days before filled him with dark desire.

That place had become his once before.

He was its conqueror.

"Ahhh... N-not so...sudden..."

When he mercilessly stuck his middle finger into the wet crevice, the girl gave a shrill scream as if a jolt had run through her.

"...♪"

Mutsuki's cheeks loosened. Nothing delighted him quite like the cries of that normally silent girl.

He brought one hand to her inner thigh from the front. He spread the flesh covered in sticky nectar and gently grabbed her clitoris.

"Hyahhh...ahh...nkhhh... Like...I said..."

The school doctor could return at any moment, so Machina attempted to complain.

"Fujita...-kun.... I really...want you to stop...ahhh."

"No, you don't. Your juices just keep dripping out."

When he sucked those juices from her thigh, she could not argue back.

"You need...need to stop..."

She was leaning against the partition, so she naturally ended up presenting her butt to him. She moved her hips to soften the stimulation, but she could not escape when he had her hardened maiden's bead in his grasp. In fact, she soon began straightening her legs, giving him the best angle to tease her from.

The boy brought his face in close and discovered another teasing point.

"Hey, Ibekusa-san."

He released her body and brought one of her hands from the pole to her own butt.

"Pull that back for me."

He whispered to her with a slightly commanding tone.

She did not seem very willing, but she did as he said when he started wetly rubbing her clitoris which had grown so erect it tingled down to the base.

She spread her plump butt, pulling the navy blue swimsuit aside.

"Ah...nn."

Letting the air in between the cheeks must have been embarrassing because she twisted her upper body and could be heard breathing from

her small nose.

Deep inside the beautiful heart shape of her butt, an adorably enticing hole squeezed shut to form wrinkles.

"Eh...? Hyah... F-Fujita-ku...nn!?"

He had tried this on Micha the day before but been interrupted by Ange. Without permission, he reached his finger to that slightly wet bump.

"Ah...um...ahhn."

The crimson wrinkles came together at even intervals and lifted the small hole up a bit in a donut shape. He had guessed it when it twitched worriedly just from the cold air reaching it, but he was sure of it once he traced his finger along the edge of the dark pink hole and all of the small wrinkles reacted.

She was sensitive here.

"Ahhhhh~~ Nn...!"

He parted her butt that looked as juicy as a freshly-picked white plum and he sucked at the central indentation.

His soft tongue dug into her anal flesh and licked the wet ring. Machina arched her back so much he thought it would break and she let out a

scream shriller than he would have ever imagined from her.

But that reaction only caused her giant breasts to bounce up and down through her glistening school swimsuit. She was unable to shake his grasp on her hips.

"Um, Fujita-kun. That's...that's the wrong hole."

"No, it's not. It feels good here too, doesn't it?"

She may not have been aware that excretion point could be used for a caress because she seemed intensely confused as the boy's tongue skillfully worked its way around. But...

"...Nn. Ha ha. You're really sensitive here."

"Ahhhhhhh..."

Once her hard sphincter softened, her reactions were even more indecent than Micha's.

When he teased the soft pink flesh beyond those wrinkles, the sphincter located about a centimeter deep loosened. He immediately stuck his tongue inside.

"Kfaaaaahhh... M-my butt... It...it feels weird..."

He stirred up her anus like his tongue was a drill making meringue and the girl produced meaningless moans like she had completely forgotten how silent she normally was.

(I wonder if hers can spread wider than Micha-san's.)

Continuing to lick that soft anal flesh was an attractive option, but his interest turned toward the ring of harder flesh nearer the entrance. He poked at the ring with the tip of his pointed tongue from inside and out. He also rubbed the body of the tongue roughly against it. Altogether, he employed an even more thorough assault than the one that had driven Micha mad.

The deep crimson flesh finally seemed to admit defeat and opened wide.

An indecent scent wafted out from within the dark hole. There was a faint hint of a familiar fruity scent, reminding him that she often ate apples.

"Ahh...ahhhhn... No, no..."

Tears of embarrassment filled Machina's eyes, but her body was already a slave to him as his tongue moved several centimeters in and out of a hole meant for excretion.

She fell onto all fours while still holding the pole and she began pressing her butt up against his face. She was telling him to penetrate her anus even deeper.

And just as she was entirely immersed in anal pleasure...

"This might be a little tougher."

"Eh...? Ah...no...ah... Nn~~~~"

He redirected his tongue to the area around her anus and stuck his middle finger into the central hole.

Based on Micha's reaction the day before, he thought this might be too much for Machina, but her excretory flesh tightened pleasantly around the finger.

"Ahh...ahhhh..."

(What a sexual look on her face... I never thought messing with her butt a little would make her look like that.)

Her usual expressionlessness made the melting expression all the more noticeable. And based on that, he guessed he could make this tight hole even softer. A tingle ran down his spine.

(Ibekusa Machina...)

The dark feeling that had appeared in his chest earlier was growing stronger.

He did not know what it was, but it grew larger and stronger the more his actions threw Machina into disarray and the more she submitted herself to him.

(She's mine.)

A thrill welled up within him.

But then the door slid open again.

"I've got your clothes."

Almost exactly like before, they heard the teacher's voice and the boy quickly hid behind the shelf.

"...U-um."

Machina tried to say something, but it was too late. Doctor Shiromiya brought the uniform over and peeked inside the partition.

"Are you up? ...Your face is pretty red. Is something wrong?"

"~~~"

More than just red, the girl's forehead was covered in sweat, so the school doctor tilted her head.

Instead of just being taciturn, Machina could not even open her mouth, so she shook her head to say nothing was wrong.

To make matters worse, Mutsuki was still pushing at and massaging the excretory flesh that was writhing from the foreign sensation. He rubbed his saliva all over the entrance and dug deep inside. The same finger technique that had easily brought an adult like Micha to climax were building up this young girl's sexual pleasure.

"Hh...hh..."

The girl used a mind of steel to erase her expression and attempted to ignore the sticky anal pleasure.

"Hm? Well, whatever. Once you're changed, get some rest."

Luckily, Doctor Shiromiya closed the curtain without noticing Machina's condition. Namely, the swimsuit riding up oddly in the crotch and the nipples standing visibly erect even through the elastic material.

Machina's hips gave out and Mutsuki rushed out to catch her.

But even as he held her in his arms, his teasing hand did not stop. His hand seemed to grow from her butt like a tail as he sent his finger in and out of her and used his other hand to rub her engorged anus.

"Akh...nn..."

She bit onto the shoulder of his shirt and desperately clenched her teeth.

However, the presence of a third party only cornered her further as she trembled from intense ecstasy.

"Ibekusa, I'm going to head back to the faculty room, so can I leave you here?"

Assuming the girl was changing, the school doctor did not open the curtain, but she did speak to her.

If Machina did not respond, the teacher could look in at any moment. She looked up at him with a pleading look, but he did not go back into hiding or even stop his fingers.

Tears and drool wet her lovely face as she gathered everything she had to open her mouth.

"Y...es."

Her voice was a little shrill due to the pleasure coming from her anus which was normally kept tightly shut.

Even as she tried to keep her mind sensible, her body had long since passed the point of no return. She clung tightly to the boy and unwittingly rubbed her bust against him through the swimsuit.

"If anything happens, come to the faculty room. Okay?"

"...Okay."

She completely lost control of her anus. The sphincter swelled out on its own to press against the finger penetrating it, asking to be rubbed even more.

A trembling wave ran through the white butt with the black fabric riding up in it.

"I'm...going to cum..."

Juices sprayed from her almost frothing nectar field and dirtied the floor. Her damp anal flesh wriggled with intense flowing motions.

"~~~! ~~~~~! ...!"

She restrained her voice as she reached her first anal orgasm at Mutsuki's hand.

"Ha ha. That's amazing."

After hearing the teacher leave and slide the door closed, an impressed laugh escaped Mutsuki. He could feel her anus bulging out while grabbing at his finger.

Machina twisted her body due to the intense waves and her breasts bounced on her chest with a one tempo delay. Not only did her butt wiggle around, but the inside of her anus squeezed shut as if expelling waste. That told him just how deep her pleasure was.

He finally caught her entire body weight when she went limp, like a marionette with its strings cut.

The residual pleasure continued for quite a while afterwards and the girl could not seem to escape her trancelike state.

Mutsuki placed her on the bed and rubbed her back and shoulders.

(I might've gone a little overboard there.)

He felt bad, but it was true his desire had been to embarrass her.

"Phew..."

Machina's breathing finally calmed. Her hips and thighs would still tremble on occasion and some residual pleasure seemed to remain inside her, but her mind had apparently calmed. She first turned to face him.

"Ah..."

She glared at him with somewhat swollen eyes.

She normally had an unreadable half-lidded gaze, but she turned blatant anger his way here. The rare sight made his heart skip a beat.

"...Don't do anything like that again."

Her muscles must have still been worn out because her voice shook a little.

He did feel apologetic, but he was also glad to have seen her lost in so much pleasure. That complex state of mind led him to respond with a vague, noncommittal smile.

"Sorry. That had nothing to do with getting a sperm sample, did it?"

"That isn't what I meant."

A sullen frown came to Machina's expressionless face.

"I want to avoid being seen by anyone but you. It would be incredibly unpleasant."

"Eh?"

"And I do not like seeing you not being your usual kind self."

She looked down in embarrassment for that part.

Mutsuki was briefly caught off guard.

"Kind? Me?"

"Positive."

She must have calmed down because all intonation left her voice and the anger on her face faded.

She gave him her usual unreadable look of a doll.

"It is not unpleasant when it is you."

His expression froze over when he realized his mistake.

He had forgotten how to read her feelings.

The girl named Ibekusa Machina was as expressionless as a doll and left no hint of her feelings in her mechanical words, but there was one way to determine how she felt.

It was a method she had only allowed him.

"Sorry."

"Nn..."

He had learned this ten days before. First, he kissed her and created a lovers' connection between their hearts.

And then...

"Are you sure?"

"Posi...hyah...positive. Not a...nhh...problem..."

The boy lay on his back and the girl wiggled her hips restlessly on top of him.

This was not her first time, but in the ten day gap since that first penetration, her feminine flesh had regained the hardness of that untouched time. This was also her first time forming the union herself, so the docking took some doing.

Still, she forcibly dropped her hips and established the cowgirl position.

"Ah ha ha. Yeah, if you lay here in your swimsuit, Doctor Shiromiya would get mad."

Mutsuki did nothing except enjoy the luxurious view of Ibekusa Machina straddling him in her swimsuit. Each time she irresistibly shook her butt or lowered her hips, her breasts would bounce inside the dark navy material.

"There's something...weird about you today, Fujita-kun."

She looked troubled. She had agreed to this method for extracting his sperm cells, but she seemed displeased with what she was wearing.

Everyone in the class had been interested in her in that swimsuit, but she seemed not to understand that male fetishism or his desire to have that version of her all to himself.

"Ah...nn...hh, hh..."

"It's going in, it's going in. ...Nkh, Ibekusa-san, are you okay?"

"N-not a problem. ...Hh."

She moaned through her nose and continued to restlessly shake her hips.

Mutsuki's voice also trembled in arousal as he helped her form their union. When he had sex, it was usually Micha taking the lead, so he was most experienced with the cowgirl position.

He grabbed her slender waist and sent small vibrations into the folds of flesh wetly wrapping around him.

The gentle vibration softened the shock of penetration. Machina's painful breaths melted away a little and her tensed vagina warmed and softened.

"Ahh... You're easier to get inside than the first time. Are you getting used to this?"

"Uuh..."

She seemed embarrassed that her body could be trained react so indecently so easily. Her entire lovely face flushed.

Their bodies were incredibly compatible, so their sex organs fit together perfectly.

The beads of flesh inside her and the swollen head of his penis seemed made to rub together. She had a habit of tightening down deep inside when she contracted, so those two spots seemed to fuse into a single piece of flesh.

"There..."

"Ah. Ahh...nn. Wait...a little...fwah!"

A light shake of his hips was enough to bring an intense stimulation to

both of them.

Mutsuki's face grew red as her fleshy beads rubbed against him, but the girl's react was even greater.

The greatly swollen head of his penis was rubbing against her G spot, so she could not maintain her expressionless look any longer. The ends of her eyebrows lowered weakly, tears welled up in her eyes, and she tried to suppress the moans that threatened to escape her mouth.

"Was that too much? Sorry. Then you move how you want."

He figured it would be too hard on her to attack her again so soon after making her cum from behind, so he simply lay obediently on the bed.

"Hh...ah...ahn...ahhhn."

She must have been bothered by the "how you want" part of his request because she embarrassedly bit her lip but still began moving her hips as asked.

She initially held back and only fidgeted a bit, but as time passed, she began rhythmically pressing down with her entire lower body and rubbing against his erection. Sticky waves ran through her wet flesh, seeming to lick along him from the base to the tip.

(I still can't tell what she's thinking.)

He was not self-centered enough to assume she was doing this out of love. She was only giving him her body as a member of FeTUS and he was simply taking advantage of the offer. He understood that, but...

"Ah, ahn. Nn, nnh...ahhhh."

Her face could not be called expressionless anymore. She had a look of deep intoxication while both her moans and the speed of rubbing their union together grew in intensity as if to indulge in him.

(I'm the only one that can see this sexual side of her.)

He had this lovely girl all to himself and that was enough to satisfy him.

She shyly moved her hips to indulge in the thick rod inside her. Her breasts bounced with plenty of weight behind them. Simply looking at her built up the desire to ejaculate, so he clenched the sheets in his hands with all his might.

"Akh... You just got even tighter."

"O...only because you're...too big."

"Heh heh. Sorry. But you'll get used to it."

He rubbed his solid pillar against the ridge-like protrusions of the fleshy folds.

"I'll make you just my size and then mine will make you cum right away. I'll make this into my personal pussy."

"~~"

After his unilateral announcement, the girl embarrassedly bit her lower lip and looked to the side.

She looked troubled, but he did see her make an ever-so-slight nod.

At the same time, her body's reaction grew even further and her straddling body twisted obscenely with its white skin contrasting the swimsuit.

(Wow, this angle is really lewd.)

Her shapely butt seemed to automatically bounce up and down as if to accentuate the sheen of the elastic material riding up into it.

The sensation passed through to her skinny belly with the navel visible through the swimsuit and her bust bounced seductively up and down. Her breasts moved so much the nametag grew nearly illegible.

"Fwah!"

He instinctually scooped up those mounds.

"U-um...nnahn."

She grew obedient. Her eyes pleaded weakly with him, but her large bust was too sensitive and her protests turned to indulgent cries as he rolled them around.

"...Ahh...ahhh...Fujita...-kun."

Her eyebrows bent and she intertwined an arm around one hand kneading her breast.

He quickly realized what she meant and reached for the other hand sitting by his navel.

"Ah..."

He smiled gently up at her.

When she noticed, a hint of calm appeared on her blushed face.

They said nothing, but they intertwined the fingers of their two hands.

"Is it easier like this?"

"Y...yes...ah...ah...ahhn..."

Machina seemed to be the type of person who wanted to cling to

something when she was awash with pleasure. As soon as he held her hands, all restraint seemed to leave her body.

Her tight hidden flesh tightened even further and her G spot sucked stickily at the head of his penis. The amount of nectar dripping down his shaft grew and an obscene wet sound rang from deep within their union.

"Fujita...-kun."

She spoke his name with her big toes scraping at the bed sheets.

More than calling for him, it seemed to have escaped subconsciously. Her fingers squeezed his hands even more.

"...Ibekusa-san."

"Hh..."

Simply calling her name was enough for her shoulders to tremble and a seductive passion to permeate the moaning breaths escaping her nose.

Her vaginal flesh tightened with a wavelike motion as it seemed to devour the object embedded inside. Mutsuki intensely moved his hips and Machina received him with the juicy fruits of her breasts bouncing boldly about.

The cheap bed creaked below them.

"Ahn...ahh...Fujita-kun...Fujita...-kun."

"Ibekusa-san...ah, kh...Ibekusa-san."

They had both forgotten everything but the other's name.

The Serpent's Eye and FeTUS meant nothing now. To a third party, they would have looked like a boyfriend and girlfriend skipping class to have sex in the infirmary.

Even they were starting to see it that way.

" ... "

Her breasts moved forcefully within her swimsuit, her hips jerked alluringly left and right, and she lowered her embarrassed expression with obscene moans escaping her elegant nose.

"Um, Ibekusa-san, it's about time."

Mutsuki could feel his penis swelling out to dangerous levels and he just barely managed to remember that this was technically a way of getting a sperm sample.

He could not cum inside her. He had to cum outside.

" ... "

But despite that thought and despite his impending ejaculation, she would not move off of him.

Her beautiful butt bounced up and down to continue the indecent friction.

In fact, she lowered her upper body and wrapped her hands around his shoulders to cling to him.

"Ah..."

She was close enough for him to feel her breath on him and his gaze met her unemotional, half-lidded one.

For the first time, he felt like he could read the thoughts behind those eyes: Don't pull out. Cum like this.

"_____!"

"Nmh..."

He bounced his back up and sucked at her lips. He sucked forcefully as if to make his mark on her sweet-smelling mouth.

That girl's feelings were unreadable and the boy had agonized over not knowing how she felt, but he had almost telepathically read her desire to kiss him.

"I'm cumming, Ibekusa-san. I'm going to pump it all inside."

"Ahhn...nhh, ahh..."

"Even your womb will belong to me."

"...Okay."

Like driving a pile into the ground, he slammed his hips into her thighs.

He pushed her hidden flesh inwards and the tip of his penis hit her cervix. He used a massaging rotating to embed the head in that donut-shaped flesh lid.

"~~ Kh..."

After he had so thoroughly rubbed at her G spot, the sensation of having her womb lifted up proved too much.

Pleasure welled up from deep inside her body, reached the surface, made a sudden reversal, and seemed to sink into the core of her spine.

"Ahhhhhhh♡"

Her spine arched backwards on its own and she cried out in an octave not often heard from her. Her nectar-covered flesh had already contracted

deep inside and wrapped around every contour of his shape.

An intense jerk ran through both their bodies as they locked lips on the bed.



"Kh!"

"Ahh...ahnnnnnn..."

They exchanged sexual cries as if breathing them into each other's mouth.

Thick magma sprayed out into her inner garden that contained her egg cells.

"Hh! Hh!"

Intense heat burst inside her belly. The surge from directly below was so incredible that her entire body writhed without even letting her scream.

Energy seemed to push up within her body and the butt contained in the navy blue fabric bounced up and down. The anal flesh at the center also seemed to have gone mad. A clear fluid sprayed from the gap in that swelling hole.

"Kh...ahh..."

Machina's expressionlessness vanished and her face melted even more erotically than a normal girl as she lost herself in orgasm.

Pleased, Mutsuki felt his mouth loosen a little.

He still knew nothing about her, but that expression was more than enough for the time being.

He was the only one that could make her look like that.

The chime rang.

The next period was starting and someone would likely arrive at the infirmary soon. They needed to head back.

"What about the sperm?"

"...We can do that next time."

They were used to it now, so they kissed once more to signal the end of this time as lovers.

"Mutsukiiiiii!"

Ange ran in just as Machina had changed into her uniform. Mutsuki had fixed his clothing and the bed, so they could hide what they had done.

"Ibekusa Machinaaaaa! Attacking while I was drowning is a cheap trick!"

As soon as Ange saw the situation inside the room, she made her own

assumptions about why a FeTUS member was alone with the Serpent's Eye holder and she moved to stand in front Mutsuki. She had not wanted to turn her back (or rather, her butt) toward him that morning, but she faithfully fulfilled her duties as bodyguard.

She pulled out the silver wings pendant she wore.

It started burning blue and immediately transformed into a sword far too large for a girl her size. It was Prominence, Ange's divine sword.

"Surely you know capturing or attempting to capture a powered individual is in violation of the Deadly Sins of those who live on this earth!"

"Positive."

The two girls glared at each other in an explosive situation.

Ange seemed to think Machina was trying to abduct Mutsuki. He was shocked by how rapidly she had flared up and he frantically tried to stop her, but...

"W-wait, Ange. You've got it all wrong. Ibekusa-san was..."

"...It's fine."

Machina cut in before Ange could argue back.

She chose to stand in a more open position.

"This is the quickest way for the two of us to settle this matter."

"I have deductively concluded that combat is unavoidable in the current situation. Beginning decompression of anti-angel tool. Expanding as a geometric medium in accordance with Poincaré."

A glowing circle appeared on the floor around Machina.

It looked like a magic circle, it contained connected lines and geometric figures, and it ultimately formed runes.

FeTUS Witches Miss E was demonstrating her willingness to fight, so Ange lowered her hips in preparation.

"I won't kill you, but I will hurt you as much as I can!"

Silent and chilly killer intent clashed between them, proving that was no mere threat.

She had monitored the other for ten days in case she did something, but now that Machina was targeting Mutsuki (or so Ange thought), she knew exactly what to do as a guardian angel.

"I don't care if you're some high level FeTUS member! How much can a mere human do without a Springloaded!?"

Ange charged in to take the first strike.

"Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

She instantly filled the gap and swung her large sword.

No normal person could have reacted to her speed, but Miss E did one quick thing in response: she tapped her toes on the circle drawn on the floor.

"The Springloaded..."

In that instant...

"...!?"

"...are nothing more than tools given the power to move. That is, that have been 'loaded with a spring'."

Ange's charge was forcibly stopped.

The concrete floor suddenly swelled up as if creating a wall to protect the circle's master.

"So if we give them the power to move, any tool can become a Springloaded."

"Gh!"

Ange could easily slice apart the twenty centimeter thick concrete wall, but she still had to stop her charge.

And in the instant she killed her momentum, the bisected wall lowered back into the floor.

This time, it became a stepping stone for its master.

"—————!"

A slender arm gently touched the border between Ange's shoulder and arm.

That was all it took to seal the movements of the most powerful guardian angel. Her divine sword's size meant centrifugal force was necessary to wield it, so she could not swing it with that point restrained.

Even with power that exceeded human knowledge, she could not escape the laws of physics while in this world.

"Corona!!"

Even so, the angel continued her attack. Blue flames burst from her back to form wings and assaulted Machina from point-blank range.

However...

"..."

"Heat radiating fibers!?"

At some point, the golden circle had moved from the floor to the air to protect the Witch.

The glowing runes distorted the path of the blue flames, diverting them in a harmless direction. Plus, the angel was unguarded with her focus turned toward her own back.

"Khah!"

One leg was taken out with a heel and she was brought to the ground much like a judo throw.

The throw was powerful enough to crack the rubber tiles of the floor and the smash the concrete beneath. Even Ange was left feeling dizzy.

Mutsuki had known how powerful his angel bodyguard was, so he had been worried that Machina would be injured and was left dumbfounded by this complete reversal of his expectations.

Meanwhile...

"Tools only demonstrate their true ability when utilized by those with intelligence. That is..."

Machina brought her fingers to the partition next to the bed. The magic circle moved there and audibly transformed the metal pipes and curtain.

"The Springloaded only demonstrate their true power when used by the humans who hold the Fruit of Knowledge."

A total of three pipes came to life – the two that had acted as legs and the one to support the curtain. The two fused together in an L-shape and the final one gained a long, narrow point on the end.

After the curtain rolled up and connected to both ends of the curving pipes, the final one was nocked as an arrow.

"You should not assume that those who use a tool are weaker than the tool."

"Gh..."

When Ange finally recovered from her rattled brain, Machina was pointing the tip of her giant bow and arrow at the angel's throat.

The battle was over. Mutsuki had not even had time to rush in and stop

them. In only about five seconds, the most powerful guardian angel had been soundly beaten.

"As I assume you can now see, FeTUS has an extreme advantage against angels in combat."

The girl saw the defeat on the angel's face and pulled back her weapon without finishing her off.

She summoned the golden magic circle again and returned the broken floor and partition to normal. She brought the bent metal and torn fabric back together and they returned to normal as if by magic.

Mutsuki had seen the powers of an angel like Ange and a demon like Lucia, but he was amazed that a fellow human could do something like that. Ange's mind seemed to have gone similarly blank after her overwhelming loss.

"And now I will tell you what I initially wished to discuss here."

Machina faced them after returning everything to normal.

"There is currently some unrest within FeTUS's command structure, so Fujita-kun is being targeted by one of the FeTUS Witches."

"_____"

"She is Miss C...aka Black Cat. She is more powerful than me."

Her plain voice was no different from normal. Her tone was neither heated nor icy.

But Mutsuki could no longer think it sounded like a machine.

"She is extremely dangerous. She will use any means necessary, she does not care about any secondary damage she might cause, and she enjoys combat. She will likely attempt to kill her target's bodyguard... which means you, Jiyuuni Ange. You cannot fight her off, so I recommend you flee."

"Flee!? Like hell I'll do that! I would never-..."

" ... "

" ... "

Ange snapped back, but she could say nothing in response to Machina's silent look. She was not stupid enough to deny she had just suffered a definitive loss.

"If you hear the sound of a bell, escape immediately."

That was all Machina had to say, so she turned her back.

"Wh-why did...you tell us that?"

The boy's trembling voice pursued her as she began to leave the room.

She looked back from the doorway and glanced at Ange.

"We cannot get along. FeTUS is incompatible with angels and demons. But as a personal opinion, I feel no reason to take a hostile stance against you."

She then looked directly at Mutsuki.

"I am not your enemy."

Then she left.

Left behind, Mutsuki was confident of something from the expressionless expression he had seen on her face.

She could do it.

She could get along with the others.

However...

"That...damn human...!"

Ange returned her beloved sword to its pendant form and her voice trembled in humiliation.

It looked like it was still going to take some time on this end.

Adolescent Adam 2: Chapter 3 - Poolside Taboo

Angels were weak against humans, humans against demons, and demons against angels.

That three-way deadlock seemed to create an extremely decisive gap between them.

A swing of Prominence sliced a screeching black amoeba in two. A bloody smell was scattered around even as the blue flames coming from the sword burnt it down to ashes.

It was a type of demon servant known as a Succubus and Mutsuki had seen them before.

They were muddy black liquid creatures that could appear from even the smallest gap. Mutsuki himself had no way of fighting them, but he did not fear them. Demons were weak against angels, so they could not even get close while Ange was protecting him.

"Let's go."

After blowing away the scorched remains of the Succubus with the blue wings growing from her back, the girl returned her sword to its pendant form and began walking like nothing had happened.

Mutsuki quickly followed. It was not even eight in the morning and they were on their way to school.

"Th-thanks, Ange. Like always."

"It's my job."

Not only did she show no hint of joy at her victory, but she gave an indifferent response and put on a lopsided frown.

Mutsuki sighed as he caught up with her fairly fast pace.

She still seemed to be in a bad mood.

"Looks like the Succubi are attacking on their own, but were you okay, Mutsuki-kun?"

"Yeah, I'm fine."

"Really? You aren't hurt anywhere? Let me see, let me see."

"I'm not hurt. ...And quit pulling off my clothes."

It was before morning homeroom and Lucia was sitting on his lap again.

This happened every morning and it could be a bit of a problem, so Mutsuki looked back toward Ange in hope of some help.

She was resting her head on her hand and sullenly staring out the window.

Three days had passed since Machina had beaten her so soundly. Ever since, she had been apathetic to almost everything except her bodyguard job. She would not glare at him even when he was getting along with a demon like Lucia. The defeat must have really hurt her pride.

"Sorry about that. I want to do something about it, but demons generally only act out of their own self-interest. The Succubi have no intelligence and they only listen to what their master says."

Lucia gave an exaggerated shrug while sitting on the edge of the desk.

Mutsuki did not know how much he could trust the demon boy, but this was how he explained it:

The demons other than him had been quiet for the past month because they feared Mutsuki's angel bodyguard, but they were growing more and more restless and less and less able to resist interfering with Mutsuki. That had grown especially true in the past three days due to FeTUS's actions. (Which according to Machina was the incident concerning Black Cat.)

The Succubi had been staying away before, but now they were attacking much more often. That was not much of a problem since Ange could slaughter them instantly, but this confirmed what Micha had said about dangerous elements existing in both FeTUS and the demons. He trembled with his newfound awareness that he was a target.

But at the same time...

"Mutsuki-kun? Muutsuukii-kun."

"Hm? Oh, sorry."

He looked up as Lucia waved a hand in front of his face.

"Are you tired? ...Maybe it's because of us demons."

"N-no, I just zoned out for a second there. I'm not tired."

In truth, one of the reasons for his mental weariness really was the sudden increase in demon attacks, but he shook his head to deny it.

The boy frowned in anguish, but his friendly smile returned when Mutsuki smiled. It was a lovely smile that made Mutsuki grin all the more.

Meanwhile...

"..."

"Oh, Ibekusa-san."

As always, Ibekusa Machina arrived a few minutes before homeroom.

Three days had passed, but the Black Cat she had warned them about had yet to show up and Machina herself had not contacted them again since.

She had gone back to being a normal classmate. She was her usual quiet self.

"Good morning."

"...Good morning."

She had gone back to being a classmate who would coolly reply when he greeted her.

Once the teacher arrived, Lucia returned to his own seat.

With Serpent's Eye Holder Fujita Mutsuki at the center, FeTUS Witches Ibekusa Machina sat to the left, High Level Demon Satowa Lucia sat to the back, and Strongest Modern Angel Jiyuuni Ange sat diagonally back.

It had been almost two weeks since that arrangement had been established.

All four were getting along just fine as members of the class. Ange could be irritable, but she was not a bad girl. Both Machina and Lucia

had blended into the school nearly perfectly.

(At the very least, all of us are fine.)

Afterschool, Mutsuki sat alone in the empty classroom lit by the setting sun.

No one else was there. Sakae and his other friends had club activities and committee meetings, Machina had quickly left school, and Lucia had vanished at some point too.

Ange was at the pool. She was so bad at swimming that she was receiving a special afterschool lesson from the PE teacher and the swim team.

Mutsuki could not leave without her, so he had to kill some time at school.

His current situation naturally came to mind.

" ... "

When he sorted through his thoughts, it was a simple matter.

He had the power of the Serpent's Eye and both FeTUS and the demons were after it. Both groups were gradually taking more drastic measures.

Also, Lucia and Machina were opposed to those violent methods.

(Even Micha-san said I could get along with those two.)

He had reached the same conclusion over the past two weeks living surrounded by angels, a demon, and humans.

(It can be hard to tell what Lucia-kun is thinking at times, but I know I can with Ibekusa-san. After all...)

He was confident he could be friends with her.

(She told me about that Black Cat person.)

At that point...

"...?"

He heard the clear sound of a bell.

The tone passed pleasantly through his ears and cut off his thoughts.

"Wah!!"

"Fweh!? What, what!?"

He had thought he was alone, but someone was standing behind him and he nearly fell from his seat.

The other person also cried out in surprise and opened their eyes wide.

"...K-Kurikara-san? You really scared me."

"No, you scared me. Why did you suddenly shout like that?"

His usually noisy classmate Kurikara Saya had appeared silently.

"What's going on? You don't often stick around afterschool."

She was friends with everyone in the class and knew a lot about them all. She tilted her head as she asked her question. She also tilted her entire body, which was childish and cute.

"I'm waiting for Ange. This is the day for those who can't swim to stay behind, remember?"

"Oh, yeah."

A charming smile covered her face.

"That was really surprising. Ange-chan is so athletic, but she can't seem to make any progress when it comes to swimming."

"Ah ha ha. That's right. You're always sticking with her during swimming class, aren't you? Sorry she's so much trouble."

"Think nothing of it."

She sat on a nearby desk to continue their chat.

"What about you, Kurikara-san? Don't you have to get to your club activities?"

"I'm about to. I was hungry after class, so I stopped by the school store and they had a whollllle bunch of discount pudding. I ended up eating too much. Eh heh heh."

"Try not to eat so many snacks."

"Mhh. Don't say that."

Mutsuki did not have many female friends because he was fairly shy at the core, but he could hold a conversation with Kurikara who got along with all of their classmates.

But now that he thought about it, this was his first time alone with her.

She had a plump feminine build and a smile that suited her bright personality.

In the reddish light of the setting sun, she looked somehow mature.

"Are you okay like this?"

"Eh?"

"Are you okay being away from Ange-chan?"

She almost seemed like another person entirely.

"...Okay? Why wouldn't I be?"

"Well, the two of you are always together, so I thought maybe there was a reason why you couldn't be apart."

"..."

She was still smiling, but she stared directly at him with a somehow sharp look in her eyes.

There was indeed a reason why they could not be apart. Ange was his bodyguard, so she was normally with him at all times. However, no one else should have known about that.

"Not really. W-we're relatives, so we just happen to be together a lot."

He stumbled over his words a little. The class had found out he and

Ange were living together, so they had explained it by saying they were relatives.

"Hmm," she said while staring at him with a knowing look. "Relatives, you say?"

A somehow depthless giggle escaped her throat.

He usually got along with her better than any other girl in the school – even Ange – but for some reason he felt a chill run down his spine.

"By the way."

It may have been the reddish sunlight, but her usual friendly expression had transformed into an oddly bewitching smile as she glanced over to the seat behind the boy.

"You get along well with Satowa-kun, don't you?"

"Well, yes, I suppose I do."

"Well enough that he would come for you if you called for him?"

"N-not that well."

"I see, I see."

She giggled again with a somehow probing look on her face. Only then did he realize that she no longer had the bright eyes of his classmate.

Her eyes were angled sharply upwards like those of a wild animal eyeing its prey.

The twilight of late spring entered the classroom.

As that setting sunlight washed over him, a warm sweat began pouring down his back.



"Hey, is anyone still in here?"

A sudden voice broke the thread of tension.

Katsue-sensei, their homeroom teacher, poked her head in from the hallway. She frowned suspiciously when she noticed a boy and a girl alone together.

"I'm about to lock up, so head on home."

"Oh. Okayyy!"

In that instant, Saya returned to being her usual eternal optimist self. She turned around with a bright expression on her face and ran off.

"Bye, Fujita-kun. See you tomorrow♪"

"S-see you."

His strength left him and his chair creaked below him. The teacher was still looking his way, so he gathered his things to leave.

At that point, he heard the quiet sound of a bell once more.

Saya left the classroom without looking back.

Mutsuki could not remain in the school building. He had a feeling that being alone was a bad idea. That bad feeling led him to the pool so he could wait for Ange to finish up.

The swimming lesson was being led by volunteers from the swim team. Nearly thirty students from Megutono Academy's elementary, middle, and high schools who had trouble swimming were doing their best with a kickboard in one hand.

Incidentally, anyone could choose to join in even if they did not have any real trouble with swimming.

"Ahhh! Mutsuki-kun♥♥"

As he peered in through the fence, Ange's was not the first familiar face he spotted. Or rather, that he was spotted by.

"Lucia-kun."

Mutsuki was surprised to have his name called so loudly and the demon boy in swim trunks immediately ran over like a puppy. He had no trouble with swimming. In fact, he had broken the school's records for the crawl and the butterfly. He was apparently just having fun.

"What is it? Are you here to swim? ...Or did you come to see me?♪"

He brought his face close to the fence. He had his usual bewitching attraction that affected both sexes equally, so he gathered gazes from the pool behind him. Mutsuki shook his head with a bitter smile as if embarrassed to be taking all of the boy's friendliness for himself.

The pool was packed full of people, but he quickly found who he was looking for. He could see a drowning redhead in the practice course for the (mainly elementary school) students who could not swim 25m with a kickboard.

Lucia pouted his lips in displeasure.

"It's gonna take a while still for that angel. Wait there. I'll head out to meet you♥"

He could leave at any time since he was taking part voluntarily, so he ran toward the exit for this higher priority. He passed through the disinfectant tub and the simple shower and then entered the locker room.

Mutsuki made his way to the locker room from the outside. He could not bear the looks of the people who were angry that Lucia had left.

Plus, there was something he wanted to discuss with the demon boy.

Megutono Academy's pool had surprisingly luxurious facilities. It had a normal pool and one with a shallow end of the elementary school, so that alone meant the surrounding facilities had to cost twice as much as well.

But the boys changed in the classroom for swimming classes, so one had to join the swim team to take advantage of it all.

These extra lessons were considered part of the swim team's activities, so the facilities had been opened for everyone.

Mutsuki entered the boy's locker room which was well drained and

ventilated, so it barely smelled mildewy at all. No one else was there at the moment, so it was just him and Lucia.

"Pfahh~~"

Lucia happily let warm water wash over his face in the shower space.

There was an accordion curtain installed, but the boy did not bother closing it.

"..."

The boy in only swim trunks was surrounded by a thin layer of steam and Mutsuki's eyes were naturally drawn to the slight flushing of his white skin.

It may have been due to his youthful skin, but he had no real flesh from his small collarbone to his navel and yet he seemed somehow round.

He was skinny but not quite enough to see his ribs and his small butt stuck out below. His thighs had no fat on them either.

He had none of the feminine roundness of Micha or Machina, but his small body was somehow enchanting and tickled at the male psyche. The way he washed his blond hair was oddly sexual and Mutsuki's heart began to race as he watched it.

And...

"Eh heh heh♥♥"

" ... "

The bewitching boy suddenly turned toward him with a melting look of happiness on his face.

It was a dangerously cute smile that seemed to stab into Mutsuki's heart. The expression could capture the heart of both boys and girls. Mutsuki saw it on a daily basis, but his heart still skipped a beat and he looked away.

"I'm glad♪"

"Eh?"

"That you aren't afraid of me anymore. You used to be so on edge when I would get close, right? But now you act normal even when we're alone."

Mutsuki realized the boy was right. They had been classmates for two weeks now, but this was the first time they had been alone together. It felt like Lucia had made sure only to stick around him when Ange could see.

Was that not to scare him?

"...Um."

Mutsuki raised his head and looked the boy directly in the eye.

He had been thinking about this for a month now.

His first impression of Lucia had been too frightening. Lucia was clearly the one who had dragged Mutsuki into his current abnormal life and he had heard a lot about how frightening the demons were from Micha and Ange.

But he had held a certain thought in his heart ever since seeing the boy's smile for the first time.

"I have a question."

"Yeah?"

Was it possible this boy was the farthest of anyone from being his enemy?

"Demons...can't get along with angels, can they?"

He tried asking and Lucia must have been able to tell he was not joking.

"That's right."

The demon boy continued smiling and did not hesitate to answer.

"The relationship between angels and demons isn't simply divided between good and evil as humans like to interpret it, but our very existences are eternally at odds. There's no way we can get along."

"...Really? There isn't even a slight possibility?"

"Nope."

There was no hesitation at all in his voice.

This was unfortunate, but Mutsuki had honestly expected it. After all, Machina had told him pretty much the same thing.

"Then...what about you?"

"?"

"I'm asking your personal opinion, not your view as a demon. Can't you get along with the angels...with Ange?"

He placed his hopes on that question and took a step forward.

Ibekusa Machina had said she would not oppose the angels on a personal level.

That was good enough for now, so he hoped he could get a similar

promise here.

Lucia blinked his eyes from the other boy's overwhelmingly earnest plea, but he seemed to have caught on. He swept back the bangs that were hanging down from the running shower water.

"Not a chance. I hate angels."

He coldly turned the other way, so Mutsuki frowned.

"They're violent and don't have a lick of tact. They call themselves bodyguards, but that's just an excuse to drive away whoever they don't like. Isn't that Ange angel nothing but trouble for you too, Mutsuki-kun?"

"Th-that isn't..."

"But."

Ange was nearly family to Mutsuki and he just about jumped in to say she had her good side too, but the demon sidestepped him with a mischievous smile.

He grabbed Mutsuki's blue striped tie and pulled to bring the boy's face down toward him. Some shower droplets bounced from Lucia's face and onto Mutsuki's cheeks.

The demon boy who had captured the hearts of boys and girls throughout the school looked up at him with truly bewitching eyes.

"If you tell me to, I'll stop."

He whispered from lips so lovely that Mutsuki wanted to abandon reason and suck at them.

"I'll do anything you tell me. Anything."

"_____"

The demon's sweet whispering voice seemed to freeze his heart. He felt completely glued to the spot as if he had been paralyzed.

No. It was him himself that could not take his eyes off of Lucia.

The demon boy brought a finger to the boy's unguarded lips.

"Give me any command and I'll obey. It's all up to you."

He brought his face close while tracing his finger around the boy's lips.

"Ever since I was bound by Avalon, I have been your eternal slave."

His lips were two millimeters away, but he stopped and narrowed his eyes in a smile.

"Uuh..."

Mutsuki trembled as he felt the same sweet breath of another boy he had felt when his first kiss had been stolen.

He could not help but recall how soft that fruit was.

That boy's aura transformed any disgust toward homosexuality into mere guilt. He had a strange charm similar to Micha's. It was forceful and yet it made Mutsuki do whatever he was told.

Indeed, Mutsuki felt no displeasure from facing the boy so close.

"Then..."

The eyes peering into his from point-blank range had endlessly deep green irises that seemed to suck him in.

"Get along with everyone."

"Okay♥"

Lucia readily nodded and Mutsuki recalled what the boy had said that morning: demons generally only act out of their own self-interest.

"Oh, b-but...not like this."

However, he lowered his head as far as his tie would allow.

"This isn't about you being a slave or me ordering you. We're, um, all the same. I just want you to, um, uh..."

"?"

Lucia's quizzical tilt of the head was incredibly cute. Mutsuki had started speaking before organizing his thoughts, so it came out awkwardly.

"...b-be everyone's friend."

But he still got it out without averting his gaze.

Lucia widened his eyes and looked a little confused. He lowered his head as if trying to figure out what to do.

Once he looked up again, his bewitching smile had been replaced by a childish one.

"...Eh heh heh♪"

"Fwah!"

The boy tugged on Mutsuki's tie. They had already been close, so he was easily pulled forward and dragged into the shower space while still

wearing his uniform. Lucia wrapped his hands around Mutsuki's back and placed his small forehead on Mutsuki's collarbone.

The demon boy rubbed his cheek against his friend's chest like a baby and gently stretched his back to bring his lips to the side of Mutsuki's face.

"I love that about you."

"Eh? U-um..."

"Hey."

The whisper tickled Mutsuki's earlobe, but he was not allowed to escape.

"If we're all the same...♥"

Closing the accordion curtain's magnetic latch and wrapping up the rope used as a handle created a simple private area within.

Mutsuki just accepted that his clothes were going to get wet and sat on the shower floor. Lucia sat on his lap such that Mutsuki embraced the demon boy's slender body from behind.

"Um, are we really doing this?"

"Of. Course. Or what? Are you not going to treat me the same as that angel?"

When the demon put it like that, he had no choice but to go along with it.

"If we're the same, then do to me what you did to her♥ ...Or will you go even further and do what you did with Ibekusa Machina?"

"~~"

Mutsuki had nothing to say when the boy used his own words against him.

That was a reference to the day he had first had sex with Machina two weeks before. He had also ended up in a heavy petting session with Ange. He had stripped her nearly naked and caressed her breasts and butt until she pissed herself.

He had no idea how Lucia knew about that, but the demon was telling him to do the same here.

He could not say no. He decided this was better than treating him "the same" as with Machina, so he began caressing his body which was even smaller than Ange's.

"Nn...Ha ha♥♥"

The hands on the boy's belly slowly began to move and Lucia narrowed his eyes ticklishly.

"Your hands...are so warm. And so wonderfully gentle."

Lucia acted like a spoiled little brother wanting attention from his big brother. Or like a teenage girl receiving an embrace from her crush. His innocent expression seemed to melt.

(Wow...)

Mutsuki felt his heart pounding at this expression he would never see from mature Machina or dignified Ange.

He could hardly believe this was a boy. In fact, it was so cute the distinction between sexes stopped mattering to him. Even a normal person like Mutsuki felt a strange arousal from caressing this body.

(This body is so delicate. It's a little bony...but also squishy.)

He was easily captured by a dangerously enticing homosexual attraction and his hands moved from the boy's belly to his chest, armpits, and thighs.

"Ah...ahh."

His smooth skin was still wet from the shower, so it was amusingly slippery.

His height was similar to Ange's and they were similarly slender, but the feel of his skin was quite different. Ange had the springy skin of a Caucasian while Lucia had the more elastic skin found in the black and Asian races.

His body was slender but not quite enough to see his bones and Mutsuki found himself gathering strength in his hands at how raw it felt.

"Ahn!"

His fingers dug into the soft chest that lacked the fat of a girl's.

"S-sorry. Did that hurt?"

"No, I'm fine."

Mutsuki panicked when Lucia wrinkled his brow, but...

"If you're the one doing it...then I like being hurt."

Lucia looked back over his shoulder and laughed with a bittersweet, indulgent smile.

Even his behavior was cute. The boy was a genius at working his way

into people's hearts in everything he did.

Mutsuki did not know if it came naturally or if it was all carefully calculated, but either way...

(I need to be gentler.)

Mutsuki had already fallen for his tricks.

He gently traced a line from the boy's slender shoulders to his chest that almost seemed to be budding ever so slightly, to the smooth indentation leading to his navel, and to his lower stomach.

"Hyah... M-Mutsuki-kun? The way you're touching me...it's..."

"You don't like it?"

"It isn't that. I-it tickles."

Mutsuki switched from a light, stroking touch to something closer to a massage. Heat filled his caress. Not only did he increase his strength, he traced a finger down the demon boy's side, starting from the armpit, and rubbed his palms up and down while just barely touching him.

"Nn... Nnh... Ahhn."

After priming the boy's nerves, he unexpectedly grabbed the flesh of

his chest.

He had learned this massage technique from Micha. His surprisingly skillful finger technique caused Lucia to blush all the way out the ears.

(Satowa Lucia-kun. ...He really is a boy.)

Mutsuki reviewed the situation here. Even if he looked almost exactly like a girl, the person writhing in his hands was definitely a boy.

But Mutsuki no longer even viewed that as a taboo.

(I want to see him in even more pleasure.)

"Hyahahn."

He plucked out the small beads somewhat buried in Lucia's areola.

He skillfully used his thumbs to roll around those stiff and raised points. Lucia must have been extremely sensitive because his sparkling white shoulders jerked to either side.

(What in the world am I doing? This is a boy.)

A part of him did think that, but...

"Nhah... Y-yes... Fwah ha...♥ You're...so good at this..."

"R-right."

The rational part of his mind could not withstand those sweet moans that seemed to pour honey directly into his brain. Even though Mutsuki was the one doing this, the demon boy may have truly been the one in control.

With each caress, he felt like more impure energy was invading his mind.

"Ah."

At some point the object that had grown hard in his pants touched Lucia's butt through both the pants and swimsuit.

Mutsuki quickly pulled his hips back, but...

"Heh heh♪"

Lucia laughed quietly and stuck his butt out as much as Mutsuki had pulled away.

Without actually pressing down on it, he traced his butt in a figure 8 over the fabric of the pants. The sensual roundness beyond the swimsuit moved provocatively up and down the surface of Mutsuki's erection.

" ... "

Completely at the demon boy's mercy, Mutsuki pressed against his butt just as he was being invited to do.

(Ahhhh.... It's so soft. More...more...)

He was briefly entranced by the demon boy's flesh that seemed to envelop his protruding rod when he pressed against it.

He lost himself in thrusting his hips like an elementary school boy that had just discovered how good toying with his erection felt. The fact that this was another boy no longer bothered him. In fact, Lucia had less flesh than a girl, which supplied more pressure and thus more pleasure.

"Nnah... W-wow. Mutsuki-kun, you're so big...and throbbing...ahn."

Lucia could feel his beloved boy's breaths on his shoulder and the tempo of his own breathing grew as Mutsuki's breaths grew more animalistic.

"Am I...making you feel good...?♥"

His eyebrows drooped from uncontained glee and he turned to face the boy right next to him.

Their gazes met.

"...Nh."

As if it were perfectly natural, their lips met.

All of Mutsuki's previous homosexual kisses had been "stolen", but this one was "accepted".

"Nhah, ahhn. Mutsuki-kun, Mutsuki-kuuun...♥♥"

All of his guilty thoughts were sent into Lucia's mouth and erased by the demon boy's intoxicated and nasal voice. Mutsuki grew dizzy from the perverse pleasure and deepened their kiss as Lucia wanted.

He extended his tongue and stuck it inside a mouth that felt like melting chocolate.

The demon boy's mouth had plenty of saliva and had a horribly lewd flavor. Mutsuki lost himself in it and almost seemed to be devouring the boy's mouth.

Then Lucia stuck out his own tongue.

"Mfh...khn."

Mutsuki could not help but let out a voice.

The joint of Lucia's jaw was soft and he could extend his tongue quite a ways. The saliva-covered tongue moved skillfully in every direction. The boy was simply a good kisser.

His saliva had the seductive aroma of an aphrodisiac and his rough tongue applied it directly to Mutsuki's taste buds.

(I-I think I'm a lost cause...)

After experiencing this pleasure, Mutsuki felt he really would turn gay. He would be unable to love anyone but this boy named Lucia. The kiss was filled with that danger.

He knew he should not be doing this and that he needed to stop, but his tongue actively wrapped itself around the boy's. An obscene wet sound escaped from within their bodies.

But one thing preserved the last thread of rational thought in his mind.

"Nmh...Hh, kph, nkh..."

Partway through, Lucia let out a sweet nasal voice as if to say he had been worn down.

While enjoying the kiss, the demon boy's face had grown flushed.

(Oh... That's right.)

Mutsuki was not the only one growing aroused from the kiss.

Once he realized that obvious fact, he brought his fingers to the boy's small nipples.

"Hyan...! Hyah, M-Mutsuki...-kun. That's...that's amazing!"

The adorable pink at the very front of his smoothly swollen chest was entirely engorged. The protrusions at the center were twice their original size.

Now that they were easier to toy with, Mutsuki traced his fingers in a round curve and pinched the pleasantly elastic areolae.

"Ee...kh. Khyah. I...I can't..."

As Mutsuki stroked and rubbed the obscene protrusions, Lucia's moans rose an octave.

His arousal seemed to have crossed a line. He rubbed his twitching thighs together impatiently, ended the kiss, and arched his spine back.

"Hkee...ee...ee..."

His blond hair struck his face and the strong scent of a boy's sweat scattered.

"Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeen!"

An immodest scream echoed through the shower space and the locker room as a whole.

Mutsuki looked up in shock and immediately removed his hands from the boy's sexual protrusions. Lucia's back remained motionlessly stiff for a while and then all strength left him.

"Nhah...♥ Pant...♥ Pant...♥"

He let out breaths of ecstasy and leaned his entire weight on Mutsuki.

His consciousness seemed to leave him for a few minutes and, all the while, he could only manage the primitive twitching movements of a slug when it was touched.

Once he finally returned from his state of ecstasy, he gave an embarrassed-sounding laugh.

"Eh heh heh. ...Honestly, you're too rough♥"

"Eh? Um... Sorry."

"Just my chest was enough to make me cum like a girl."

Lucia twisted his hips to check on the contents of his swimsuit and then looked up at Mutsuki half in delight and half in embarrassment.

Mutsuki was unfamiliar with the concept of “cumming like a girl” aka a dry orgasm, so he was a little confused.

However, when Lucia brought his lips in close again, he felt perfectly comfortable licking at them.

“Nhah...♪ What a strong smell. It’s almost enough to make me cum♥”

After getting wet in the shower, the moisture had vaporized and filled Mutsuki’s pants with a horribly damp smell.

Lucia happily brought his face in close to the object rising toward the ceiling which he had removed from Mutsuki’s boxers.

(M-maybe we shouldn’t be doing this between guys.)

In a way, this was a bigger deal than losing his virginity. Now that he calmed down a little, he began to have doubts, but he could not stop Lucia once the demon boy grabbed the erect object with his springy hands.

(But...we did do this once before.)

Even if it had been against his will, he had been milked by Lucia’s lips once already.

(And it is Lucia-kun.)

That thought erased all sense of the taboo.

"Ahh... I love you, Mutsuki-kun♥"

With that sweet whisper, Lucia wrapped his saliva-covered tongue around the "gun barrel".

Mutsuki was at the boy's mercy. He only leaned back against the wall, stretched his legs, and let out a short groan as he indulged in the small round face of another boy.

Lucia relaxed his cheeks in delight, rubbed the base of the shaft a few times, and finally widened his flexible jaw to swallow the head.

"Nkh...ahhn."

He was the one who cried out in delight when he gave a love bite to the hot shaft.

He noisily sucked at the crown and traced his soft tongue along the bottom of the swollen head. Plenty of saliva dripped down.

He held the base in his fingers and looked up with the gaze of an obedient dog.

"Your dick is delicious, Mutsuki-kun... Eh heh. Ever since I sucked it that first time, I've been thinking back on it and masturbating. But, but..."

He sniffed at the sweaty sexual scent of a young boy.

"Mutsuki-kun... Does my mouth feel good?"

"...Yes."

When Mutsuki saw the indulgent look in the boy's eyes, he did not hesitate to nod.

This was not flattery. He felt bad making the comparison, but this boy seemed more skilled than Machina or even Micha.

(He takes it in to the base...and completely envelops it. ...Ah, ah, his tongue is hitting all my weak points...)

Perhaps because he too was a boy, Lucia knew all of Mutsuki's weak points. Simply being enveloped by the boy's incredibly soft mouth was almost enough to reach climax. Lucia's tongue crawled stickily across the sensitive groove at the bottom of the head and his soft lips endlessly stroked up and down the engorged shaft.

"Eh heh heh. I'm glad. If you're ever feeling horny, you can use me. My mouth is yours alone."

Mutsuki had said he only had to be a friend, but Lucia smiled with the

masochistic look of a slave in his eyes as he lovingly caressed each bulging vein.

Simply taking the penis into his mouth had clearly obscenely reignited his body. As he took the head deep into his narrow throat, his small butt lifted from the floor and wiggled back and forth.

"Nn, Lucia-kun. Wait."

"Fweh? ...Ahn."

Mutsuki had been further seduced by the boy's apparent attempt to remove his swimsuit without using his hands.

Mutsuki reached for the slender butt contained in the elastic black material.

"Ahh...ahn♥ Ah, nn, M-Mutsuki-kun. ...Ahhh, no...not the butt..."

As the soft, elastic butt tried to escape his hand and he tried to capture it, his touch grew more indecent than intended. The intoxicated tone in Lucia's voice grew further.

His fingers naturally moved to the center of the boy's round flesh. He was drawn by that deep indentation. He felt no disgust for that place after trying it with Micha and Machina already. He could feel the heat of the valley through the thin swimsuit.

"Nkh...nfhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhn."

At just a light touch to the wrinkled indentation, Lucia tensed his hips, spat out the erection, and let out a cry.

"Pwah...No, noooooooooooo... Not...not the butt!"

With tears and drool covering his face, his cheek bumped into the flesh pillar covered in plenty of saliva.

"Oh? You're weak there?"

"Y-yes... So...don't touch me too much..."

However...

"Nooooooooooo! You meanieeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!"

When Mutsuki pushed his finger in to the first joint, the boy's back tensed as much as during his previous orgasm. He bent back violently enough for even his flat chest to jiggle a little.

"Ah, ah, nooooo. My butt, my butt...♥ Don't...don't touch it like that... don't rub it... Hyah, not the edge. Not the eeeedge♥"

He was indeed quite sensitive there. As he cried out, his usual confidence had entirely vanished.

The tip of Mutsuki's middle finger seemed to have turned him into a small child. Delighted to have revealed this rare side of the boy, Mutsuki wiggled his finger even more. He tugged on the flesh on either side, pulled at the tensed wrinkles, and sent his finger inside through the swimsuit.

"No, no. Not the butt! Just thinking about you is enough to make it melt...and turn into a pussy just for you!"

"Good. If you're weak there, then I'll make sure you feel even better."

"Nooo. You have to be next. You have to cum next. I need to make you feel good too."

Having his anus fingered had brought the demon boy to tears, but he still managed to bring the flesh rod back into his mouth.

"Ahhh..."

Like a young child who did not know how to use a straw, his cheeks sucked in as he sucked at the urethra and moved his entire head back and forth to stroke the shaft with his lips.

Before, he had seemed to be enjoying the act of service, but now his blowjob was entirely meant to draw out Mutsuki's cum. Mutsuki had yet to climax and he felt something like a chill in his balls.

"I think...I'm about to cum. Lucia-kun...ah!"

"Ee! Fwahh... Not so roughhhhhh!"

Mutsuki's finger tensed and drove deep inside Lucia's anus.

The shock was enough for Lucia's hips to writhe in every direction with his dark navy swim trunks still on. He seemed to be searching for any kind of stimulation for the "front" that had yet to be touched.

"Ahhh, dig in♥ More, more, Mutsuki-kuun! Dig into my ass! Stir me all up insiiiiiiide♥♥♥"

The pleasure from his anus must have begun another "girl's climax" because his slender body twisted obscenely with his nipples fully erect.

"Nyaaaah! I love...I love it in the butt. I love being teased in the butt♥"

"Lucia-kun... I'm about to cum too..."

"Nhaaaah♥ Ahh, yes, yes♥ Cum...cum a whole bunch♥ In my mouth! Spray all your sex milk in my mouth♥"

What sex he was no longer mattered. In fact, this carnal homosexual love wrapped Mutsuki's lower body in a tingling guilty pleasure that he could easily grow addicted to.

"Ah, ah...! I'm cumming!"

A fiery ball of pleasure raced up his urethra and he could not help but thrust his hips forward.

The tip of the massive flesh entered Lucia's throat. The demon boy briefly moaned in agony but then gave a happy snort. Since Mutsuki was doing it, even pain was transformed into pleasure.

"...Ah!"

As Mutsuki felt Lucia's springy butt squeezing down on his finger, a tremendous torrent of fluids poured into the boy's mouth as he gasped for breath.



"Nkh...hh...hnhhhhh...♥♥♥"

The quantity, smell, and stickiness of the fluid were just about enough to make the demon boy choke as it was sprayed into his throat, but that finally brought him to a boy's orgasm.

His slender hips twitched bewitchingly. A small bulge in his swimsuit pulsed and finally a milky liquid dripped down his thighs.

"Pant, pant, pant..."

As the repeating waves of pleasure washed over him and his breaths seemed heated even inside the stuffy shower stall, Mutsuki looked down with empty eyes.

He saw a boy keeping the corners of his mouth shut in a desperate attempt to avoid spilling any of the milky fluid being released deep in his throat.

When he saw that, Mutsuki realized he had done something awful.

However, he felt no regret for the abnormal homosexual act itself.

"Nfhh~♥ It felt so good I thought I was going to die~"

"Y-yeah. ...But we might have been a little loud."

"Hahh... I think I've fallen for you even more, Mutsuki-kun. You have a surprisingly S side to you. I'm a bit of an M myself, but I think you just made me a full-blown masochist♪"

"And I'm sorry. I got carried away. ...Also, not so loud."

Lucia seemed to have gone completely limp, so Mutsuki supported him

while worried about the noise outside of the shower stall.

The swimming lessons had apparently ended, so quite a few people had entered the locker room. They had shut the accordion curtain, but it was still only a curtain. The sound would have easily escaped. And Mutsuki had no idea what misunderstandings people would make about two guys in the same shower. Not that they would be misunderstandings in this case.

They stayed entirely still until everyone had left.

They enjoyed the afterglow while also enjoying their time together in the enclosed space. Lucia leaned against Mutsuki with his cheeks entirely relaxed.

"..."

As for Mutsuki...

(I did it...with a guy...)

That bothered him a little. It bothered him even more that it had been far from an unpleasant experience.

He also recalled what Micha had said.

"Gather heaven, earth, and hell, and you will have everything."

Yes.

Everything in the world was gathered in a single school...in a single classroom.

And with Fujita Mutsuki at the center.

(In that case...)

(This is my job.)

Adolescent Adam 2: Chapter 4 - Tactics x Strategy

"Are you insane!?"

"Not at all."

As expected, Ange was mad, but Mutsuki did not care. He focused on his work.

"You...! Hey, Micha! You talk some sense into him!"

"Hmm, is it really that big a deal? Mutsuki-kun has made up his mind. As guardian angels, it's our job to fulfill our bodyguard duties while also respecting his decisions as much as we can."

"Gh..."

"Or, Ange, are you not confident you can protect him?"

"O-of course I am!"

Micha was good. Her thorough knowledge of Ange's personality let her completely cut off any argument.

Mutsuki returned to cleaning up the house he had been living in for two weeks now.

And he was doing so in order to leave it.

"Just to be clear, I intend to keep this place on hand as an emergency hideout, so we'll only take the important stuff with us. We can just buy all the daily necessities again."

"Okay."

"Eh heh heh heh heh. And that means I've gotta buy a wholllllle bunch more beer tomorrow♡"

"Do you really have to fill the entire fridge with alcohol this time?"

"Of course I have to."

Micha puffed her chest out proudly and returned to her alcohol as the boy continued cleaning as usual.

It seemed the drinks were the only thing she was interested in taking with her. She showed no sign of touching anything else in the house.

As she had said, they planned to return here if they ever had to. They were leaving the power and water services active and the large furniture was staying. Not all that much preparation was needed because not even Mutsuki had all that many belongings.

However, that did not mean he could make the move entirely empty-handed. He was cleaning up the messy kitchen and sorting through some of the smaller items.

"Um, we can take this...and this..."

He was packing some kitchen items and other miscellaneous items in a cardboard box to carry with him. Then came his personal belongings. For him, that meant his clothes, laptop, school supplies, and...

"What's this?"

"Ah, wait. Be careful with that."

Ange snatched up an object wrapped in bubble wrap in the corner of his cardboard box.

She ignored the boy's protests and unwrapped it. She knew little of the human world, but even she recognized the humanoid shape made from angular pieces of plastic.

"Is this what they call a plamodel?"

"Yes. Ah, ah! I said to be careful with it... Honestly."

He somehow managed to get it back.

"Come to think of it, you had some of those displayed in your room."

"Yeah. I like them."

" ... "

"What's wrong with that!? Giant robots are the romance of men!"

Ange's reactions were usually a little off, but the cold look in her eyes here was just like a normal girl. Mutsuki escaped that look and returned the model to the box.

"Are you all packed up?" he asked her.

"I am. ...And you were the one that said we're moving, so you carry my things."

She still seemed displeased, so she pouted her lips and shoved her own box into his arms. It had seemed light when she held it, but it was surprisingly heavy. He nearly fell forward when he took it.

He glanced inside and mostly found clothes and school supplies just like him, but...

"...Heh heh."

He laughed quietly at the fact that she really was the same as him.

He could see the face of the Lazy Bear body pillow he had given her as a present a while back.

"Fujita Mutsuki is returning to his previous home?"

"Yes. Miss E just contacted us with that information."

A giant white rabbit sat in a large dark space.

An equally giant pocket watch hung from its neck by a leather strap and FeTUS Witches Miss A sat in a corner of that watch that was untouched by the seconds hand.

"Would his previous home be the that apartment that they abandoned because it was destroyed in that Springloaded attack and because both Miss E and that demon named Lucia had discovered its location?"

"Yes."

Her eyes widened at the report from the gently smiling maid.

As the leader of FeTUS, a secret organization that mastered all of mankind's knowledge, she generally acted with the utmost dignity, but at the moment, she looked just like a confused five-year-old girl.

It took her ten whole seconds to regain her aged composure.

"I see. That was clever."

She laughed quietly in her throat.

"With the three groups in a three-way deadlock, the angels protecting him are under a heavy burden. But by actually placing himself in an environment easily targeted by both us and the demons, he has created a situation where no one can lay a finger on him. He is a surprisingly calculating boy."

"It seems he simply wishes to get along with those two."

"Even if so, I am impressed he can take such bold action. If he had been born two hundred years earlier, he might have become a revolutionary."

She closed her eyes in an expression filled with far too much hidden meaning and mixed emotion to be called a smile.

She also hid her twisted mouth behind her small fingers.

"Where is Black Cat?"

"She seems to have given up on approaching the Mutsuki boy inside the school because Miss E and the demon are there. However, we have confirmed that she has prepared a few Springloaded semiconductors, so she is undoubtedly planning to attack the boy. It would be fairly dangerous if she were to encounter him in his private life when only the angels are nearby."

"I see... What a troublesome kitten."

"One other thing."

As Miss A shrugged, the maid straightened her back and raised a finger.

The effect was amplified by facing Miss A who was only 120 cm tall, but the maid was incredibly tall. She was easily over 180 cm, so even when she put on a soft smile...

"When the boy contacted Miss E, he used the phone number he gave to the school...in other words, a standard line. Even if the cellphone he used was prepared by the angels and cannot be traced, the conversation itself is almost guaranteed to have been intercepted. Miss C will know that he is moving."

"Does she know where the apartment is?"

"No."

Her voice had an odd intensity to it.

"But if she knows what store they will choose when buying supplies after their move, she will have an opportunity to lay a trap for them."

Adolescent Adam 2: Chapter 5 - The One Who Attacks from Behind

"I'm going to ask you one more time."

"What?"

"Are you insane!?"

"I already said no."

They stepped off the bus.

The giant shopping mall SeeDWalk was located alongside the town's biggest road. It was also a one minute walk from a bus stop, which one was one reason Mutsuki and the others often used it.

He and Ange entered that busy mall again today.

It was a sunny Saturday, making it perfect for shopping.

"I can only conclude you're an idiot to go out of your way to live somewhere the enemy knows about. You're putting yourself in danger, you know?"

"Sorry. I know it's more work for you. But..."

He could not think of Ibekusa or Lucia as enemies.

He knew saying that would only anger her, so he dodged the issue.

"W-well, anyway, I've already made up my mind."

"...If you're that insistent, I guess I have to go along with it."

"Let's try to enjoy the move for now. You don't hate shopping, right?"

"Hmph."

"I'll pour my heart and soul into dinner tonight. I'll make us a feast."

"...Please don't. At least don't act so excited about it."

"?"

Her second sentence was muttered too quietly to hear, so he was left tilting his head.

"Hey, over here, over here!"

They met up with Micha in the motorcycle parking area.

All three of them were moving, so they were of course all going shopping. Mutsuki and Ange had taken the bus while Micha had taken

her big motorcycle. The Latin beauty's outfit left her navel and cleavage fully exposed as she operated a motorcycle two sizes larger than all the others. She stood out in a variety of ways, so finding her had been easy.

"Okay, let's get going."

She took the lead without showing any concern for the gazes of the passersby.

Mutsuki followed, and...

"♪"

Despite seeming displeased, Ange's expression relaxed and she followed in the rear.

SeeDWalk was the largest shopping mall in the area.

Its grounds covered 1.8x3 kilometers, it had over 100 establishments that ranged from clothing stores to restaurants, and it brought in plenty of guests from other prefectures on the weekend.

"This place is as busy as ever. Why do humans gather in places like this?"

"The main reason is how convenient it is, but I'll admit there might be some group psychology at work making us want to go somewhere so lively."

"...Heh heh♪"

She still had a twisted view of things, but a smile still reached the girl's face in the crowd.

Ange liked this mall. It was filled with too many stores to remember and countless people walked here and there. She seemed to enjoy it as much as the excitement in a multi-day festival. It was incredibly cute how her uncontained cheer found its way to her face.

"Where should we go?"

"We need to check out the electrical appliances first. While we can skip on a TV, a vacuum cleaner and washing machine are a must living with you, Micha-san. And we can have those delivered, so we won't have to carry anything around with us."

"Okay. ...Neh heh heh♡ Looks like I can finally go nuts again."

Micha grinned and waved around a black credit card she pulled from somewhere. She had previously shown off that card which could produce as much money as necessary.

" ... "

A warm sensation came over Mutsuki as he viewed his two excited roommates from behind.

He had already been away from his family for a month and it was thanks to living with those two that he could confidently say he was enjoying himself.

If Ange could always smile like she was now, he would have no complaints.

"Attention, shoppers."

An announcement played from a nearby speaker.

"A taste-testing event for regional beers from all over the country is being held in the basement specialty section. Please feel free to take part."

Micha completely ignored the next statement ("If you will be driving home, please refrain from attending the event.") and turned toward the other two. Her red eyes were opened so wide it scared Mutsuki.

His month living with her told him it was no use telling her she had come on her motorcycle, so he raised three fingers.

"You will be going home on the bus with us. Do not ask for any more than they provide at the event. Only buy as much as will fit in the fridge."

"Got it!"

She ran off in no time.

"♪ ♪ Hm? Where'd Micha go?"

Ange had been so entranced by the dondurma being mixed at a nearby ice cream shop that she had missed the exchange, so she was left tilting her head.

Mutsuki killed some time with the girl who held a five-scoop ice cream cone in both hands.

A mall was useful for times like this. SeeDWalk's third floor was the amusement floor. With books, CDs, miscellany, and a movie theatre, there was a lot they could enjoy just by window shopping.

"I want to go the arcade."

"The arcade?"

"Yeah. That's what you call the place with all the games, right?"

She did not know much about the human world, so she apparently

wanted to show off the words she had learned. She nearly dropped her ice cream when she stuck her chest out in pride.

After thinking about it for a moment, Mutsuki decided that was a decent idea.

They had been forced to wait for Micha in this mall once before and the two of them had killed time at the mall's arcade which was known as Game Master City.

He had made her mad at the end, but they had enjoyed themselves up until then. He was confident he would not make that same mistake this time. They rode the escalator up and made their way to that corner of the third floor.

Even as large as SeeDWalk was, Game Master City took up a third of its third floor. It was the largest amusement park in the prefecture.

It included standard boxy arcade games, token games, crane games, ping-pong, billiards, karaoke, bowling, and a manga café. Part of the roof was used for tennis, basketball, volleyball, futsal, a golf driving range, and a batting center. One could even enjoy archery in the massive entertainment center.

"It's pretty busy today."

"It was a weekday last time we came. It's always like this on Saturdays."

"What's that weird creature? A monster? Should I defeat it?"

"That's a character suit. They're just handing out balloons, so leave them alone."

"Hmm... A character suit, huh? The human world is full of strange creatures."

The ice cream would have gotten in the way, so they waited for her to finish before going inside.

The inside was full of people. The area near the entrance contained the prize games popular with more casual players, so there were a lot of couples and parents with their children.

"..."

Suddenly...

(I wonder what we look like to the other people around here.)

It started bothering him and his face grew warm.

(Ange may be short, but surely we don't look like father and daughter. Brother and sister maybe? No...)

"Mutsuki?"

"Hawah!? W-what?"

He thought his heart would leap from his throat when she suddenly turned around. She was shorter than him, so hanging his head had made him look directly into her raised eyes.

"Why are you zoning out? ...So where is it?"

Luckily, the flashing lights of the games hid the red on his face and he smiled bitterly at the girl looking up at him with her usual lopsided frown.

"Sorry, I wasn't listening. What is 'it'?"

"You know what I mean. That motorcycle one we played last time."

"Motorcycle one? ...Oh."

He remembered. When they had come here before, they had played a motorcycle racing game at the very end. He was pretty good at the game and she was a complete novice, so he had beaten her very badly which had angered her.

"Show me where it is. You caught me off guard last time, but I don't think I'll lose this time."

Ange crossed her arms and leaned her short body backwards.

It made her look cute rather than arrogant, so the boy smiled bitterly, nodded, and pointed to the line of racing games with his eyes.

"Okay! Let's do this!"

"Wah, wah! Wait, Ange!"

She was so eager to play that she grabbed his sleeve and began walking quickly toward the game.

Mutsuki followed while nearly tripping as she tugged on him.

Having a girl drag him around by the arm was quite embarrassing. He tried to break free, but this was the most powerful angel. There was no way he could match her strength.

He started looking around, afraid someone was watching.

A complete stranger would not be too bad, but the problem was someone he knew.

After all, they had run into a classmate their last time here.

The light sound of a bell reached their ears even through the background noise of the park.

"I thought maybe I was being too hasty, but you actually showed up."

Mutsuki stopped on reflex and looked back.

Ange noticed the added weight to the object she was dragging behind her, but they did not have time to grasp the situation.

"Kyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhh!!"

"!?"

The excited and cheerful background noise had been far from uniform, but the tone of all those voices changed at once.

They grew to screams.

The reason was obvious even from where Mutsuki and Ange were. One of the nearby crane games had begun to transform.

The exterior decorated with neon and colored tape began to bend and the scrap-like inner parts were shown off. After that, the transformation took an unexpected turn. The hanging crane became an arm, the neon lights became eyes, and it overall took on a humanoid shape.

It was essentially a supernatural phenomenon, so anyone would scream if they saw it. Mutsuki did not, but that was simply because he had seen it a few times already.

He had met things like this several times before.

They were the contraptions controlled by the humans of FeTUS. FeTUS Witches Miss E, aka Ibekusa Machina, had said they were tools loaded with a “spring” to power them.

“...”

Ange faced him and pointed to the machine person.

“...Character suit?”

“No! It’s a Springloaded!”

The crane was not the only one. A total of eight Springloaded rushed toward Mutsuki while sweeping aside the surrounding arcade equipment.

There was a fighting game, a shooter game, a horse-riding game, a roulette wheel, a token exchange machine, a bowling lane panel, and lastly one carrying twelve archery bows that fell from a hole in the ceiling.

“~~~ Outta the way! Mutsuki!”

The closest one, the crane game, reached its giant arm toward Mutsuki. Once Ange noticed the enemy attack, she rushed forward.

She pulled out Prominence and made a full swing toward the machine as it extended its arm. She hit the enemy, but it took a back step to reduce the force of the slash. It was knocked backwards but not sliced in two.

"Ah... A-Ange..."

He had known he was a target, but his legs were still about to give out because he had not expected for his life to be put in danger on such short notice.

His guardian angel stood in front of him and faced the eight Springloaded.

"Springloaded... Kh! I can't believe they would attack in a crowd like this."

Mutsuki checked their surroundings. Fortunately, the other guests seemed to be fleeing in panic.

(Th-this is weird. It's not like normal.)

Mutsuki wrinkled his brow and looked to the eight machines that were undoubtedly targeting him.

He had run across Springloaded a few times before, but something about this did not seem right. All of the previous ones had made

absolutely certain to avoid any damage to its surroundings. They had never made an attack that could hurt someone else like this.

"This is too forceful. Ah."

Mutsuki and Ange exchanged a glance.

Ibekusa Machina had warned them about a dangerous FeTUS member who would use any means necessary and did not care about secondary damage.

"Heh heh heh."

Another light ring of a bell sounded clearly through the screams and commotion.

A woman stood among the fleeing guests. They spotted her as soon as they started looking. Everyone else was panicked, but she alone had an icy smile on her lips and stood with her back perfectly straight and her hands clasped behind her.

"...Black Cat?"

"I'm honored you know my name."

A solid, chilly aura surrounded the woman, like she was a steel sculpture.

When a trained soldier stood tall, it could coldly strain the surrounding atmosphere. This may have been the perfected form of that. Like a thread drawn taut, she perfectly maintained her upright stance with the solidity of metal. Her eyes had a cleverness to them that showed no emotion in a different way than Machina's. She wore a skintight suit that covered her from neck to wrists, but its black color may have assisted the steel-like impression.

However, she was not a Springloaded. She was undoubtedly human. The slight opening at her chest revealed soft curves and the thighs exposed between her flared skirt and long boots contained feminine fat. Her knee-length hair was braided and it swayed behind her like a tail.

The lines of her cheeks were round and she had a somewhat childish face that stood at odds with her aura. She also wore a strangely fancy black helmet with cat ears attached.

Sharp glasses accentuated large feline eyes with raised corners.

Vertical pupils ran down the deep golden irises.

"Jiyuuni Ange. I had heard you have great power even for an angel, but..."

She spoke in a low voice that was enunciated as clearly as a bell.

"Battle preparations complete...positive."

"Target of attack...Jiyuuni Ange...positive."

Out of the eight Springloaded, the fighting game rushed forward.

This was what had seemed off to Mutsuki. All of the previous Springloaded had been tasked with “capturing” their target. These ones were here to “battle” and “attack”.

Just as it got close, it began stepping in place like a boxer.

The literal iron fist that flew toward Ange would have turned a normal person to mincemeat, but the angel blocked it with her giant sword and began her counterattack.

“Daaaaaaaaaahhhh! Prominence – Loop!!!!”

As the sword parried the fist, it split in two like a pair of scissors.

She had not had time to use it in her fight against Machina, but this weight adjustment allowed her to compensate for her own light weight. And this double-sword style was where Ange of the Double Flame truly shined.

“Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh!!”

She danced within the reach of the enemy’s outstretched arm and built up centrifugal force to swing the two blades toward the enemy’s neck and legs.

The enemy used its incredible reaction speed to sway back, but prioritizing its upper body meant its lower body could not escape.

The lower blade dug in at what would have been a human's thigh and then sliced through the machine.

"All right!" cheered Mutsuki with a clenched fist, but...

"Damage...32%. Attack possible...positive."

"Kwaaah!"

This opponent really was a machine. The damage was light.

Its fist jabbed into her gut as if to say she had simply put herself in the perfect position. Ange took a back step at the last second to escape most of the shock, but it was still enough to knock her small body backwards.

"A-Ange! Are you okay!?"

"Kah...ah..."

Mutsuki ran over. Despite crashing through three slot machines, the girl did not seem injured, but she was grimacing.

In pure ability, Ange, the most powerful angel, was clearly winning, but she was poorly matched in a direct-fight against a machine with no sense

of pain.

Angels were weak against human knowledge and that gap was grimly apparent here.

"Ange, let's run away."

"...Eh?"

He made his suggestion too quietly for Black Cat to hear.

"We should run away. We're outnumbered here. And even Ibekusa-san said-..."

Ibekusa Machina had told them to run away and Mutsuki was inclined to agree given the situation.

But the determined girl's eyebrows bristled.

"To hell with that! You're telling me to run away!? You're telling me to do what Ibekusa said!?"

"N-no. I'm not saying it because someone else said so."

"Shut up, shut up, shut up! Just you watch! I'll smash all eight of them to pieces!"

She got back up and it seemed to have only fired her up even more.

"She acts calm enough at school, but is she still just a kid?"

This was exactly what Black Cat wanted.

"Hochmut kommt vor dem Fall. ...Springloaded! All of you attack at once!"

"Positive."

"Simulating combat situation...odds of victory...99.92%."

Springloaded could consume other machines, so the fighting game absorbed some components from a nearby arcade game to repair its leg. Then, all eight machines moved forward and Ange faced them head-on with her two swords.

However, the attack came from a surprising direction.

A paper cup flew in from behind, hit her head, and dumped its contents on her face.

The golden-brown liquid gave off the unique scent of beer.

"Honestly, and when I was busy too. I'd only gotten to drink fifty-eight varieties so far."

"Micha-san!"

Micha had appeared behind Mutsuki at some point.

"Cool your head, Ange! Your top priority is protecting Fujita Mutsuki-kun, not defeating the Springloaded!"

"..."

Ange was forced to restrain her killer intent when the older angel spoke harshly for once.

Her nose twitched a little in frustration, but the liquid dripping from her hair finally seemed to calm her down. She recombined her two blades into the single sword.

"Fine then. ...I'll prioritize my mission and fall back."

She returned the sword to its pendant form and grabbed Mutsuki's hand.

"Target escaping. Beginning pursuit...positive."

The eight Springloaded also began to move, but...

Micha stood in their way. Wings of red flame grew from her back, transformed into hands, and threw a nearby billiards table. The table knocked the fighting game onto its butt.

"Micha-san..."

"Go. I won't last too long, but I'll buy you what time I can."

Micha winked at worried-looking Mutsuki while she emitted hellfire hot enough to melt the surface of the nearby arcade games.

"Let's go, Mutsuki!"

"R-right."

Ange pulled on his hand and started running. She took him out of the park and into a passageway created by lines of onlookers. They immediately jumped over the edge and into the open central area.

Mutsuki was seriously afraid at first, but Ange emitted her blue flames just before landing which created an updraft that let them gently land. They ignored the other guests who had no idea what was happening on the third floor and were dumbfounded by the boy and girl who had just jumped down two stories.

"Um, I know it was my suggestion, but should we really have run away!? If the Springloaded chase after us, the panic is only going to grow."

"If you're captured, the panic will encompass the entire world. And since the Springloaded are human weapons, they'll keep the damage to other humans to a minimum. More importantly..."

After they ran out into the obviously packed parking lot, Ange came to a stop.

"I can't exactly run away with you in tow...and the bus would be too slow."

"Y-yeah. We could call a taxi, but we don't have time."

"That leaves only one option."

She began running again. Due to her great strength, she was more carrying Mutsuki than pulling him and he had no choice but to go with her.

They made their way to the motorcycle parking area.

"I've thought of destroying this thing countless times before, but who would have thought it would finally come in handy?"

She ran over to Micha's beloved off-road motorcycle.

"Eh? ...This?"

"Perfect, isn't it? According to Micha, it gets good speed. Or do you want to steal another vehicle? You can't start them without a key, right?"

As she spoke, Ange used the blue flames from her back to stroke the giant engine attached to the back wheel. This seemed to be how it worked when it belonged to an angel. The internal combustion engine roared to life.

"No, that's not the point. We need a driver."

"We have one."

Ange climbed onto the engine that acted as a rear seat.

"..."

The boy's thoughts froze for almost three seconds. With a confused look, he brought his index finger to his chin and tilted his head.

"You're good with motorcycles, right?"

His thoughts froze for another three seconds.

He wished he could have stared for another five seconds, but he did not have time.

The outer wall of the SeeDWalk's third floor exploded and two Springloaded jumped out, presumably after escaping Micha. They both crushed a parked car when they landed and then consumed those machines to make the tires and engines parts of themselves.

"We don't have time! Let's go, Mutsuki!"

"I-I-I-I-I-I-I can't! I'm only good with them in games! In games!"

"Bwah!"

In the ruins of Game Master City on the third floor of SeeDWalk, Micha somehow managed to escape the veritable mountain of foam she was drowning in.

She looked around and her eyes met those of the security guard who had hesitantly arrived to check on the situation. The only remaining Springloaded was the fighting game one that she had somehow managed to defeat. The other seven had likely pursued Ange and Mutsuki.

"Cough, cough. Come on now! Don't just spray that sticky white stuff all over a lady. It's rude."

She had wanted to hold them here for a while longer, but they had gathered up the fire extinguishers and fire suppression system nozzles to bury her alive in the firefighting foam. She had failed to hold them here.

She pulled out her phone and called Ange.

"Hello!? Micha!? What is going on!? One, two...seven of the things are after us! You couldn't take out at least three of them!?"

"Sorry, sorry. I'm not as young as I used to be. Are you okay?"

"We're retreating on your motorcycle. They haven't caught up yet, so we're still okay. Other than Mutsuki's tears, we haven't received any damage."

It seemed they were okay. She even heard a more distant voice shout, "I am not crying! The wind is drying out my eyes!"

"We can't seem to lose them. If you're fine, then come help us. ...Oh."

A loud roar grew closer and some panic reached Ange's voice.

"They're catching up... I'm going to hang up! Come help us!"

"Ah, wait, Ange!"

Micha wanted to know where they were going or at least in which direction, but the girl hung up before she could ask.

She had no choice. Rather than pursue, she called a different number

and jumped out the hole the Springloaded had made.

Meanwhile, Mutsuki was in the greatest danger of his life.

"Hey! Can't you drive any faster!?"

"No, I can't! You should really be praising me for not getting into an accident so far!"

As he turned the accelerator grip, he moved his hand as carefully as stroking a baby, but the engine was so incredibly powerful that the acceleration was still intense. The speedometer passed the 200 mark in only a few seconds.

He had somehow made it this far without falling over. Fortunately, the startup and gear changing was the same as in the game, so the real danger was taking turns. He had nearly fallen over at first, but Ange had used her marvelous reflexes to kick off the ground and correct their balance.

Humans were powerful when their life was at risk, so he had gotten the hang of it in about ten minutes. He had not had the guts to drive down normal roads, so he had moved from the main road to the highway. Despite being the weekend, there was fortunately not much traffic, but...

"Wah, wah, wah, wah, wah, wah!"

"Ahh! Watch out!"

"I'm sorry! But we're going way too fast!"

Weaving between the other cars only moving at 100 kph was not easy. Shifting his weight even slightly pulled him to the side like the earth's gravity had shifted and he would nearly pull the handlebars to the side with him. He was truly glad that the large back wheel provided some stability.

"..."

There was, in fact, a way to provide further acceleration, but he did not have the courage to try it.

"Here they come! Don't swerve!"

After placing her phone in her pocket, Ange stood on top of the engine cover over the back wheel.

Despite their great speed, they had not been able to lose the Springloaded. The seven of them had all absorbed a car engine and had surrounded the motorcycle on either side as it traveled at over 200 kph.

The angel clicked her tongue, pulled an elastic band out instead of her phone, and tied back her red hair that was getting in the way as it danced in the blowing wind.

"Bring it! I'm not about to lose to some humans!"

She split her divine sword in two and pointed them to the left and right.

The first to attack were the crane game and the shooter game. The crane and shotgun barrel were sent toward them simultaneously.

Ange was already poorly matched against these enemies, but she also had unstable footing and the wind pressure of their speed got in her way. She frowned at her overwhelming disadvantage.

"Daaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Even with her narrow footing, she used her elasticity and centrifugal force the best she could and swept aside both attacks.

Just as the enemy was forced to flinch back, she leaped into the air and onto the shooter game. She stood on its shoulders, recombined her two blades into the single giant blade, and used its weight to stab deep into it.

"Ggh...main frame...damaged."

The machine soldier writhed with a great hole in its chest.

"Combat possible...negative. Prioritizing operation..."

"Tch!"

It slammed on its brakes.

Ange was about to be taken away from Mutsuki, so she made an immediate jump. She used her momentum to assist her powerful leap.

"Ryaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh!!"

And she cut at the crane game driving alongside the motorcycle.

She swept aside the enemy's extended arm in midair and used the force to launch herself upwards.

Just like with the horizontal bar in gymnastics, she twisted her straightened body to land on the motorcycle.

"Fwah!?"

But her position was a little off and she landed on the boy's shoulders.

She was fairly light, so that alone would not have been an issue. However, the unexpected landing position surprised her, so her feet slipped and she fell into a sitting position.

"Ngaaahhh! Why youuuuuuu!"

"Wabh!? Ange!? I can't see!"

She clung to the boy's head to hold on.

However, the boy began to panic as she clung to his head with her thighs on his shoulders.

His face was sticking right up her skirt and he could not see the road ahead.



"Kh! Why you! Deeeryaaaaaaahhh!"

While clinging to his head, the girl somehow managed to swing her giant sword and drive back the crane game's fierce attack.

"Um, um..."

As the battle grew more intense, the boy's nose was pressed harder and harder against her spats.

He could feel the soft squishiness below and smell the strong scent of sweat.

The girl attacked with all her might and swept aside the crane machine's arm.

"You're miiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiine!"

This was the perfect chance to slice its body in half.

"I can't see!!"

"...Ahhh!"

However, Mutsuki's shout sent a tingle through the base of her thighs and her strength left her.

Her weakened sword strike was deflected by the metal body and the crane game escaped.

"Gh... Stupid Mutsuki! That was my chance! ...And where do you think you're sticking your face, you pervert!?"

"You landed on top of me!"

"Shut up, shut up, shut uuuuuuuuuup! You pervert! You butt devil!"

"This has nothing to do with your butt! ...Wah!?"

They did not have time to argue. A hole suddenly appeared in the road and he frantically swerved. They just about toppled over.

The hole had been created by an unpleasantly shiny projectile: a bowling ball.

"_____"

The other Springloaded had caught up. The bowling machine was firing its balls into the air like a cannon. They did not actually hit, but they created plenty of holes in the road up ahead.

"So they've switched over to long-range attacks. Mutsuki! Don't let us fall over!"

"I-I'll do my best."

The token exchange machine opened its mouth(?) wide and fired countless tokens as bullets.

However, that was no reason to worry. The girl climbed back down onto the back wheel and brushed up her ponytail.

"Corona!!"

Her blue wings surrounded the two of them in a thin field of flames. The tokens were diverted off course by the change in air pressure made by the intense flames, and they were either swept upwards or created holes in the ground. And...

"Helio!!"

The blue flames produced glowing beads that assaulted the approaching Springloaded.

The balls of light only reached a few hundred degrees and could not pierce the metal bodies, but...

"Grl!? Gbhhhhbhhbhhh!!"

The token machine was an exception because it had opened its large mouth. The glowing heat bent its ejector and caused its bullets to tear through its own body.

Even if she was poorly matched, Ange had already begun adapting to her lack of footing and the intruding wind. Anyone with an understanding of combat would have trembled in fear at her combat instincts.

She had taken out two, which left five.

"Capture of...fleeing target...deemed difficult...positive."

The archery machine drew its bowstrings.

Arrows fired from all twelve bows. The tips were dulled since they were made for a game, but they could still easily tear through the human body at that speed. But...

"It's no use! Corona! ...!?"

The angel created another shield, but she had mistaken their target. The arrows flew low and were not aimed at her.

The shield of flames was concentrated around her and Mutsuki, so it was weaker elsewhere. The tips of the twelve arrows melted as they continued straight toward the motorcycle's back wheel.

"Trying to take out our means of transportation? Don't underestimate me!"

She immediately swung her divine sword and swept all twelve arrows out of the way, but...

"Wah, wah, wah, wah, wah! What, what, what!?"

One of them destroyed the support for the back wheel's cover. Ange's footing sank down and she had to quickly escape to the seat the boy was sitting on.

"What just happened? ...Wah!"

Mutsuki paled when he looked back. The cover frame's position had lowered and the engine was scraping against the back wheel.

"Wait...is this thing broken!? Are we in trouble!?"

"Um, I think we're fine. It only shifted position."

If they continued like this, the frictional heat could destroy the engine, but Ange managed to pry it back up. Three of the four frame supports still existed, so it was fine once they were unbent, but...

"I can't stand on this anymore. Mutsuki, scoot forward."

"S-sure."

He moved to the front of the seat and Ange stood on the back half.

Her butt was squishing against the back of his head, so he leaned forward too.

"Target speed lowered."

"Operation completion possible...positive."

Two Springloaded charged forward to take advantage of the lost speed

caused by the back wheel's damage. The roulette wheel used its entire disk-like body as a tire and the horse-shaped horse-riding game ran on its own as the only one not to absorb a car.

Ange desperately swung her two swords to fight back from her even more restricted footing.

Unlike the previous two, these two fortunately had no weapons. The horse-riding game did not even have arms and the girl had gotten the hang of fighting under these circumstances.

"Too slow!!"

She had no reason to fear these opponents. Her giant sword opened a hole in the roulette wheel's guts...and the force of her attack sent her butt back into Mutsuki's head.

"Gh...zh..."

The disk groaned in agony and Ange began to attack the horse-riding game.

"Operation...complete...positive."

"Eh!?"

Only then did she catch on.

Something was spinning on the inside of the roulette wheel as it rotated at 250 kph. A red ball was rolling along the inside edge of the rotating disk.

As soon as it fell over into the proper orientation for a roulette wheel, the ball hopped out using the sword embedded in the middle. It followed the blade, the arm, and...

"Kfh..."

It collided with the girl's slender stomach.

The tremendous blow to the solar plexus knocked the strongest angel out for a small fraction of a second. She was unable to support her small body and she pitched forward.

The next thing she knew, the gray road was right in front of her eyes.

She was falling. She was going to slam into that asphalt.

"~~~~~!?"

But it was not her adorable face that contacted that rough surface. It was her long hair, tied into a ponytail.

That red hair scattered about as it caught on small pebbles.

"Nn...gah!"

The very next moment, she had pulled herself back up onto the seat.

An arm around her stomach had supported her. She was briefly caught off guard and her heart skipped a beat.

"Watch out! If you fell off, you'd...um, what would happen? Well, you'd get hurt!"

After seeing that she had recovered, Mutsuki grabbed tightly onto the handlebar that had started rattling even though he had only let go for a few seconds with just one hand.

The girl was briefly left in a daze, but then...

"Not bad."

She pressed her forehead against his back.

"Let's try this again!"

"Please no..."

She heard a pathetic complaint, but she did not mind. She kicked at the face of the horse-riding game and then lopped its head right off.

She ended up leaning too far forward again, but she did not care.

"Fwaaaaah! ...Oh, honestly! I said watch out!"

After all, Mutsuki's arm would wrap around her if she was about to fall.

The boy pulled her close as if embracing her. She let him do as he wished, so they swapped out who was in front and who was in back and her butt landed on top of his lap.

This was the most stable position with only the one seat to work with. She did feel a little too close to him, though.

" "

She said nothing as she stared at his face.

He had a look of extreme focus as he drove a motorcycle for the first time while being forced to handle an unruly girl. The hints of tears remaining in the corners of his eyes were a little pathetic, but he did not look too bad.

Mutsuki had noticed her gaze, but he did not have time to return the look. They were already moving at 280 kph. A slight lapse in attention and they would crash into the other cars that were essentially stationary obstacles at this point.

Meanwhile, the three remaining Springloaded had been unable to keep

up since they had passed 250 kph. Due to the heavy arcade games loaded on, they had reached the limits of normal car engines.

Still sitting on the boy's lap, Ange realized they were pulling away from their pursuers and breathed a sigh of relief. But then...

"~~~~!?"

The look on her face changed when the destroyed roulette wheel and horse-riding game caught up with those other three.

"Um, Mutsuki?"

"Yes?"

"Umm, about that romance of men you mentioned."

"The giant robots?"

"..."

"_____!?"

Mutsuki looked over his shoulder and noticed what has happening.

As the destroyed two caught up to the other three, their various parts intertwined, transformed, and became a single giant body. The cars that

were slamming on their brakes also had pieces taken to create an even larger and more complete form.

"..."

"Romance?"

"For today, I'll find a new hobby."

It was a giant measuring over twenty meters tall.

The upper body was humanoid, one hand held a crane, and the other held a roulette wheel.

It had four legs to support its incredible weight. It had the long, manly legs of a horse, wheels spun on its torso, and twelve arrows were drawn.

Ange looked back toward the dull sound of the arrows whizzing through the wind and her eyes opened wide.

"Stop, Mutsuki! No, wait, don't stop!"

"Eh!? ...Fwah!"

Ange forcibly twisted the accelerator grip. The burden shifted to the

back wheel, but Mutsuki somehow managed to keep the motorcycle from popping a wheelie.

A moment later, the barely passable road dropped by about a meter.

"Its size has only made it crazier!"

The twelve bows fired twelve bowling balls connected by wires.

Each ball was large enough to break a hole in the ground, so a horizontal line of them connected by wires was enough to split the road itself in two.

Shocked into a daze, the boy's face paled.

Even Ange looked troubled. She could fight back as long as the car chase continued, so destroying the road necessary for the chase felt like cheating.

They had miraculously avoided that one, but who could say about the next one. In fact, the enemy could probably take out one of the bridge's supports, causing it all to collapse.

" ~ ~ "

Ange wrinkled her brow and glanced up at Mutsuki.

"...? What is it?"

He was on the verge of tears again now that the enemy had shown off its overwhelming power, but he did not give up and continued operating the motorcycle. The close calls seemed to be helping him gradually grow accustomed to this insane race.

His tear ducts were still loose, but he may not have been that pathetic a guy.

The girl smiled, pulled out her phone, and placed it in his pocket.

"Afterwards, call Micha for help."

"Eh?"

"Make sure you escape. If you're captured, I'll have failed as a bodyguard."

"Ange!?"

Before he could turn around, she had jumped down from the motorcycle.

They were already travelling at more than 300 kph, so her short redheaded form vanished in an instant.

"Daaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

With a blade in each hand, Ange slipped past the arrows fired by the twelve bows and attacked the twenty meter giant.

Blue wings of fire appeared and she used the air pressure they created as footing to jump up to her enemy's head.

"Haaaahhhh!!!!!!"

She recombined her giant sword and slashed straight down at the top of its head, but...

"Lithography...excellent. No errors in anti-angel tools."

She sliced through the metal framework with a grinding sound, but it immediately fused back together and regenerated.

(This really isn't easy.)

She might have managed in a one-on-one fight while on the move, but a head-on attack against three at once was playing right into their hand.

All Springloaded could regenerate their own functions by copying their semiconductors in a process known as Lithography, so the only way to

defeat them was to destroy the entire “spring” at once without giving it time to make a new copy.

With a body this big, normal damage was unlikely to have much effect. However, producing enough damage to destroy it in a single strike would be difficult.

(This might come down to a tie.)

The best she could do here was to draw their attention and buy enough time for their target to escape.

The Springloaded had learned just how much of a threat Jiyuuni Ange, strongest guardian angel, was, so they were forced to stop and face her even if it gave Mutsuki, their final objective, a chance to escape.

FeTUS would also want to avoid having their super-technology on public display for long. Once people gathered, this operation would be called off, so...

“I’ll take you on until then! Daaaaaaaahhh!!”

She deflected the extended crane and dodged the wheel hammer that was swung down toward her.

It was quite fast for its size, but a natural fighter like Ange could easily follow its movements.

(Where's Mutsuki? Did he get away?)

For a brief second, she shifted her attention toward the motorcycle.

"!?"

And that proved a fatal mistake.

She had been so focused on the attacks from above that she had not noticed one from below. Something grabbed at her leg.

"Kh...!"

If she had simply tripped, she could have easily recovered with her reflexes, but this grabbed at her leg and pulled her down.

It was an arm. A hand had grown from the concrete road and grabbed her ankle.

(A Springloaded? Oh, no!)

Ibekusa Machina's face flashed through her mind. That girl had taught her this.

Three Springloaded had combined to create this giant, but it was probably only being controlled by one or two. The remaining one had shifted its spring to the road and turned the surface itself into a

Springloaded.

Ange sliced through the concrete arm with her sword, but by that time...

"Anti-angel extermination simulation...complete."

"Ahh..."

The giant wheel hammer was swung down.

It covered too much space, so she could not escape after falling onto her butt.

She was going to be crushed.

"Checkmate."

"~~~~!"

".....nge!!"

She heard the engine before the voice.

She looked up.

She should have been angry. She had told him to run away, to hide, and to call Micha, but he had ignored her instructions and made a U-turn right back into danger when protecting him was her responsibility.

However, she formed a smile instead of her usual lopsided frown.

Smoke rose from the motorcycles tires and he reached a hand toward her with tears in his eyes.

She would never have admitted it, but he seemed reliable for the second time that day.

Mutsuki leaned over so far his shoulder nearly scraped the road and he caught the girl.

Ange flipped up and over him to pull in the opposite direction. If she had not, he would have fallen over.

Smoke rose from the motorcycle as it slipped along, but its inertia pulled it just barely past the hammer's range. As soon as the blue sky came into view, she heard the Springloaded giant's hammer slam into the Springloaded road hard enough for the surface to cave in.

Thanks to the girl's support, the motorcycle wobbled but remained standing as it came to a stop.

The boy's mouth flapped wordlessly as he held Ange. He seemed to be trying to ask her if she was okay, but the words would not come out.

"Yes, I'm fine. I did panic a little there, though."

"..." (Flapping mouth)

"Wipe away those tears."

"..." (Nodding)

As she watched the boy wipe at his eyes, the bodyguard girl checked on their surroundings.

After the hit from its ally, the Springloaded in the road seemed unable to move. That meant escape was an option, but she was still afraid of those twelve bows.

Which meant...

"Hey, Mutsuki."

She whispered into his ear.

After he heard her plan, he grew pale and shook his head, but...

"Beginning capture of Serpent's Eye holder...positive."

"We don't have time to hesitate!"

The crane arm reached out to grab the stopped motorcycle.

"Do we have to?" he silently asked with his pathetic, teary look.

"Yes! We do!" she silently replied with her lopsided frown.

"Fine then!"

The boy spun the accelerator grip.

The engine sounded like it was going to explode. Mutsuki had gradually gotten used to driving the thing, so he quickly shifted up to top gear.

It tore into the crane as it raced up the Springloaded's arm.

[illegible]

It was a slope of more than fifty degrees. Even the off-road motorcycle had difficulty with that, but the boy somehow managed while driving for his very first time. He had gained an excellent sense of balance from all the risk of death. He was half in tears while doing it, though.

The engine was incredibly powerful and its speed did not waver. Also...

"I'm going to accelerate, Ange! Hold on!"

He bent the accelerator grip.

The end of the grip was actually a cover for a small button. He had seen Micha use it once before and had feared for his life when she had.

The Springloaded tried to brush off the object climbing its arm, but it was too late. Once Mutsuki pressed the button, the engine roared so loudly it spewed flames and the motorcycle accelerated with nearly twice the speed.

Simply holding onto the handlebars was the most Mutsuki could manage, but...

"Tell this to whoever made you."

The strongest guardian angel lightly raised her sword and the motorcycle flew straight toward the chest of the mechanical soldier protected by twelve bows.

"The crane is too slow."

"I'm never riding a motorcycle again."

"Huh? But what about our rematch?"

"Not even at the arcade. I'm never riding one again."

"So you're going to quit while you're ahead?"

"I'm not doing it! I really did cry!"

The two of them climbed off the motorcycle as the Springloaded crumbled behind them with a hole in its chest.

Ange was of course exhausted and Mutsuki's legs were giving out due to fear, so they both crouched down for a short break.

"Is it...over?"

"Yes. It looks like they've stopped. We defeated all the Springloaded."

Ange tapped the ground with her heel.

Mutsuki breathed a sigh of wholehearted relief, but...

"But only the Springloaded."

The girl's tone of voice dropped and he remembered that this was still only the opening skirmish.

They both stood back up and faced the pile of Springloaded wreckage when they heard the ringing of a bell.

"That was a wonderful battle."

Black Cat gave a round of light applause and Ange drew her divine sword once more.

"But...ein Unglück kommt selten allein."

The beauty in black clasped her hands behind her back, spread her feet to shoulder width, and tightly arched her back as if to say she was most comfortable like this. With her bulky helmet, she naturally ended up looking down on people. As she stuck out her skinny chin, her long braided hair swayed like a tail.

She was FeTUS Witches Miss C, aka Black Cat. According to Ibekusa Machina, she was one of the witches who were more powerful than any Springloaded.

"I should apologize, Jiyuuni Ange. I underestimated you."

Her round feline eyes narrowed behind her glasses.

As the corners of her eyes narrowed, a horribly repulsive murkiness covered her golden eyes.

"To be honest, I was disappointed when you showed up at the mall. You had visited there before, so I had set up a Springloaded as a lookout and ended up sending eight of them after you."

Her apparent intelligence and calm were only on the surface. This girl was dangerous. Mutsuki was unfamiliar with the world of killing, but even he could sense the threat in her eyes.

"According to our calculations, eight cutting-edge Springloaded is enough to defeat one hundred angels. However..."

Her eyes narrowed even further.

"You managed to defeat all of them and destroyed a total of seven. ... Heh heh heh."

The next thing Mutsuki knew, an insane smile had appeared on her lips.

"It's been a while..."

"_____!?"

"...since I came across such a promising opponyent♡"

She unclasped the hands behind her.

The backs of her slender hands were hidden by tight gloves. On both

hands, glittering metallic claws were attached to the base of the second, third, and fourth fingers.

"Shaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh!"

The bewitching cat appeared in front of the angel's eyes too quickly for her to even be caught off guard. She had approached so quickly that she had seemed to disappear and reappear to Mutsuki.

"~~~~ Prominence – Loop!!"

Ange prepared her two swords. The cat instantly used the centrifugal force of a spin to attack the angel's windpipe with her three claws. Ange pulled her body back and used a sword as a shield.

"Heh heh... Heh hee hee...hee hee hee hee hee hee hee hee hee hee hee hee hee!"

The spinning black object released a faint, crazed laugh as she sent out her other three claws.

The girl somehow managed to defend against this attack too, but the later attack had more centrifugal force behind it and it launched her backwards. She flew through the air, bounced a few times on the ground, and finally stopped after hitting Micha's motorcycle.

"Heh heh heh hee hee! What's wrong? You're slow, slow, slow! Nya ha ha!"

Black Cat's pretty face twisted into something as hideous as a deep sea fish and she crouched down. She stood on all fours with her arms and legs straight.

It was the pose of an animal ready to fight.

The vertical slits of her pupils tightened in even further. Her braided hair bounced on her round butt like a tail.

"Grrrrrrrrrr!! Let me enjoy thiiiiiiiisssssss!!"

She tore through the concrete ground as she raced forward.

"Ange!" shouted Mutsuki.

"..."

Ange had finally gotten back to her feet, but she did not have time to prepare her sword.

"Corona!!!"

"Nyah!?"

But she protected herself with the flames emitted from her back.

However, she was not targeting Black Cat. She sent them toward Micha's motorcycle.

"Vnyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

The gasoline ignited and exploded. The motorcycle's parts scattered every which way and the hellfire scored a direct hit on Black Cat as she passed above it.

The sticky gasoline stuck to her and set her ablaze.

"..."

Mutsuki frowned. Even if she was their enemy, he did not want to see someone on fire.

Ange, on the other hand, showed no mercy and immediately began her next action. The enemy was wide open, but instead of going for an attack, she put away her sword and ran toward Mutsuki.

She grabbed him in her arms and jumped from the edge of the road.

"Wah!? Eh? We're running away?"

The boy's eyes widened as the girl jumped from the elevated highway to a nearby building's roof, to the building after that, and then to the roof of a house.

He agreed this enemy was too dangerous and he did not want to fight her if it could be avoided, but he had not expected this prideful girl to run away so easily.

Ange turned her usual sullen look his way.

"We're not running away. We're retreating. It's a strategic retreat."

"Oh... Yeah. That's right."

"..."

"..."

"Just to be clear, I haven't accepted what Ibekusa said!"

"I know, I know."

She seemed to be in a very bad mood, so he could not ask anything more. Her wrinkled brow twitched as she spoke.

"I don't know how powerful she is, but I want to avoid facing her while holding someone as useless as you. Find somewhere to hide. Got it?"

She apparently did not like that she was doing exactly what Machina had suggested, but she had apparently prioritized making a rational response to the situation at hand.

Mutsuki was glad she had prioritized him (technically, her job) over her own reckless pride and he was glad she had at least kept Machina's words somewhere in her heart. The corners of his eyes relaxed.

But...

"A game of tag!? You're gonna have to be faster than that!"

"!?"

At first, he did not know what had happened.

He sensed the unpleasant smokiness of burning gas and then Black Cat's sick and distorted smile appeared before his eyes. She had caught up. All Mutsuki knew was that he had been torn from Ange's hands.

"You're kidding... She's faster than me!?"

Not even Ange could react in time. Before she could put up her guard, a knee stabbed into her gut and she was sent flying into a neighboring building. She broke through the wall of wood and concrete.

Mutsuki gasped at the sudden turn of events. He tried to call for Ange, but the dry smoke reached his throat and he could only cough.

The flames had yet to vanish from Black Cat's hair and clothes. She had pursued them while still covered in burning gas.

She erased her insane smile and faced the dumbfounded boy.

"The Serpent's Eye holder....Adam. The final objective of FeTUS."

"...? Ad...am...?"

"Hmph. So the fun is already over."

He had previously heard both Machina and Ange mention the term "Adam".

He had been curious, but he had not been given the time to investigate it and then had completely forgotten. He was confused by its sudden reappearance here.

But before he could feel too puzzled, Black Cut stuck a sharp syringe in his neck and its contents quickly dragged his consciousness into the darkness.

For better or for worse, Ange had been knocked into an abandoned building.

Plywood covered the windows and it only contained two business desks and six run-down chairs. She could tell at a glance the place was not used.

(Gh... That girl really is strong.)

The damage to her kicked stomach was surprisingly great, so she could not stand up quite yet.

When Black Cat caught up, she ran over and placed her hand on a nearby desk.

Just as Miss E had done, the material transformed. With a smooth movement, it wrapped around the collapsed girl's wrists, forced her to her feet, and became a cross to hold the girl's small body.

She grimaced from both the pain and humiliation.

Black Cat placed Mutsuki's unconscious form in a nearby chair.

"Now, then. This is incredibly unfortunate, but even I am one of the FeTUS Witches. I am a servant to the realm of man, so I can't focus on my own entertainment forever. The games stop here."

She clasped her hands behind her back and stood tall, but some madness remained in her expression.

"Before I take you back to headquarters, I think I'll investigate your special traits."

"...Wah!"

Three silver lines raced audibly through the air while giving off a black glint. By the time Ange realized they were the girl's claws, her uniform's buttons had already been torn away. Her bisected red checkered tie fell away and the front of her clothing opened.

This revealed her delightfully slender white belly and the elastic sports bra that covered her small yet pretty bust.

Ange bit her lower lip because it hurt her pride that Black Cat had gone out of her way to avoid harming her skin.

"Hm." Black Cat narrowed her eyes. "So this is the legendary armor used by the angels. That impregnable Suit is supposed to be harder, more elastic, and stickier than anything on earth."

She pulled on the bra with the tip of just the claw growing from between her middle and ring finger.

Those claws had sliced right through the clothing, but it only stretched like rubber. Even after pulling, scraping, and twisting, the blade would not break through.

"But..."

After adequately checking how sturdy the material was, she hid her claws and reached her fingers toward the back and armpit visible through the gaps in Ange's torn uniform.

She scooped up the sweat worked up from running around so much and pinched the bra.

"It is weak to sweat. A defective product, just as reported."

That solid material easily tore and revealed its white contents.

The Suit's material was weak to seawater...or more broadly, salt water. It used an absorbent on the inside, but if Ange worked up too much of a sweat for that to absorb or the liquid was splashed on her from the outside, it grew fragile. FeTUS was wholeheartedly researching the angels, so they apparently already knew about that weakness.

"Why you... Do you like stripping girls? Are you insane!?"

"Oh, I quite like it."

Ange clenched her teeth in humiliation, but Black Cat toyed with the hole in the black material. The hole easily grew and finally a light pink point popped energetically out into view.

The surrounding breast was covered in the elastic material, so the strangled tip and areola were pushed perkily out. The nipple itself was childishly inverted, but Black Cat forcibly pried out the young point.

"You don't like it?"

"~~~~~!!!???"

"I can violate others. I can violate their bodies, their dignity, their pride, and their lives."

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Based on the color, that tip had to be delicate, but Black Cat pinched it so hard it looked like it would tear off.

The girl felt like her skin was going to tear and she screamed loud enough for her voice to echo around the floor. The intense pain forced out even more sweat.

The fingers did not leave the protrusion until it grew erect enough to force off a pasty.

"I especially like tormenting a truly ruthless opponent. I love seeing their look of unbearable frustration and their look of unbearable hatred for me. I love seeing their face twisting in greater and greater agony. The prouder the opponent, the better. No matter how great the pain and torment, they will never beg for forgiveness. Seeing them unable to hold back the tears and cries of pain as they desperately try to maintain their pride is the greatest pleasure imaginable."

Black Cat happily narrowed her eyes as the prideful girl glared at her with hatred in her eyes and gasped for breath as the pain finally faded.

Black Cat gave the bewitching and insane smile of a female cat.

"Do you know what I mean?"

"...All I know is that you're not just a pervert; you're the most despicable kind of crazy."

"I see. That's too bad."

This time, Black Cat removed just the center claw and reached out the other two.

"I sensed something similar inside you, so I thought you might feel some sympathy. But oh, well."

She further balled up her clenched fist as if bringing her thumb and little finger closer together.

The metal claws followed that movement and curved like a scythe so their tips approached each other.

"This is part of my job. I mustn't mix business with pleasure."

They almost looked like electrodes.

"I will do my duty and gather some data for a new anti-angel weapon."

White sparks passed between the two poles.

“...Wh-what?”

“This is known as the Kühler Krallen. You angels are weak to heat radiation, so this tool diffuses your body’s heat using the power of magnetism. But don’t worry. I don’t intend to kill you. I only want some data on the output level. However...”

Ange was still at a loss for words when Black Cat pressed the tool against her upper arm. Despite how easily she swung around her giant sword, that upper arm had a feminine softness to it and the tool almost lovingly stroked against it.

“When we tested this on a human, it was apparently painful enough to knock them out.”

The electrical current was released.

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

Another scream of pain reverberated through the building.

Even with just a single point of contact, the pulse instantly travelled across her skin and tormented the pain receptors across her entire body. Her slender form wriggled and arched its back so much the back of her head slammed into the metal cross behind her.

“...I see.”

"Kah...ah..."

By the time Black Cat removed it, all strength had left Ange's legs and waist. She hung limply from just her bound arms.

The pain felt like having every inch of skin slapped at once. The damage was worst on the upper arm that received the direct hit, so she felt a throbbing sensation like the skin had actually been burned.

"Heh heh. I like the sound of that scream."

Black Cat smiled in satisfaction, grabbed Ange's ponytail, and forced her head up.

The angel was incredibly exhausted. She did not know how it worked, but that electric attack seemed to diffuse her body's heat as well as cause pain. Angels were born from fire, so this robbed her of her energy. She could feel the weakness in the upper arm.

"That was some useful data. Now for the next test."

"Uuh...uuh..."

This time, it was in the armpit. Before Ange had a chance to rest, the seed of intense pain was sent into a location closer to her body's core, allowing it to spread to her entire body more easily.

However, no scream escaped her mouth this time.

In fact, she kept her dignified gaze on Black Cat's icy smile even as the electricity surged into her.

The woman removed the electrodes with an impressed look.

"I'm surprised. No scream and we're only on the second time. None of our specimens have managed that before. And I've never heard of any difference in the tactile nerves between angels and humans."

The pain and diffused heat brought exhaustion. The angel's breathing grew shallow, but she continued intimidating her opponent with her gaze.

As prideful as she was, simply having herself stripped bare and toyed with by the enemy was an unbearable humiliation. She would rather die than cry and scream to fulfill that enemy's sadism.

"Heh hee hee hee. Now that's what I like to see. But how long will you last? Nya ha ha."

A mixture of surprise, admiration, and pleasure filled the sick smile on Black Cat's face as she brought the tips of her claws to a more risqué location. This time, it was the pink object standing tall from the hole in the bra thanks to the previous pinching.

Ange's blood froze over as she wondered what would happen if the electric attack hit her in such a sensitive place, but she did not let it show on her face.

"~~~~!"

The white sparks were absorbed by the light pink skin of that enlarged protrusion and the pain felt like having her heart squeezed, but she did not let her voice escape.

She reflexively shook her chest to escape the shock, but the soft, undeveloped mounds only swayed back and forth without dislodging the demonic claws seeming to dig into one of them. Her sweat weakened the Suit, the hole in the bra grew, and the entire breast was exposed.

A clear wrinkle ran from Ange's brow to the tip of her nose. This one lasted a long time. Black Cat may have wanted to elicit a scream because she did not pull back the electrodes even after several seconds.

(I...won't...lose... I...absolutely...refuse...to...)

The pain had been focused in a single point when she had been pinched, but now she felt like her body was being burned from the inside. No matter how much she tried to endure it, it continued without end.

(I...can't...breathe...)

Faced with this unescapable agony, her mind grew hazy. Tears left her eyes, her mouth hung half open, and drool flowed out.

The pain and suffering was just like having her body roasted from within.

And...

(This happened...before...)

She could not remember who it was, but she did know she had not met that woman since being born as an angel.

She did not know what the woman looked like. The woman had always kept her back to Ange and when she had occasionally look her way...

"What are you looking at? It's creeping me out."

"What do you think you're doing out of your room?"

"Ahh, ahh. Life has been so boring since I had you. This is the worst."

She had a feeling that woman had said some awful things to her and had refused to look at her.

She remembered the woman being constantly worried about her makeup and rubbing white powder to a face much like Ange's own. Her lips had been red and those lips had always held a thin cigarette.

Yes, she had always been smoking.

And much like now, whenever something displeased her, she had pressed that burning tip against...

"Uuh..."

"Oh, dear. Did I overdo it?"

The source of the heated pain left and Ange's vanishing consciousness returned.

What had happened? Her mind was a mess and she could not gather her thoughts. She felt like she had seen something in a dream, but she could not remember what. She briefly had trouble remembering who the girl in a helmet standing in front of her was.

But once she remembered that girl was an enemy, Ange worked at moving her limp hips. Her tear ducts had loosened and her eyes were a little wet, but her gaze had not lost its dignified look. Black Cat seemed relieved to see it.

"You don't scream even as it knocks you out? Not bad, Jiyuuni Ange."

Black Cat brought the claws to Ange's throat.

"It makes me want to draw out the tears by force."

Those claws had sliced through the concrete road like butter and now they traced along Ange's windpipe.

"But it seems pain isn't going to do the trick."

When the angel still did not react, Black Cat smiled bitterly and snapped her fingers.

Mutsuki looked up from his chair.

"Come here, Fujita Mutsuki."

"Yes, Miss C."

The boy walked up next to the enemy like a machine.

Something was clearly off about him, so Ange's eyebrows twitched. That roommate always had the eyes of a frightened puppy, but now they were horribly empty.

(Was he brainwashed?)

She could intuitively tell. She could not guess what method had been used, but FeTUS had enough technological power to place an angel like

her in danger. Brainwashing would be simple for them.

The target she was meant to protect had been made the enemy's puppet. Being restrained and unable to move was trouble enough, so Ange let out a small sigh.

Black Cat gave a provocative smile.

"Heh heh. Fujita Mutsuki, aka Adam. I had no real interest in him, but he's actually pretty cute. Makes me want to tie a bell around his neck and raise him as my pet♡"

She pressed her body up against his motionless and expressionless body.

"Lick it."

She held her hand up to his mouth.

The boy obediently nodded and traced his tongue along the back of her hand, between her fingers, across the tips of her fingers, and over all of the soft flesh he could reach.

The way he sniffed at the hint of sweat on her hand and thoroughly licked it all up was just like a curious puppy. Even the coldhearted cat relaxed the corners of her eyes a little.

(What is the point of this?)

Ange was confused as Black Cat glanced over at her.

"Good boy."

She put away her claws and stroked his cheek with her fingertips.

She then tugged on his jaw.

"...Nn."

"Wha-...!?"

As if showing off, she brought his half-opened lips into her mouth.

Ange watched in shock as the witch laughed deep in her throat and boldly wiggled her head to rub their lips together. She finally stuck out her saliva-covered tongue and slipped it inside his mouth while keeping her lips open so Ange could see it all.

Mutsuki naturally did not resist and even stuck out his own tongue.

Not only could Ange hear them trading saliva, she could hear their soft flesh pressing together, bending, wrapping around each other, and rubbing against each other. That was just how intense a kiss it was.

"Wait... Wh-wh-what the hell are you doing!?"

After far too long, Ange came back to her senses and shouted in anger.

Black Cat narrowed the corners of her eyes as if to say that was exactly the reaction she had wanted.

"...Nn...nmh...hnn..."

But as if she had lost interest in Ange, she exchanged a few more breaths with the boy and finally pulled back. Saliva formed a transparent bridge between them and she broke it with a sweet breath.

"You're a pretty good kisser...for a kid."

Her intelligent feline eyes were melting behind her glasses and she stroked his cheek even more intensely. The boy's mind still did not seem to be functioning, but he did look a little happy.

"You...!"

Ange did not understand, but something did not sit right with her about this and she struggled against her bonds.

"So you're at least close enough to feel jealous."

Black Cat gave a pleased smile.

"Open the Serpent's Eye."

"!?"

That was a command to Mutsuki.

Before Ange could even gasp, the boy replied "Yes, Miss C" in the same tone as before. A strange change came over his right eye immediately afterwards.

The entire eyeball was dyed black as if by ink and became a uniform pitch-black sphere. In fact, the black pupil at the center was a lighter shade than the rest. It looked like a dully glowing black-lacquered jewel had been placed in his eye socket.

It almost looked like a reptile's eye.

The Serpent's Eye was the power of the Perfect Man and it could turn the female half of the world into his slaves.

Ange quickly looked away, but she did not fully avoid it. She groaned and felt like the core of her legs had fallen away. Her knees nearly gave out.

"The report said he didn't know how to open it himself, but it seems he can already control it subconsciously. This only makes him more of a

threat."

Black Cat gave a thin smile and looked to Ange who was desperately trying to avoid his gaze.

"Wonderful. So this is the desire triggered by the Serpent's Eye, the special trait of Adam's manifestation."

"Kh...aaahhh. Stop...Mutsuki! Wake up!"

This girl was as powerful as one hundred angels, but in just a few seconds, she lost all will to fight and was transformed into a frail little girl.

She had experienced this once before two weeks ago. The power of the Serpent's Eye was overwhelming.

She felt like a water balloon had burst deep inside her navel and like gravity was pulling its sticky contents down and quickly soaking the closed pathway there.

As her body softened like that, something long and serpentine raged inside her. Its fine scales scraped at her sensitive flesh, providing an almost painful throbbing.

(This feeling... Ahh... It's the same as before...hyahh!)

She pressed her thighs together in a vain attempt to endure it. Her hips

trembled and she could not have remained standing without the support of the cross behind her.

She rubbed her legs together like she needed to use the bathroom. Her sweat-soaked spats tore, revealing her white thighs and her baby pink panties. As her body writhed, the adorable pink protrusions grew engorged at the tip of her breasts.

Black Cat narrowed her eyes at the unexpected extent of the girl's reaction.

"Good, Fujita Mutsuki. Now, face this way."

She adjusted her glasses and gave her command, so the boy did as he was told.

"...!?"

The distinction between enemy and ally was meaningless. As a woman, Black Cat let out the same sort of voice as Ange when she received this direct hit.

She quickly tensed her expression and the soft skin below her skintight black suit convulsed a little. Her reaction was not as extreme as the younger girl's, but...

"E-enough! Close the Eye, Fujita Mutsuki. Close the Serpent's Eye!"

"Yes, Miss C."

"I...see. Dr. Strangelove, you said these would cut off 88% of the Serpent's Eye's power, but they didn't do a damn thing. They're defective."

She wiped the sweat from her brow and removed the glasses that had apparently been modified in some way.

She then took a look at Mutsuki whose right eye had returned to normal.

"Or is what I felt really only 12%?"

Her shoulders shook.

She placed the glasses back on and faced Ange. The angel glared back at her with unhidden defiance in her eyes, but those eyes had lost all intensity.

It was obvious at a glance that being exposed to that gaze for just a few seconds had done more damage than the painful electricity that had brought her to the verge of death.

Black Cat smiled thinly.

"While I'm here, I might as well collect that sex cell sample that Miss E failed to get."

With Mutsuki and Ange still facing each other, Black Cat knelt down.

She reached for the zipper of the standing boy's pants. She opened the pants and pulled the flaccid object from his boxers.

"..."

Ange quickly looked away. She had seen that before, but only when erect. She had never seen it in this state before.

While erect, it had been hard as steel and had not seemed like a part of someone's body, but when flaccid and covered by the foreskin, it really did seem like a part of the boy's body. She grew oddly embarrassed about seeing it and her entire head grew red.

Meanwhile, Black Cat brought her face in close to the flesh covered by the pouch-like foreskin.

"It doesn't look too impressive, but it has a nice animalistic scent."

"Uuh..."

She gently grabbed the tip.

She massaged it with quick snapping movements of her entire hand. The boy groaned quietly and quickly began to react. The balls tensed a little, the shaft grew stiff, and it started rising.

"So it does peel back... I see. It looks just as beastly as it smells."

As her fingers were holding the foreskin in place, the skin could not hold back the growing contents and the tense reddish tip pushed its way out.

The penis swelled out from the base to the tip and twitched in time to a manly throbbing. Black Cat was surprised by how much the head swelled out further than the rest.

"Uuh..."

Ange looked over for just an instant and immediately looked away again.

That brief glimpse of the boy's organ was burned into her mind and the throbbing returned deep inside her crotch.

The serpent rampaging inside her body transformed into the shape of that obscene mushroom. The sensitive flesh deep inside her navel felt like it was on fire.

She wanted it to penetrate her. She wanted that thick head to stir up the seductively burning flesh inside her.

(Honestly... This power...is why I hate Mutsuki...!)

She was a virgin, but that power made her vagina alone crave a man.

She did not know how much he was aware of it, but his was the cruelest of powers for a woman.

Ange had experienced it once two weeks before and it had been a true ordeal. Simply having her body touched had caused her to moan like a slut and finally climax.

The heat had continued inside her even afterwards.

She had feigned calm in front of him, but the heat had not cooled at first. Every night in bed, she had been overwhelmed by an urge to rub at an indecent location. Even when she had somehow managed to ignore it and go to sleep, her hips had writhed on their own as she slept. A few times, she had subconsciously pulled at her panties, wedged them inside her hidden slit, and woken to find she had wet herself. That was why she had wanted a private room even in the small house they had moved to.

Her lack of sleep and self-loathing had left her irritated throughout the following day. After about ten days of that, it had finally cooled down, but now...

"That was only 12%? It must be amazing at full power."

Black Cat snapped her fingers and the bottom half of the metal cross behind Ange split into two parts. Shackles attached to her ankles just like her wrists and moved to either side.

It stopped when her legs were nicely spread.

"Kh...hh..."

Ange's shoulders trembled as the cold air touched her heated inner thighs.

Her spats tore away from her right leg, fully exposing her pink panties which were soaking wet and plastered to their contents.

"That's a lot of juices. Is this part of the Serpent's Eye's power? Or do you just get wet easily?"

"..."

Ange could only clench her teeth in frustration as her enemy mocked the fluids dripping down her spread thighs.

Black Cat was delighted to see the warrior's spirit had not vanished from her eyes.

"How about I see just how effective it is?"

Her braided hair bounced behind her as she brought her face in toward the boy's crotch.

Black Cat smoothly held out her head, parted her lips, and kissed the

erection.

"Uuh..."

"Uuh..."

Even with his emotions erased, Mutsuki frowned at the seductive sensation. And while she watched, Ange groaned.

Black Cat's round feline eyes grew damp as they viewed the head which was manlier than anyone would have expected of a boy who only looked like a child. She extended her saliva-covered tongue toward the shaft adorned with throbbing veins.

"Nkh...mfh...mnnh... The smell...really is amazing."

She may not have been used to this because she had difficulty opening her mouth wide enough, but she eventually swallowed the rock-hard object. Her large helmet started swaying as she quickly moved her head forward and back.

The surface of her tongue was oddly rough as if it had countless tiny protrusions growing from it.

Her fragrant saliva surrounded the penis, allowing that rough sensation to rub more smoothly against it. Even with his mind put to sleep, Mutsuki's shoulders trembled from the intense pleasure.

"Hh...uuh..."

The angel girl was also reacting to this intense blowjob.

"Heh heh♡ I've never seen such a suckable penis."

The woman's tail-like braid shook behind her as she moved her lips up and down the shaft of the male organ and Ange had a feeling she glanced over at her.

"Uuhhh..."

While still pinned to the metal structure with her legs spread wide, the girl had been fully contaminated by the obscene atmosphere hanging in the air.

(I...I can't stand it anymore... I'm losing...my mind...)

In the days of agony after being exposed to the Serpent's Eye, she had been plagued by sexual dreams that had melted her body like ice cream, but now that same sensation rose inside her while awake.

When she looked up, she saw Black Cat pushing her head in toward Mutsuki's crotch and taking the full erection into her mouth.

(I wish I could... ~~!? N-no, no!)

She shook her head to erase the unthinkable desire filling her chest.

But no matter how hard she shook her ponytail, the second the urge cooled inside her, she would find her eyes pointing right back toward his crotch.

(It's so big... What would it feel like to hold that in your mouth? Would it feel filthy? No, it would probably be...amazingly...)

"...Npah."

Saliva had filled her mouth without her realizing it, so when she let out an especially rough breath, the drool spilled out.

Since she could not close her thighs to stimulate her crotch, it felt horribly lonely.

The unbearable irritation caused her hips to start twisting around. She even pressed her butt against the metal seat behind her in the hopes of even the slightest stimulation.

She drooled like a starving dog and indulged in obscene pleasure like a monkey in heat.

(Penis... Mutsuki's...Mutsuki's penis...)

Her young face was as heated as the most lustful woman's and her damp eyes stared at the boy's item.

"Nn..."

Fortunately, Black Cat did not notice.

"Heh heh...nnh...pwah... Nyah♡ Your pwenis ish...amashing...♡"

Black Cat had begun this in order to see what Ange did as she stole Mutsuki in front of her, but at some point she had completely lost herself in the act of fellatio.



She had narrowed her sweet mouth and stickily moved her slender jaw forward and back.

"Nyhh...mnh. Nnnh, nn...ahh♡"

Her slender waist wiggled as if she were being penetrated by something quite thick from behind.

"Nya ha...♡ Hahh, hh... O-oh, whoops."

She realized she had lost herself in the very boy she was supposedly controlling.

"What a dangerous power. Controlling all women was no metaphor or exaggeration."

She blushed and fixed her clothes that had shifted out of place even without anyone touching her.

Mutsuki was still sleeping with his eyes open, so he calmly stood there with his saliva-covered erection. Perhaps to hide her embarrassment, Black Cat looked over to Ange who had fallen into a daze.

"Fujita Mutsuki."

"Yes, Miss C."

"Show her some love."

"Fwah..."

The metal structure supporting Ange's body returned to its original desk form. Her hips were so weak that she nearly collapsed right there.

She somehow managed to cling to the desk and the boy leaned over her slender back.

"Wait... M-Mutsuki!?"

" ... "

Her confused voice did not reach him. He simply followed his master's orders and reached his hands around her small, childlike body.

The holes at the tips of her bra had widened far enough to reveal her budding, milk-colored mounds, but the material remained at the base. The elastic material dug into and pushed out her bust. Mutsuki grabbed those breasts and began fondling them.

"Heh heh... Your body is so wonderfully tender."

"Nnauh... S-stop... Come back to your senses, Mutsuki!"

Ange raised a shrill angry shout as she was assaulted by the boy she was meant to protect, but her voice did not reach him.

His harassment was even crueler than anything Black Cat could do.

Fujita Mutsuki's very presence was a potent poison to her at the moment. His rough kneading of her breasts was enough to leave her legs and hips too weak to stand without the desk.

(This is the attractive power of the Serpent's Eye... No... It's too... powerful.)

The Serpent's Eye allowed one to rule over all women, but its power was more than simple hypnotism.

The women were made to adore its possessor, Fujita Mutsuki, on a genetic level. Even now, the girl's skin cells had left her control as they begged for his touch. She could not even work up the slight strength needed to throw off someone as weak as him.

(I need to do something...something...hyah!)

The boy's fingers pinched the tips that tended to swell out from her puffy areolae.

If she could break through the brainwashing, she could escape right away. She knew she had to break through that brainwashing, but she was overpowered by the fingers stroking up and down her weak points. She writhed with her hands planted firmly on the desk and her erect nipples throbbed painfully.

Mutsuki was far more talented as a violator than Black Cat.

"You're so cute, Ange."

He kissed the white nape of her neck and whispered in a voice that was empty yet not so cold it seemed emotionless.

He had been ordered to “show her some love”. Sadistic Black Cat had likely meant it sarcastically, but Mutsuki seemed to have taken it at face value. He provided a thorough caress, as if she were his lover.

He softly stimulated the tips, fondled the full breasts, and at some point started digging his fingers into her defenseless little butt.

(H-his touch...is too lewd.)

Without even taking his power into account, his technique had been developed to satisfy an adult like Micha, so young Ange had no way of resisting.

“...Oh, right.”

As Black Cat watched – or rather, was left behind by the two – she called out to Mutsuki.

“You can do whatever you want to her, but when you cum, do it somewhere other than her vagina. We need sex cells that haven’t been mixed with another life form.”

“Yes, Miss C.”

His fingers had started moving deep between her thighs, but they stopped on her butt.

The way Ange was standing emphasized her small, fleshy hipline. He placed his fingers on the crack visible through her panties and spread her butt.

"Ah! No!"

Even if it was through her panties, this exposed a spot even more inappropriate than her breasts. Her hips moved wildly to throw him off.

But the movement was weak. Her torn skirt fluttered and her ponytail slapped at him, but that was it. In fact, the action drew his attention to the adorable earlobe at the base of the hair brushed back on that side.

He placed his lower lip on it.

"Don't worry... I'll make sure you feel great."

"Nkh... ahh...."

His warm breath reached her eardrum.

She briefly recalled him saving her on the motorcycle. She remembered his surprisingly strong hand, the slight smell of sweat, and the expression she had seen from so close.

She was already having trouble gathering any strength, but now it left her completely.

"Heeeeeeen."

He used that opening to search out her deepest place with his finger.

Her anus was clamped shut like an undeveloped bud, but he worked to loosen it with what almost seemed practiced ease.

(N-no... You're kidding... He's touching...my butthole...)

The panties in between were so thin that she could clearly feel even his fingerprint. As a place far more embarrassing than her breasts was exposed, the girl's face crumbled almost to tears.

But the truly embarrassing part was not the touch itself.

(I-it's opening up...)

Young Ange was exposed to the finger technique that had won over Micha the Angel, Machina the Human, and Lucia the Demon over the past few days.

An obscene flame seemed to be burning her anus. The outer edge of the hole grew stickily warm and the ring of flesh quickly loosened. The entire opening rose up and sucked at his finger through her panties.

"Stop...Mutsuki...no..."

The girl's usually dignified eyes were now drooping helplessly as she tearfully pleaded to the boy.

Her smooth skin needed no makeup, her beautiful face was perfectly formed, and she looked incredibly strong-willed when she raised the corners of her eyes, but when those deep blue eyes grew damp, they gave off a masochistically ephemeral seduction.

Even Black Cat was surprised to see it, but Mutsuki showed no mercy. He gently massaged the edges of her raised anal flesh and stuck his fingertip inside.

After a few minutes of his caress, the courageous angel girl was utterly defeated.

She could no longer stand, so she lay face down on the desk. This stuck her hips back and the boy's hand continued its assault there.

"It's not just your pussy. Your asshole is all wet too. These panties are ruined."

"Ee...heeeen..."

"It's getting softer and softer. Look how easy my finger goes in now."

As he persistently loosened her beautiful anus that was damp with anal

juices, his other hand fondled her breasts and his tongue continued stimulating the nape of her neck, and her spine.

All Ange could do was wiggle her small butt a little, but not even she knew whether that was to escape the boy's grasp or to inform him of her pleasure.

(Did Micha...feel like this too?)

She recalled the image of him and their other roommate in their house's bath a few days before.

She had found it abnormal at the time. She had been angry at Mutsuki for perverting Micha, her trusted comrade and friend.

But now that the same thing was happening to her, she knew all too well why Micha had made those indecent moans of pleasure.

(My butt...my butt is spreading so much... Ahhhh, what is this feeling...?)

Her anal flesh had grown very accustomed to his finger. It was burning and desired more of his touch whenever his finger left even for a moment.

She hated Mutsuki for intentionally targeting other spots. When his hand would occasionally leave her butt, he would bring his feather-light touch to her back, her thighs, her knees, or her ankles. That touch felt great, which was exactly why her heated anus throbbed at being

neglected.

(Mutsuki of all people...is...is...)

Ange hated humans in the first place, so Mutsuki was nothing more than the individual she was charged with protecting. He was stupid, pathetic, and perverted, so he was honestly the type she was not exactly fond of.

And yet she could not stop her anus from desiring him. She knew it was wrong, but it would open on its own and welcome his finger in to loosen the stickiness inside.

"..."

His caress was so thorough that Black Cat's cheeks were flushed as she watched.

"Nn... It looks like this part of you wants me to touch it."

Finally, Mutsuki lowered his finger.

"Hyah... N-no, Mutsuki... Not...not there..."

"You're dripping wet. Sorry. I shouldn't have been so focused on your butt."

He touched the mound deep below the lovely butt sticking out toward him.

Ange gasped in shock as he traced his fingers across that spot no one else had ever touched before.

Unbelievable heat had resided there ever since his gaze had hit her. The overflowing nectar had not just trailed down her thighs to her knees; it was even soaking into her socks.

"I'm going to take a look."

He placed his finger on the panties blocking his view.

"...No, nooo. Don't take them off... Don't look!"

The girl naturally resisted, but her body was plastered to the desk like melted cheese and she could not move like she wanted to.

She accepted and indulged in his violating touch.

"Fwah... St-stop..."

Her panties were plastered to her with her own juices, but he rolled them up as he removed them.

The remains of her spats were still wrapped around her left leg, so he

lifted her right leg and removed her last line of defense.

"~~"

The girl was too embarrassed to speak as her right knee was placed up on the desk.

Mutsuki peered at her defenseless flesh from behind with a satisfied look. She still wore her shoes and both her spats and rolled-up panties remained on her left thigh, but none of that hid her weak point at the center of her spread legs.

"Ha ha♡ This is my first time seeing yours, Ange."

The young lips located below her snow white butt had yet to grow in their hair and had the color of pudding made from strawberry milk.

It looked like a child's, but the inner flesh itself was soft and raising her leg caused the crevice to open in a diamond shape. The sticky folds of flesh were packed together inside. She had the same overall lighter coloration as Machina, but the red deep inside the slit stood out quite a bit.

"It's so pretty...and really sexy."

He kissed a point that had collected some juices and then brought his tongue to the enchanting lips.

"Uuh...kh... Not there..."

No matter how embarrassing it was, the girl let out a sweet voice.

The juices soaking her flesh were sourer than Micha's. The flavor worked up a male's offensive side, so the boy made a needle-like point with his tongue and poked at her.

(No... He's seeing it all...and licking it all.)

Each time he parted the scarlet folds, the girl was overcome by two conflicting feelings and her face crumbled into sobs.

One of those feelings was embarrassment. That one she could understand.

The problem was the other one. With each forward and back motion of his tongue, she was filled with a horribly sweet sense of perversion.

It was a strange arousal that caused her anger toward him and the situation to fade. Each time he licked, devoured, or poked at her melting flesh, her young body and heart were further bound.

"N-no... Stop."

"Are you sure? The gaps in the folds are getting hotter. Don't you want me to tease you more?"

"Ah ah ahhn. No. Don't stick your tongue in that deep!"

It was made all the worse by how cleverly his tongue moved.

He opened up each small flower petal, thoroughly sucked on them, licked at them, and tickled at them while moving so quickly she could barely believe it was a part of his body.

"Fwah...! Not..there! Ah, ah... It's...it's going to peel back..."

The tip of his tongue wrapped around her largish clitoris and peeled back its wrinkled crown.

Her eyes opened wide and her entire body bounced up from the desk. Her slender waist twisted and a wave ran through her delightfully raised breasts.

This was not surprising. That was an unbelievably sensitive spot that had barely ever been touched. Merely peeling back its hood made it sting and she had been brought to tears when she had once touched it out of curiosity.

When taking baths, the most she could manage was surrounding it in soap bubbles. And yet...

"Hyaaahh! Ahhh...ahh...ahhhh!"

His tongue wrapped around the light pink bump like a snake crushing

its prey's bones.

"Nnauh, yhahhh, stop, no, it's so rough!"

That small bead of pleasure nerves was too much stimulation for the girl.

But the boy...

"It's all hard now... And your hole is twitching. Are you about to cum?"

"Noooooooooo!"

He sucked on it like he was trying to dissolve a piece of candy and quickly moved his tongue back and forth as if to press the rough surface against it.

"Nnaahh. Nooo, that's...too...too good!"

The pleasure pierced her skin like a spear and stabbed into the base of the maiden's bead, into her urethra, and into her vaginal flesh.

She had never felt anything like this. She had only ever experienced this flash of white in her mind in her dreams over the past ten days.

(No, I...I can't. I can't...)

Her red ponytail shook behind her, but the next thing she knew, her arms and legs were stretched out and her young butt was pressing up against his mouth. The small fleshy cheeks were squished by his cheeks and his nose dug into her enticing anus.

(~~~~ Ahhhh♡)

A sticky light of indecent pleasure washed over her entire slender body.

"Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

As her melting mind flashed in and out, more pleasure than she had ever felt before raced up to her brain.

She felt like the ground had fallen away below her and like she was both falling and flying. Her legs were shaking uncontrollably.

All the while, the boy continued licking her convulsing sweet bead. He was so persistent that the girl could only continue releasing embarrassing moans for a while afterwards.

Her softly melted vagina tightened and her sweet and sour nectar squirted into the boy's mouth. Her anus also squeezed on the tip of his nose.

"Fwah♡"

Another dam gave way.

A healthily clear yellow liquid sprayed out from just below the base of her clitoris.

The small urethra only looked like an indentation, but it opened wide and bulged out a little as it audibly released its contents onto the aluminum desk.

(Why...do I...always...?)

Even after Mutsuki removed his mouth in surprise, the warm liquid passing through her urethra brought more pleasure and the orgasm would not come to an end.

This was the second time he had made her cum.

And she now knew that the climaxes he brought her to were far deeper and longer than the ones she experienced in her dreams at night.

All strength left her. She could not even hope to stand and she nearly fell from the desk.

Even after he supported her and let her curl up on the floor, the waves of pleasure continued with no sign of stopping.

"Wait, Fujita Mutsuki."

Mutsuki was stroking his curved cannon barrel in preparation to assault the defenseless girl's nectar hole, but Black Cat stopped him.

"...?"

He looked back in confusion.

"Do not forget your orders," she said with a frown.

Not long ago, she had told him to ejaculate outside of Ange's vagina.

It was impossible for the perfectly brainwashed boy to forget his master's orders, but he had already pressed the tip against her vagina. Not only that...

"...Understood."

He agreed, but he looked somewhat displeased.

Black Cat sensed that something was not quite right here, so she narrowed her eyes suspiciously behind her glasses that could suppress the power of the Serpent's Eye.

(Huh?)

Ange's mind was still hazy and she felt like she was in one of her sexual dreams that had caused her to wet the bed so many times.

Her body felt like cream and she could not work up the willpower needed to get up. She simply lay on the floor without moving. Even when Mutsuki approached behind her and lifted her butt, she simply obeyed.

Even in her state, his merciless assault continued.

(Something's happening... Ah, no. Not there...)

While raising her hips, he placed his face in the center of her butt. Ange blankly realized he was going for her anus again and grimaced in embarrassment.

Instead of greeting her, he brought his nose close to her anus that was still somewhat loose from her orgasm and took a deep breath.

Then he kissed it and stuck in his soft tongue.

"...Ah...ahh..."

She twisted her slender waist on a conditioned reflex, but it only bent her cute navel a little and did not allow her to escape. Her butt did not move and her attempts to speak were colored by tones of enjoyment.

His thorough and skilled tongue service was directed at her anus this

time.

(Why is...he so... No, no. It's too embarrassing.)



He pressed in on each of the gathered wrinkles and the tip curved back to catch on the sphincter like a fishing hook.

She had thought the same thing when he was doing it with his finger, but he was far too good at this. It was like he knew in advance what

would bring the most pleasure.

As that pleasure weakened her body, she naturally lifted her sensitive butt.

(Isn't it dirty...? Oh, and...doesn't it smell?)

Her mind was still hazy from the previous climax.

She was embarrassed, but she could not help but accept him in.

"You're getting even more sensitive. Heh heh. Did cumming flip the switch for you?"

"Nnah...ah. _____!?"

She finally came back to her senses when a hand reached in from a different direction than Mutsuki and pinched one of her erect points.

"D-don't touch me!"

She brushed aside the slender fingers curiously tracing along her breasts.

Black Cat had crouched down to peer at her. Melting in front of Mutsuki was one thing, but she refused to do so in front of the enemy. She somehow managed to regain her senses. But...

"Ah... Wait...Mu...tsuki..."

She could not fight back.

He had stuck two fingers inside her softened anus. They groped at a point deeper than his tongue had reached.

"Mutsu-... You idiot... How long...are you going to...let her control... ahhhh!"

Even with her hated enemy right in front of her, the girl could not maintain her feelings of hatred.

"Heh heh. I don't believe the desire triggered by the Serpent's Eye loosens you up back there."

"Ah...uuh..."

She was unbelievably frustrated, but there was nothing she could do.

That hole meant for excretion had fully become a point of pleasure. When the fingers moved skillfully inside, she could not suppress the sweet feeling that welled up inside her. Her eyes grew damp and held no intensity as she glared at Black Cat.

"How does it feel to have him investigate the smell and flavor of your anus, Jiyuuni Ange?"

"Stop... Don't...touch me..."

"Interesting. The softer your asshole gets, the harder this becomes."

This time, Black Cat's fingers found a spot much more indecent than her breasts.

She had captured the clitoris that had grown entirely erect as it waited for stimulation. Ange bit her lower lip in frustration.

(Stop...that... Ah, no, if...if you touch the front...ahhhhh, my butt is opening. It's opening. What do I do? I can't close it...)

That was still the switch for her pleasure, so even that light touch caused strength to fill her vagina. That effort was transferred to her soft anal flesh which showed its clear response.

The wrinkles of her anus loosened all on their own as they surrounded his two fingers.

"Nn... I bet something even thicker would make you feel even better."

Mutsuki pulled out his fingers.

With that stimulation gone, her damp anus squeezed shut once but began twitching as her maiden's bead was rolled around. When the surrounding flesh occasionally swelled out, the pink contents came into

view.

"This might hurt a little."

"Eh...? Ah, Mutsuki! What are you-...?"

The boy held onto her tense waist and parted her tattered miniskirt once more.

He pressed the hot tip against the two evenly round cheeks.

Ange trembled in fear. Until seeing what he had been doing with Micha, she had never known this hole could be a target of a caress, but her instincts told her what he was going to do now. But...

"No... You can't...ah!"

Her anal flesh was already more under his command than her own. The small wrinkles loosened on their own as his tip pressed in on them and then they opened like a blooming flower. They welcomed what wanted in.

Something far thicker than two fingers began to enter her.

"Ah...ahhhh. No...!"

Her eyes opened wide.

Her modest excretory organ opened wide and she felt so much pressure she almost stopped breathing.

But the hole itself had been loosened by that crucial foreplay. It actually enjoyed the sensation of the penis as the boy forced their union deeper.

He had followed his orders by not putting it in her front hole, but Black Cat's eyes widened when she saw the alternative method he chose.

"Wow... This hole feels great too... Are you okay, Ange?"

This was Mutsuki's first time seeing a part of his body slipping inside of an anus as it spread out in all directions. He felt the simple pleasure, the sensation of dominating someone's body, and the fulfillment of the curiosity that had started with Micha and the others. With those feelings brought together, his mouth hung open despite the empty look in his eyes.

As for Ange...

"Uuh... Nn~~~~~!"

Her scream only lasted a short time.

As soon as his cruelly swollen head passed through the narrow sphincter, her insides grew accustomed to him. Dampness seeped out from the flesh inside, adding lubrication.

(Ahh... What is this? What is this? ...My butt is so hot.)

To loosen up her lovely anal flesh, he slowly, slowly inserted the solid stake, and it filled the girl with a strange feeling.

She had received some extremely dangerous petting from him before, but she was still a virgin. She had seen his penis when he had done it with Ibekusa Machina, but this was of course her first time having it inside her.

On top of that, this was the wrong hole. Its presence and the great pressure should have only filled her with fear, revulsion, and pain. However...

(Why...? Ah, ah, it keeps opening wider...)

He mercilessly penetrated her further.

She suddenly recalled the time she had watched Ibekusa Machina losing her virginity.

Machina too had only been in pain for an instant.

"Ah...ahhhn..."

"Nn. Sounds like it's started feeling good for you."

He whispered cruelly into her ear, but she could only glare bitterly back.

However, that glare had no strength behind it when her lovely slanted eyes were filled with feminine moisture. As he stickily rubbed against her anal walls, somewhat seductive tones escaped her small, pointed nose.

(Ah, ahh... This isn't right. He's rubbing against the entrance. It's so hot and it stings...but it isn't bad. I want him to do it more.... Ah, nahh. Why? Why? What is wrong with me?)

The boy made sure her softening flesh grew accustomed to the hard sensation.

(My butt...feels so good♡)

His massive erection was finally entirely buried inside her.

"Mfh...nn♡"

The swollen head was buried deep inside her. With her butt filled with the hot male organ, Ange felt like her entire body was melting out of her young anus.

An intoxicated tone entered her moaning voice.

Her anus was still throbbing with pain, but Mutsuki's frightening skill had remade her body. Instead of just thrusting inside, he twisted clockwise or counterclockwise around the spread wrinkles. He located the

points that still hurt a little and kindly polished them.

He thoroughly, thoroughly overwrote the pain with burning pleasure.

"Ahahn, ahn! No, not my butt... Ah, ahhn!"

She had a feeling using her butt for its intended purpose was going to bring her pleasure from now on, but she could not resist. She could only wander through the vortex of indecent pleasure and shake her shiny red ponytail around.

"Nn... You're all ready to go♪"

Once he noticed the signs of pain had left the girl, Mutsuki began rough direct thrusts.

When entering, he pushed strongly in as if piercing her from different angles. When pulling out, he moved slowly, with the tip catching at her flesh and making it feel like she was pooping.

All pain had left the girl. In fact, her young body was damp with sweat and shining with a seductive scarlet sheen. She twisted her delightfully slender waist on her own.

Her milky skin was flushed pink and she received his rough rhythm as her long red hair dangled down.

"Looks like she's already addicted. That was fast even with the Serpent's

Eye. What a lewd girl."

Black Cat parted the hair hiding the girl's face.

"Ah...ahh..."

The girl recalled her situation when the enemy looked her in the eye from so close.

But even raising the corners of her eyes was difficult now. As her anus widened to match his girth, each thrust filled her with such joy that she barely cared about anything else. She was so very, very happy that she found it hard to hate anyone.

"...Heh heh♡ What a cute girl."

Ange was not the only one acting weird.

The most powerful angel who had not given in to even the greatest pain was now a slave to this anal pleasure. The abnormal atmosphere had infected Black Cat as well.

"How about this?"

"Ah, ah, ahh... D-don't...touch...me. Not there..."

Black Cat's fingers slid to the girl's hidden lips and found the slit

between.

The young labia were so damp that her fingers slipped, but she somehow managed to spread them with the four fingers from her thumb to ring finger. Milky juices dripped down from the hexagonal opening.

She smiled bitterly at how warm the exposed vagina was. The red, heated folds were arranged so perfectly alongside each other that they were reminiscent of rose petals. No matter how much they loosened up, when she spread that young rose bud, it would return to normal and suck at her fingers.

"That feels good, doesn't it?"

Black Cat got up and leaned over the girl who was on all fours. She reached for the girl's breasts and crotch while pressing her lips to her earlobe.

"Sh-shut...up. It does not...ahhhhh!"

Ange harshly rejected the idea with her natural strong will, but it was a fragile thing supported only by her pride.

Her expression retained its nobility, but with each thrust into her anus, the seductive color in it grew. With each massage of her breasts or pinch of her clitoris, her body writhed madly, as irritating and frustrating as it was.

And then...

"...?"

The look on Black Cat's face changed.

She was leaning over Ange, who was on all fours, so she naturally took a similar bestial pose, but Mutsuki had reached a hand toward the hips sticking back toward him.

The butt inside her skirt had a springy texture and felt plenty soft even through the soft leather. He strongly kneaded it to enjoy the sensation and gently stroked a more obscene location.

Black Cat was confused at first, but she was too engulfed in arousal to stop him. She went right back to teasing Ange.

And she did not realize that the supposedly brainwashed boy was clearly straying from her orders.

"Don't lie, Ange. This feels good, doesn't it?"

Even as Black Cat teased her, Mutsuki leaned forward to bring his mouth to the girl's ear.

"Ange, the entrance to your butt has a habit of pushing out when you feel pleasure, so I can tell right away."

"Uuh..."

Being teased by Black Cat was humiliating enough, but when it came from the boy she was meant to protect, it directly damaged her pride. She let out a frustrated snort.

But no matter what she thought, her flesh was already his slave. It wrapped around his penis to welcome it in.

Mutsuki held her slender waist as he said more.

"Hey...say it. Say this feels good."

"What!?"

As he was being brainwashed, he did not hold back and made an obscene request.

"L-like hell I would do that!"

"Say it."

"~~~"

To show he was serious, he subtly changed how he moved his hips.

If he could attack her in a way that brought the most pleasure, he could also intentionally not do so. He held back on the straight thrusts, pulled

partway out, and thoroughly rubbed at that entrance.

(Ahh...uuh...h-honestly...)

She was still spread wide, but it did not feel like enough to her anus that had grown soft enough to pull out a bit when his thick head moved in and out.

He did not give in even as her entire butthole sucked at his penis.

(I-it's still so hot...where it's going inside...but he won't...thrust it all the way in... What do I do? If he keeps teasing me like this, I'll...)

"C'mon. If you say it, I'll make you feel good again♪"

He slowly, slowly rubbed against her inner flesh and occasionally roughly struck it with his shaft.

(I can't. No fair... Stupid Mutsuki... Stupid Mutsuki...!)

The boy's usual self came to mind. He was stupid, perverted, and pathetic. He had no redeeming factors beyond being nice.

That was who was forcibly violating her, and the fact brought new humiliation to her chest, but...

"Ah...ahhh."

Now that she knew how it felt, she could not satisfy the throbbing tickling at the center of her hips that demanded for the obscene pleasure only he could give her.

Sweet breaths escaped from between her clenched teeth, and finally...

"...es."

She raised her feminine hipline.

"Yes... Ahhn, yes. Yes, my butt...feels so good."

Her young bust bounced below her as she released embarrassingly sweet sobs.

She arched her back and raised her hips as if urging him to hurry up and move, so the boy skewered her with the symbol of his arousal once more. The sticky anal walls wrapped around him. The half-hearted movements meant to tease her had been torture for him too.

While providing a powerful massage to the aroused entrance, he shoved the cruel head deep inside her anus.

"Nnaaaahhn!"

The sensual mass reached just as deep...no, deeper than before, as it pierced her lovely butt.

The girl was being filled with guilty anal pleasure before ever having normal sex, so her frenzy was intense. An oppressive feeling filled her from her belly to her buttohole, but it was quickly overwritten with pleasure.

"Amazing, Mutsuki! It's too good... Ah, ah...so deep...so deep... My butt...it's opening...so wide..."

He had only asked her for the first admission, but once she broke free of her rational mind, she began crying embarrassing and indecent things without even realizing it.

Mutsuki was filling her with thrust after thrust of vivid pleasure, just as she had wanted, so she could not help herself. The ferocious shaft moved in a terribly precise screw-like motion that twisted, scraped, and pulled at her melting anal flesh from every direction.

"..."

Black Cat watched it all play out in a daze.

She still had not realized that she was no longer in control of the situation.

The daze brought on by the hand on her butt would not let her realize it.

"Mutsuki... Stop...stop this."

"Why? This hole is loving it so much."

He pressed against her womb through the anal wall, found the perfect spot to bring sexual pleasure, and began whispering embarrassing things again.

"N-no. I do not...I do not love it."

"Really? That's odd. You mean you don't love it when I do this?"

He gently pulled his hips back to move his penis in and out at the entrance.

The dreadfully swollen head scraped and pulled at the sphincter.

"Kyah♡ I-I doooon't♡ When you...rub at...the entrance...my butt...my butt gets all melted...and opens...on its own..."

"Hmm. Then what about this?"

This time, he thrust in as deep as he could.

The hair at the base rubbed against the entrance.

"Hyahhhh! No...I don't... When you...thrust it...thrust it inside...it doesn't

feel good...at all... Fwahhhh! Don't...don't grope my butt like that♡"

As he thrust straight into her melting anus, her cries echoed through the entire abandoned building. Her beautiful, dignified eyes had an indecent film of moisture over them.

Meanwhile, Mutsuki remained composed as he made his attack on the girl. Even as he made that proud angel a slave to his anal sex, he shifted his focus elsewhere.

"————!?! What do you think you're doing!?"

The fingers tracing along Black Cat's butt finally slipped inside the soft leather.

His emotionless expression remained, so he was still brainwashed, but his master's command to stop did not reach him.

"Black Cat-san... Don't you want to feel good too?"

Below the soft leather material, he parted her mature butt and placed his hand at the very base. It was already quite damp.

"Ee..."

Not even Black Cat had noticed when arousal had filled that area and his fingertips began a piston-like motion. Goose bumps covered her skin and strength left her entire body.

"You...ahhh...st-stop. That's an order...Fujita Mutsuki..."

"You're a really sensitive here, aren't you? See? See?"

The sticky friction to the surface of those neatly closed lips caused Black Cat to wildly swing her braided hair around.

She could not escape. She could not move her body from its position leaning over Ange. She could only send wave-like contractions through her nectar-covered flesh to invite his fingers in deeper.

"Listen up, you two. Once you've had plenty of pleasure, we're all going to cum together."

He of course did not forget to provide a finishing blow for Ange's anus. He plunged his long penis in and out of her white peach-like butt with a wet sound.

"Uuh... I can't...stand it... Why Mutsuki...? Why does it have to be Mutsuki again...?"

"Damn...you. You dare...do this...to me...ahh."

The beautiful woman and beautiful girl had equally smooth and springy butts and the boy groped or penetrated both of them.

He was violating an anus filled with flesh. With each stroke, the anal

walls would wrap complexly around the head, so he was approaching his limit too. With the bodily fluids rising from his testicles, his shaft had grown until he thought it would burst.

However, he did not rush and instead worked at the other two with skillful use of his hips and fingers.

The harsh thrusts of his penis into the anus elicited the cries of a slave from his cute roommate and the rubbing of the lovely pink flesh elicited the sweet cries of a kitten from his enemy.

"Ah... I-I can't..."

The first one to reach her limit was of course Ange. Strength filled her seductively wiggling shoulders and her limbs grew tense.

The straight thrusts into her anus caused her to raise her butt, forget what that hole was actually meant for, and tighten down on the obscene rod.

"Hh... Go ahead, Ange. I'll...I'll cum too."

The urethra running down the center of the solid rod swelled out against the twitching inner flesh.

The head spread out painfully far and scraped against the surrounding flesh.

“Ahhhhhhh, Mutsukiiii. I can’t... It’s too thick...too thick... I’m going to break! Ahhh♡”

“Kh... Uuhhhh.”

As if the younger two’s obscene pleasure had infected her, Black Cat started sensually wiggling her slender waist back and forth.

Her fingers were still sticking inside Ange’s hidden garden and its melted folds of nectar squeezed tightly on her. Her body copied the reaction, so her own hidden place seemed to devour the boy’s fingers as he moved them in and out.

The sweaty bodies of Ange and Black Cat both began moving their hips in a seductive, intoxicated way and a satisfied smile appeared on Mutsuki’s supposedly unmoving face.

“I’m cumming...”

While continuing the sticky pistoning into both of them, he squeezed the final trigger.

“Nnaaaaahhhh♡”

Hot magma erupted from the thick fully-engorged tip.

“Hyahaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh♡♡♡♡♡♡♡”

Ange let out a cry of joy as the hot and thick juices flowed right into her anal walls.

Her consciousness was blown away by a whiteness on another level entirely from the one brought on by her clitoris. She felt like her entire being was being erased.

The flowing liquid was so thick and sticky it was almost solid, so it roughly pried open the tightened walls and flowed deeper and deeper inside. A dull rumbling as if from a landslide came from her lower stomach.

"Ahhhhhhh, ahhhhh, ahahhhhhhhhhhh~::~~::~!"

The eruption alone had brought her to climax, but the continuing waves of orgasm only grew deeper as the pleasurable liquid worked its way deeper.

"Uuh...uuh..."



Black Cat was quieter, but she too was enveloped by a perverse orgasm.

She had only managed to restrain her voice, so she was sticking her plump, mature butt out toward Mutsuki as she was swept away by indescribable waves of ecstasy.

"Ee..."

She must have inadvertently gathered some strength in her hand

because her fingers wetly parted Ange's hidden lips.

With an obscene sound, that untouched vagina squirted hot nectar.

The urethra a little above it swelled out and seemed to open up. Only a small amount of fragrant urine seeped out as she had already released some earlier.

(Ahhhhh♡ Mutsuki's...Mutsuki's semen is going further and further inside me...)

Her body was filled with his milk and she could feel its heat and sensation seeping into her. That caused her to tremble for a reason other than pleasure.

She was trembling at the premonition that rapidly rose within her.

(Even the deepest...depths of my body...)

She did not know if it was a tremor of fear or of anticipation, but she was certain that the premonition would come true.

(Even the deepest depths of my body...are going to fall in love with Mutsuki...♡♡♡)

After coming down off such a great wave, Mutsuki and Ange's bodies both seemed like empty, soulless shells. They were embracing each other and their shoulders rose and fell with the same rhythm.

"...I-I think I had a little too much fun there."

The first to come to her senses was Black Cut. She had gotten dragged into things and been guided to a light climax, so she quickly moved away from Mutsuki's hand.

She took a deep breath to calm herself and looked to the embracing boy and girl while blushing.

"I guess I'll take them away while they're docile. Both Adam and the girl with Adam's sperm inside."

She pulled on the red ponytail that had fallen limply to the floor.

The girl groaned a little, but she did not come to. Carrying her like this would be easy.

"...Stop."

But Mutsuki rejected the idea while embracing the small girl from behind.

Black Cat frowned. His brainwashing was still intact and he should have been unable to do anything she did not command him to do.

It should have been impossible for him to object to anything she did.

"Don't touch my Ange."

"_____!?"

The woman instantly removed her hand and jumped back.

Something had stroked her neck. Something cold and sharp. Her animalistic reflexes had sensed danger and so she had escaped having her throat slit, but...

She checked her neck and found a shallow cut with blood seeping out.

"What...?"

She looked around. Ange's sword was lying on the floor in pendant form and those two had not moved. She did not see anyone else either.

This was strange. She could guess that the boy's brainwashing was being broken. She did not know why, but he had also ignored her command to stop and had violated her.

But he should have been no different from a normal human. He should not have been able to harm one of the FeTUS Witches.

"Kh..."

At the very least, she knew something was interfering with her mission. She ever so carefully approached the two of them again to carry them away.

"_____"

Once again, a sharp blade approached her neck, and this time she realized what it was.

It was her.

Her own arm had extended the claws that could slice through concrete and was targeting her own throat.

She herself was making sure she "did not touch Ange".

"It was careless of you to stay near Mutsuki-kun for so long when you're a woman."

When she heard an arrogant voice, Black Cat jumped back again. She jumped back from Mutsuki, Ange, and the voice coming from the hole Ange had made.

A brown-skinned angel with some white powder remaining on her clothes stood there with her arms crossed.

"Surely you know that Adam's power isn't anything as cheap as the Serpent's Eye. If he wanted to, he could rule over every woman with his very presence alone."

"...!"

"You can't control him anymore and you can't touch Ange now that he's commanded you not to. His power has been imprinted on your subconscious."

Micha gave a cold, confident smile.

Black Cat was shaken, but she managed to straighten her back into her usual posture.

"H-hmph. I will admit that I miscalculated Adam's power. But so what? I just have to call for backup. Or, Jiyuuni Micha, are you saying you can stop-...?"

"Negative."

Her low, threatening growl was cut off by a composed voice in the opposite direction from Micha.

The door opened and Miss E, aka Ibekusa Machina, stepped in. Miss C

was surprised by this supposed ally's appearance, but Micha's smile remained. She had apparently brought Machina here.

Machina's eyebrows briefly twitched when she saw Ange and Mutsuki lying on top of each other, but her usual expressionless look quickly returned.

"You ignored any damage to the locals, you destroyed a shop and the transportation network, you violated FeTUS's obligation to secrecy, and you put a powered individual in danger. Miss C, you went too far. An inquiry is set to be held, so FeTUS will not send any help until the investigation is complete."

"Wha-...?"

"Therefore."

Machina slowly closed her eyes.

"I will not assist you in what is about to occur."

A third individual appeared without speaking a word and Black Cat was too shaken to react in the slightest.

"Kah...!?"

The next thing she knew, a slender arm had grown from her gut.

She supposedly had her back to a wall, but a child's hand had stabbed through her slender back.

A boy stood in that impossible blind spot, as if he had slipped right through the wall.

"FeTUS Witches Miss C... You bitch."

No human could do that and he was not an angel that followed the human world's rules, so only one option remained.

The demon pulled back his hand which had intentionally missed her vitals. No hole remained in her gut. As if by magic, there was no wound in the side that his arm had punched through.

However, his hand was still buried in her back up to the wrist.

"Don't think you'll get a quick death after toying with my Mutsuki-kun like that."

"Ghah...agh! Ah...agah!"

He moved his hand back and forth inside her body.

His bare hand stirred up her organs and she coughed up something red despite the lack of any injury. Finally, she noticed Lucia standing right behind her with a coquettish smile on his face.

She swung her claws like crazy, trying to force him away, but no matter how much she sliced through the demon's skin, his sweet smile remained. The only change was the intensified snap of his wrist.

"Gh!"

Black Cat had an advantage against an angel, but she was helpless against a demon. Escaping was the most she could hope for. She used the sparks from her right hand's claws to blind the demon, escaped his grasp while endured the tearing of the organs he held in his hand, and made a run for it.

Miss E allowed her to leave through the door.

"You tell Miss A that you wasted our opportunity to retrieve Adam! Tell her you've hastened the time of conflict...and the extinction of mankind!"

She spat out something red as she shouted to her supposed ally and then ran off.

"Phew..."

Lucia, Machina, and Micha remained.

"Great work locating Black Cat for me, Machina-chan. In the human world, it's best to leave things to the humans."

"It was not a problem. In fact, I would like to apologize for all the

trouble.”

“You did some great work too, Lucia-kun. That was a little rough, but I might have been in trouble if you hadn’t driven her off.”

“You don’t need to thank me. I was only protecting Mutsuki-kun because I wanted to.”

“Now, then.”

They approached Mutsuki and Ange. Mutsuki may have noticed what was going on around him because he continued holding onto Ange despite only being half conscious.

He still had a distant doll-like look in his eyes, but when Machina pulled a needle-like object from his neck, he went completely limp like the power had been switched off. Lucia quickly supported him.

“...Ahh.”

The unconscious girl gave a quiet groan as the hard object in her anus shifted position.

“This time, I think Ange put in the most work of anyone.”

Adolescent Adam 2: Chapter 6 - The Secret Ingredient is Love

"What happened to the mall?"

"FeTUS is cleaning up there, so it would be difficult for me to act."

"I see."

With a cellphone in hand, Micha boarded the elevator and hit the button for the top floor. A convenience store bag full of beer dangled from her elbow.

"They're better at manipulating information than us, so you should probably just leave."

"Yes, I already have."

She was receiving a report on the cleanup of the mall and highway caught in the chaos.

"What about Black Cat?" she asked. "Do you know anything about her?"

"No. I thought I could manage given her injury, but she managed to escape my pursuit."

"I see. ...Well, that doesn't matter. We have some information at least." Her tone of voice dropped. "She set up an accurate ambush, so she had to have had information on Mutsuki-kun and Ange. She almost certainly-

..."

"Yes, I believe she has already contacted Fujita Mutsuki-kun in his personal life. ...She most likely has some connection to him at school."

"Agreed. ...I just hope it isn't one of his friends."

"I will look into it immediately."

"Please do."

She let out a quiet sigh.

With a ding, the elevator door opened. The top floor of the high-rise apartment building was always exposed to powerful winds and it was chilly now that the sun had gone down.

"Micha. Try not to view this too optimistically. Now that FeTUS has become a threat, the higher ups are hinting that they might use Metatron if it comes to it."

"..."

Micha narrowed her eyes in the cold wind.

She always acted the cheerful young woman around Mutsuki, so she would never have let him see this expression.

"By the way...how is Ange doing?"

Her conversational partner must have picked up on her mood because their tone of voice quickly changed.

It changed from a deep tone to a light one. The androgynous voice was an elegant boy's soprano just as high as Micha's alto which was a little deep for a woman.

"I haven't seen my adorable little sister in a while. And I'd also like to meet the legendary Adam...Fujita Mutsuki-kun."

"..."

Her expression was not noticeable over the phone, but Micha was clearly displeased.

"I'll think about it. More importantly, continue your investigation of Black Cat."

"Will do♪"

Mutsuki had been attacked at the shopping mall, chased along the highway, and ultimately captured by Black Cat.

But what had happened after that? His memories of everything afterwards were gone. He could only scratch at his head in confusion.

By the time he had come to, Micha had already rescued him and he was on the way home in a taxi. Micha had smiled bitterly and avoided giving him a straight answer and Ange had only kicked him without saying a word, so he had never learned what had happened.

Regardless, they had managed to escape, so he decided to find satisfaction in that.

They had returned to their original apartment rather than the rundown house. They ended up moving that day, just as planned. They had no TV or anything like that since their shopping trip had been interrupted, but it at least had the bare minimum of furniture like tables and beds. The miscellaneous items they had arranged to have delivered had arrived, so they could spend a night there without issue.

They had no time to make dinner, so they ended up buying a few ready-made things at the supermarket.

"Okay, it's all done."

They had grilled chicken skewers, fried pork skewers, fried chicken, salad, gobo rolls, chicken stew, and the oden that Micha had bought.

They did not have a microwave, but they heated it all over the portable stove they had.

Ready-made dishes had become quite convenient. The supermarket had even sold cooked rice, so they could put together a decent meal even without a rice cooker.

They bought enough for five, divided each dish into five bowls, and prepared five pairs of chopsticks.

"Here, Ibekusa-san and Lucia-kun."

"..." (Nod)

"Thanks. Wa ha♥ Mine's the same as Mutsuki-kun's!"

He handed two bowls to the other two sitting around the table. Machina and Lucia were sitting amiably next to each other.

He did not know exactly why, but they too had been in the taxi when he had woken. They had apparently helped rescue him from Black Cat.

Since they were there, he had invited them to dinner. That would also help build their friendship.

"Sorry it's all ready-made."

"Don't be. I'm just glad I can eat dinner with you♪"

"Not a problem."

They both entered the angels' residence without much issue.

Micha showed no real caution as she sat at the head of the table.

"You both helped us out today, so feel free to go nuts♪"

In fact, she seemed in a good mood. She was already making up for the alcohol she had worked off in her battle against the Springloaded and her fire extinguisher shower.

Mutsuki breathed a sigh of relief that the two guests and Micha did not have a problem.

"Ange, it's ready."

Then he called to his other roommate who was leaning against the wall a short distance away.

" ... "

She remained sullen and refused to leave the corner.

She was the greatest enemy to his plan to make friends out of all three classmates. She had decided Machina and Lucia were enemies, so she refused to approach them.

(What am I supposed to do about this?)

The boy let out a sigh, which was becoming a habit these days.

The past month had taught him all too well that she was not honest enough to simply be persuaded, but ignoring the problem would strain the atmosphere of the gathering.

He tried to think of some way to draw her over, but...

"Leave her alone, Mutsuki-kun."

Lucia elbowed him.

"She probably doesn't want to sit down. I bet it hurts if she does."

"Eh?"

"Th-that is not why I'm over here, you idiot!"

Mutsuki did not understand, but Ange herself flared up.

"Oh? It isn't? Well, I just assumed that was the case after taking that thick thing in there."

"Uuh... It's true it throbs when I sit down, but that's not the point! I have no intention of getting along with a human and a demon!"

"I could turn your cushion into a Springloaded and transform it into a shape with negligible pressure on the center. Should I?"

"I don't need your help! ...Kwah..."

Simply yelling caused her to grimace, go a little bowlegged, and rub at her hip. (Or was it her butt?)

"??"

Mutsuki had no idea what they were talking about and could not join in.

However, this ticked him off a little. Treating him that way was one thing, but he could not let her treat Lucia and Machina like that when they were trying to be nice.

"Ange."

He approached.

"...Wh-what?"

"Come here."

He forcibly tugged on her hand.

"Wait! ...Nnahn."

She came with him surprisingly easily. And as soon as the force of the first step reached her hips, he thought he heard a somehow sweet moan.

He then forced her to sit on her cushion.

"Let's eat together, okay?"

She seemed a little bit tearful, but he put on a powerful tone because did not want to lose this opportunity.

"Uuh~~"

Her eyebrows drooped weakly for once as she looked up at the boy. When her heels dug into her butt, she fidgeted restlessly and finally moved her legs out from under herself.

"F-fine...then."

She nodded with flushed cheeks.

Mutsuki was glad. His smile returned, he removed his apron, and he took his seat next to her. She seemed uncomfortable and like she wanted

to keep her distance, but she could not drag her butt away and ended up staying put.

"Now, then. That seems to have settled that."

Micha took the initiative and clapped her hands.

Ange still did not look satisfied, but the rest of the students repeated after the woman.

"Let's eat!"

"Let's eat!"

"Oh, right."

As they began eating their food, Mutsuki brought a fist to his palm.

The other four watched as he stood up and returned to the kitchen.

"I completely forget about this last dish."

"What is it?"

"Our meal wasn't the healthiest with only ready-made stuff."

He lifted the lid of the pot on the stove, releasing a unique aroma that stimulated the hunger of anyone Japanese.

"So I made some miso soup."

He prepared another five bowls and poured some in.

Machina was expressionless, Lucia's eyes were sparkling, and Micha was grinning like usual.

Ange alone had gone pale.

"...You 'made' it?"

"Yeah♪"

He carried the tray over and passed out the bowls.

"I even get to eat Mutsuki-kun's cooking? Uuh~♥ I couldn't be happier~♥"

"Fried tofu, seaweed, onion. Perfectly normal ingredients."

"Beer and miso soup go surprisingly well together~"

" ... "

Three of them accepted the bowls quite normally while Ange remained silent.

"Since everyone's here, I worked extra hard on it. Now, dig in."

"Ha ha♪ Don't mind if I do♥"

"Thank you."

"Here goes."

" ... "

The five of them all took a sip.

" ... "

" ... "

" ... "

"What do you think?"

"Gbahh!"

Ange erupted at the full table.

"Wah wah wah. Ange, you got it on the other food."

"Don't blame me! ...Cough, cough! Pant, pant. Y-you really did work extra hard on this one, didn't you?"

"Huh? You didn't like this one either?"

"Of course not! You didn't figure that out when I went 'gbhahh'!?"

She grabbed a dishcloth and wiped off her mouth...as well as her tongue.

Worried about what the others thought, Mutsuki turned to them.

Micha was drinking it along with her beer like usual, but...

"..." (Wobble)

"Wah! Lucia-kun?"

"That was a close one... I nearly came."

Lucia almost fell over, but he managed to grab the table and stay

upright.

"Was it not any good? You don't have to drink the rest."

"N-no, it's fine. I'll eat or drink whatever you make for me. I'm a bit of an M."

He gave a bittersweet smile while breathing heavily. His smile was covered in sweat and tears, so it contained a masochistic beauty that made it even more adorable than usual.

" ... "

"Ibekusa?"

Machina seemed to have frozen in time with the bowl at her lips, so Ange peered worriedly over at her, forgetting about the whole enemies issue.

" ... "

"You can cough it up if you want."

" ... "

Machina remained frozen for about half a minute.

Finally, she set down the half-emptied bowl with her usual expressionless look.

"Noh a prohleh."m."

"Your tongue's gone numb! Just cough it back up! It's dangerous!"

"Huh? You too, Ibekusa-san? That's strange."

Since everyone but Micha was having trouble, the boy took a sip of his own cooking.

He could have sworn he had added some well-matched secret ingredients on top of the standard ingredients to flavor the dashi and miso.

"What the hell do you think you're feeding us!? Are you trying to kill us!? Was this supposed to wipe out everyone targeting you and protecting you in one fell swoop!?"

"O-of course not. Hmm. How could this have happened? It's full of nutrients."

"I'm pretty sure that's the reason right there!"

Ange shouted angrily at him while Machina and Lucia were still frozen from the shock of this new experience.

"..."

All the while, Micha watched over them all.

"Uuh... It's sweet. This is miso soup, but it has a sweet aftertaste..."

"Are you okay, Ange?"

"Of course not! Honestly... The Springloaded and Black Cat were bad enough, but you've done the most damage today!"

"Th-that's going too far."

"No, it isn't! Today alone, both my entrance and exit were-...gh! I-I can feel it...just by shouting."

"Hm? Why are you holding your butt? Were you hurt?"

"Eeeee! Waaaaah! Don't stare at my butt, you pervert!"

"I'm just worried you might be hurt. Where does it hurt? Your hips? Should I rub them?"

"Gyaaaaah! Don't touch me! Don't touch me! Don't come up behind me, you butt devil!"

"C'mon. Being called that kind of hurts, so please stop. And that was a

few days ago now."

"It was today!"

"What?"

"What a pain. And she looked so happy after taking it up the ass too."

"Satowaaaa! I-I-I did not look happy!"

"Yeah, you did. Hey, Ibekusa. Wasn't this angel's face practically melting when we rescued her?"

"I-Ibekusa! Tell him it wasn't! It wasn't, right!?"

"I do recall the look on your face when we pulled you away from Fujita-kun, but I lack the lexical knowledge to determine whether 'practically melting' would be an appropriate description or not."

"See! It wasn't!"

"But I do recall you saying 'don't take it out.'"

"Gyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

"Ah ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! That settles it~♪"

"Hm? What in the world are you three talking about?"

"Heh heh♡"

Micha took another drink of her beer.

Adolescent Adam 2: Afterword

Hello. It can't be helped, but since the story is set in summer, half of the sex scenes were in school swimsuits even though this is being released during the winter. This is Sakakikasa.

This is the second volume of Adolescent Adam, or Adolescent Adam 2: The One Who Attacks from Behind. Did you enjoy it? I finally introduced a villain-like enemy with Black Cat. Of course, based on what happened at the end, you can see she's another heroine.

On that note, Black Cat sure is cute. When I first conveyed my image for the character, I knew I was asking for a lot and even wondered how they were going to draw that, so the finished design was a pleasant surprise. I may have drawn out Amagoi-sensei's true abilities. I'm going to ask for a lot in the future too.

Now for the thanks. First, to my illustrator, Amagoi Yukino-sensei. Thank you again for the attractive illustrations. Also, to all of you who supported the first volume. I somehow managed to get a second volume out and I hope you keep supporting me.

Now, until we meet again in Volume 3.

Novel Introduction: Adolescent Adam 3

Moving right along to Adolescent Adam 3: Lonely Crying Kitten (思春期なアダム3 一人泣きの子猫).



This volume is the conclusion of the Black Cat story.

Author: Sakakikasa (さかき傘) Illustrator: Amagai Yukino (天海雪乃)
Label: Atomic Bunko (あとみつく文庫)

Table of Contents:

Prologue

Chapter 1: The Third Angel

Chapter 2: Playing with Oneself in the Dead of Night Chapter 3: Lonely Witch

Chapter 4: Fading Borderline

Chapter 5: Surprise Attack

Chapter 6: Chance Meeting of the Twin Serpents

Chapter 7: Lonely Crying Kitten

Chapter 8: An Important Number for Volleyball Afterword

Adolescent Adam 3: Prologue





The most important number for volleyball was three.

Receiving, tossing, and attacking was the basic strategy. To receive, one planted their feet on the ground, prepared their shoulders, and received the ball. Each team of six was split into two groups of three and victory was determined by whoever won three sets first.

It was not a simple sport that could be won with just three people, but three powerful players could greatly increase a team's overall offense and defense.

The summer game tournament was the big event just before summer break and Fujita Mutsuki's class had placed their three most athletic members on their volleyball team: Jiyuuni Ange who excelled at all sports, Satowa Lucia who did the same, and Kurikara Saya who was captain of the girls softball team.

Ibekusa Machina and Tomono Sakae had also been placed on the team and Mutsuki himself was only there to bring the total up to six.

Machina had been an unexpected boon for the team. While she would not take the initiative, she was perfect at accurately placing the ball in the perfect spot for the attacker to make their move.

However, the three most promising players had an unexpected flaw.

“Wah, wah, wah! Knock it up a little higher than that!”

It was afterschool on the volleyball court at one corner of the school grounds.

Ange panicked as the ball tossed to her stopped at about knee height. She still managed to flip around in midair and hit it to the opposite court, but her legs got caught in the net.

“She got tangled up again!”

Her own team laughed cheerfully.

“Hey, hey. Did you see that, Mutsuki-kun? She really is clumsy. Touching the net is a foul, isn’t it? F! O! U! L!”

“Y-yes, it is. Now, Lucia-kun, can we start practicing?”

Even though he was laughing at Ange, Lucia was still learning the rules himself as he clung to Mutsuki.

As the class representative, Sakae was also leading the volleyball team, but he only smiled bitterly and shrugged.

Mutsuki felt bad that it was his roommate and friend arguing, so he turned to the last member of the team.

Kurikara Saya sat on the edge of the bench and showed no sign joining them as they practiced.

She was wrinkling her brow and clearly looked unwell.

Mutsuki was worried she was sleep deprived, and then their gazes met.

"Ah."

She would normally smile whenever she saw someone, but she looked away a little awkwardly.

Each team was taking turns using the practice court, so after a set amount of time passed, they let the next team take over. The five of them moved to the bench they had left their things on, which was in the opposite direction from Saya.

"Sigh~ I don't have any complaints about our individual abilities, but

we might not even be able to win the first round like this.”

Their teamwork could not have been worse, so Sakae gave an exaggerated sigh.

He had not been trying to match the other boy, but Mutsuki gave a quieter sigh of his own.

Their individual athletic abilities were ten times as amazing as Sakae had imagined.

They were hiding their identities, but Fujita Mutsuki was surrounded by representatives of heaven, hell, and the human world: Jiyuuni Ange, Satowa Lucia, and Ibekusa Machina respectively. Their physical abilities far surpassed those of a normal human.

However, Lucia was mostly just having fun, and...

“Wait, Ibekusa! Toss the ball to me a little better than that! I can’t reach it!”

“Jumping any higher than that would seem unnatural. You should restrict yourself to the height I provide you. Using the powers of an angel for sports is unfair.”

“I don’t care!”

Machina did not want to show off any athleticism that went beyond the

category of a normal student, so Ange's abilities went to waste with her assistance.

They only had three days until the ball game tournament. These were representatives of hostile organizations, so getting them to work together by then was not going to be easy.

"Well, there's nothing we can do about a bad luck. Our very first match is against the teachers team led by that Demon God."

Resignation filled Sakae's voice as he watched the next team begin practicing.

"I guess I should count myself lucky for the rare opportunity to see Katsue-sensei dressed like this."

They had given up the court to the teachers team which was checking on their formation.

One of them was Katsue Subaru, homeroom teacher of Mutsuki's class.

She was a beauty who looked at home in an intelligent outfit. She usually wore a crisp suit, so seeing her go through her warm-up exercises in a red track suit was a new experience.

Megutono Academy's game tournament was incredibly large scale. It included volleyball, soccer, baseball, and even more sports and teams were formed by year, class, and club.

The teachers were no exception, so there was even a teachers team. It was originally meant as a way for the teachers to deepen their friendship with the students, but a lot of the teachers could be immature.

"Let's get started, Katsue-sensei, Daima-sensei! ...One!"

"Twooooo!"

"Threeeeeeee!"

An immature sound of attack rang across the court.

Mutsuki and the others were up against the volleyball representatives for the teachers team in their first match, but those teachers were intent on winning.

"Gahhh! This isn't fair! That Demon God's very existence isn't fair~"

Sakae paled as he imagined going up against that attack. Mutsuki's eyes were also naturally drawn to Daima-sensei who had made the attack.

At 190 cm at least, the teacher was a head taller than the rest.

She did not seem slender and powerful. The face below her short-cropped chestnut hair was young enough to pass for Mutsuki's age, but her height was another matter entirely.

She was Daima Makoto, Megutono Academy's PE teacher.

She was something of a "big sister teacher" and she was popular among the girls due to the sense of security brought by her sociable personality and her height.

However, that friendly side had led to her gaining the nickname Demon God as a pun on her family name.

"It won't even be about winning or losing against that. We have to pray we don't get injured."

"Maybe so."

Mutsuki smiled bitterly.

He glanced over at the girls, but they seemed to have stopped talking about volleyball.

"Are your injuries from Miss C better?"

Ibekusa Machina sat next to Ange while handing her a drink bottle.

The two of them were enemies, but Machina was from the moderate faction and she had started worrying about the other girl a lot recently.

Ange was not exactly friendly, but she could not stir up pointless trouble when her duty was to protect Mutsuki. She took the bottle.

"I didn't have any injuries to begin with."

"I see."

"...I am going to crush Black Cat."

She kept her voice low so the others could not hear.

"We know Black Cat is somewhere near Mutsuki and has approached quite a bit. Next time, it's my turn to strike back."

Ange's words were sharp enough to sense a sword-like edge to them and Machina only lowered her head a little.

She closed her eyes as the angel tried to read her reaction.

"Miss C is currently undergoing an inquiry. Even if she is in danger, I am not obligated to help her. However..."

Machina stood up.

"If the two of you were to fight, your odds of victory are below 2%. And she still has a few tricks hidden up her sleeve."

She quietly said she did not recommend fighting this enemy and then she walked away.

Ange was left all alone.

"Hmph."

She crushed the plastic bottle without taking a single sip.

"Don't act so proud, human."

The bottle dented in the shape of her slender fingers until it burst from the middle and fell to the ground. The edges of the bottle were smooth, as if it had been melted rather than split.

"I know where Black Cat is."

She glared at Machina's back and then looked to the opposite bench.

A girl sat there all alone. She looked perfectly normal, except for a dangerously crazed light deep in her eyes. It was Kurikara Saya.

Saya was looking back their way from that opposite bench. She was staring at Lucia, Sakae, and Mutsuki.

"What!? Wait a second, Mutsuki! What the hell is this!?"

"Wh-what is what?"

Sakae raised his voice, which drew Ange's attention.

Mutsuki's student handbook had fallen from his uniform on the bench. Sakae had picked it up, but...

"What the hell is this!? This was our friendship album! It was just for the two of us! So why is someone else in here!?"

He shouted angrily at Mutsuki after seeing the final page.

Lots of photo booth pictures had been placed there. There were twenty of them that he had taken with his friends since elementary school.

It was natural to place a special photograph up at the very top, so that was where he had a picture of him and Sakae, his best friend.

But now, the one he had taken with Ange was right there next to it.

"Dammit! It used to only be me! This was the special spot reserved for me, the best friend in the world for Mutsuki!"

"S-sorry, Sakae. But it was my first one with a girl."

"No fair! I want a photo like that too! Let's take one together, Mutsuki-kun!"

Jealous Sakae and opportunistic Lucia pressed in on Mutsuki.

However, this was still a friendly sort of anger.

"...What's all this about?"

As Mutsuki tried to get by with a bitter smile, the handbook that had moved from Sakae to Lucia made another move to someone else. When he noticed who, he paled.

Ange, on the other hand, grew beet red.

"What is this!? This is...from back then!? You brought that back with you!?"

"S-sorry. But it came out really well."

"This isn't a joke! You...!"

"Ah, wait. Don't peel it off so roughly. It's going to tear."

Mutsuki was right about it having come out well. They looked just like a couple. Ange pulled at it with her fingernail, but it was stuck on there good and would not come off. The boy tried to stop her, but the two jealous boys pressed in on him.

Below the clear sky of an early summer afternoon, lively voices filled the volleyball court.

" ... "

Ibekusa Machina calmly watched those four argue.

As did the vertical pupils of a feral cat.

Adolescent Adam 3: Chapter 1 - The Third Angel

Two weeks had passed since Mutsuki had placed the three forces into a stalemate by moving to a home Machina of FeTUS and Lucia the demon knew about.

This changed two things about his life. First, he now lived in a high-rise apartment and had a room of his own, so life was much more convenient.

Second, his bodyguards had grown a little busier.

"Shall we head out, Micha?"

"Yes, yes. What a pain."

Mutsuki's angel roommate, Micha, stood up while being urged on by an angel colleague.

Mutsuki was in charge of all the housework, so he stopped cooking to see them off.

"Hi, Fujita Mutsuki-kun. I'll be borrowing Micha for a bit."

"Oh...okay."

A familiar young man stood in the entranceway, so Mutsuki's face stiffened a little.

He was tall, slender, and good-looking. He had a more elegant beauty than the attractive men seen on TV. His unwrinkled cutter shirt and out-of-season long coat only enhanced his mysterious aura.

His named was Rapha and he was one of the angels protecting Mutsuki just like Micha and Ange. Mutsuki had been introduced to him not long ago.

He did not live with the others, but he showed up every so often. Today, he had come to pick up Micha because she had been called in by a higher ranking angel or something like that.

Even if revealing their location to the enemy had effectively stopped any attacks, it was still dangerous.

Quite a few angels had apparently criticized that plan, so Micha had been extremely busy trying to explain herself.

She was so busy that this third angel had been sent in to support her.

"Okay, Mutsuki-kun. I won't be back until quite late, so go to bed without waiting up for me."

"Okay. I'll store your dinner in a tupperware container."

Micha ticklishly stroked his chin and gallantly left.

Mutsuki's heart raced and he found himself charmed by her departing back.

But his expression soon stiffened when Rapha bowed and walked up alongside her.

"..."

He had immediately made friends with the previous two angels, but he had some difficulty with this third one.

He was not sure why. Did Rapha's extreme good looks make Mutsuki nervous? Had he simply not spent enough time with the young man? Or...

"Oh, Nii-san. You're here?"

Ange came across him just as he was leaving.

As soon as she saw him, her usual lopsided frown softened somewhat.

"Yes. But I was just about to leave."

"I see. Couldn't you at least stay for dinner?"

"Thank you. I will take you up on the offer at a later date."

That was the extent of their interaction, but Mutsuki felt some sweat on

his back as he watched it.

Ange only hated humans, so she was not as brusque when it came to her fellow angels. Plus, she seemed close to Rapha in particular.

He had apparently looked after her since she was little, so she saw him as a big brother.

Was Mutsuki's problem with Rapha how Ange always got that cute look on her face when around him?

He quit seeing them off and started fixing dinner again.

With Micha gone, the two of them shared dinner alone.

It was a Western-style apartment, but the three residents tended to eat at the tea table because they happened to like sitting on the floor. The two of them were sitting at that round table like usual.

The dinner was rice, miso soup, ginger pork, boiled spinach, and pickled greens.

"How is it?"

"So-so."

"I'm glad."

She was a harsh judge of anything related to the human world, so a rating of “so-so” was probably about 75 points. Satisfied, Mutsuki started eating too.

“When you don’t try to invent your own dishes, you’re not a bad cook.”

“What was that?”

“Nothing.”

Ange continued complaining, but she also continued eating.

This was their third dinner together alone. The first time Micha had been gone, he had assumed they would have nothing to talk about and it would be awkward, but that turned out not to be the case.

For one, it did not feel awkward even if neither of them said anything.

They had been roommates for a little under a month. Ange still had a short fuse, but they got along well enough now.

They had become family.

“Oh, right, right. Ange.”

“What?”

It did not take any courage to speak to her and she looked up while taking a sip of the miso soup.

"How is that one? I'm most proud of it today."

"Bwah!"

She spat it out.

"Pwah! Cough, cough! What is this!? It's sour! Eh? Or sweet? Which is it?"

"Huh? But I was sure that one would be good. It has nata de coco for plenty of fiber."

"Wahh! Wahh! Don't tell me, don't tell me! I'm scared, I'm scared, I'm scared!"

Ange had let her guard down after the main dish was safe, so tears filled her eyes and the boy could only smile bitterly and wonder if this was another failure.

"This is why..."

"Waaaah! I'm sorryyyy!"

"I told you to follow the recipe!"

She shouted angrily at him and Mutsuki shrank down on reflex, but...

"Gnh..."

After grabbing his collar, she stopped moving for some reason. She moved her face in close enough for her red hair to strike his shoulders and she frowned as if she was the one having difficulty.

"Be more careful next time!"

She shoved him away.

"...?"

The boy looked confused as to why he was safe and why she was acting so oddly.

Without speaking another word, she faced down and started eating everything but the miso soup.

Mutsuki did not find the mealtime awkward without conversation, but Ange looked awkward throughout.

"Sigh..."

If she could shut a door, she could be alone. At the moment, that was most comfortable for Ange, even if it was in the bathroom.

During the hot summer, she only wore cut jeans and a loose T-shirt around the apartment. She pulled down the jeans and pulled up the baggy shirt while sitting on the toilet.

The closed room was stuffy and hot.

Annoyed by the sweat that quickly appeared on her skin, she placed her elbows on her knees, leaned forward, and gently tensed her abs.

"...Nn."

A fragrant golden line was noisily absorbed into the water.

She sighed quietly at the sense of release in her lower stomach and her cheeks flushed a little.

"~~"

She had a complex about this.

For example, her urethra pointed upwards, so she had to lean far forward or it would not go in the right direction. It also seemed to come out stronger than average and she had a feeling it smelled harsher than average.

Also, she thought came out a little too easily.

" ... "

Even after the watery sound came to an end, she remained seated and held her head.

(It's definitely...loose. It comes out whenever he does th-that to me.)

Her thoughts turned toward the reason her complex had worsened recently.

Needless to say, "he" was Fujita Mutsuki, the Serpent's Eye holder she was meant to protect.

Twice now, she had been exposed to his Serpent's Eye and forced to shame herself. He had groped her body and violated her. And the most humiliating part was her habit of urinating each time.

(This is all Mutsuki's fault. He has that indecent power...and, well, h-he's perverted himself. And he...he...)

His face naturally filled her head.

Her bladder gave a sudden growl and released its remaining contents into her urethra.

"♡"

The unexpected sensation of release left her entire body unsteady.

(He isn't bad for a human, though.)

He tried to help everyone out.

Ange genuinely hated humans, but she had spent over a month with him. She felt little displeasure toward him, even if she was greatly disgusted by the Serpent's Eye.

She even knew he was a nice guy. He was kind and patient and he could be brave when he needed to. He had even saved her life before.

He often paid attention to the details. He would always match his pace to hers when walking home from school, he would do pretty much anything Micha or Ange told him to, and he had added miso soup and pickled vegetables to every meal after realizing she liked Japanese food despite her never having told him. His tendency to add in bizarre dishes was a problem, though.

She grabbed some of the Lazy Bear printed toilet paper.

(Mutsuki, hm?)

And she wiped at the dirty place.

"?"

She gasped at the strange sensation she felt.

All she had done was press the paper against herself, but a lingering itch seemed to seep to the inside of her skin.

(What...is this feeling?)

She thought she knew, but she did not want to admit it. Filled with this indescribable feeling, she brought her hand back to the still dirty place.

The delta of hair had not grown in enough to be called a bush and she made a snap of her wrist down at the bottom of it.

"Ah...ahh..."

She bent the fingers pushing in the paper. They pushed apart the two pieces of flesh and reached the salmon pink contents that hurt when they were touched.

She had wiped at the crevice, but she realized it was still wet.

(What...is this? What? What...?)

Tempted, she threw away the paper and touched the seductive flower petals with her fingers directly.

She felt like she was in a daze. She had felt the same way when Micha had let her drink the bitter human world drink called beer. She could not think clearly.

"Nnahn..."

Her slender finger suddenly sank into her nectary flesh. It should have been made of soft flesh, but the tightly gathered folds had a tough, pleasant resilience to them.

(I'm...no...I'm...doing something weird.)

Her index and middle fingers began wriggling around without her telling them to.

A raw, wet sound could be heard as she parted that sexual flesh. All the while, even more sticky juices welled up.

(My fingers won't stop... Oh, no...I...I don't want to do this...)

She desperately tried to bring her rational side back into control, but her fingers would not stop, as if she had been hypnotized.

She spread and tensed her legs. The panties around her ankles stretched out to a figure 8.

She had never done anything so embarrassing, but she had

experienced this sensation a few times before: Mutsuki's caress, Mutsuki's cunnilingus, Mutsuki's...

"Ahh...ah. Oh, honestly..."

She trembled with her fingers buried inside herself. She found herself covered with enough sweat to plaster her shirt to her skin. The color of her nipples was visible through the white material.

The closed room was stuffy, the tempo of her breathing had broken down, and a somehow alluring tone had entered each breath.

(I-if Mutsuki's...out there...he'll hear.)

That thought made her suddenly embarrassed about what she was doing. She wrinkled her brow, but...

"Ahh...ah, ah...ahn. Ah...ahh..."

She could not stop her fingers. She clenched her teeth to at least stop the heavy breathing, but the breaths started escaping through the gaps and they only grew heavier.

(Mu...tsuki...)

The instant she had that thought, her entire body sharply reacted.

The particles of pleasure slipping along her flesh seemed to sink into her head and heart. Her shame and guilt toward this action were replaced with something incredibly carnal as soon as he appeared in her mind.

(No, no. I...want it? I've never had sex, but I want his-...)

Her body was filled with the memories of what he had done to her.

Both when he had rubbed medicinal oil all over her body to heal her damage and when he had forcibly penetrated her anus while brainwashed.

She was filled with memories of peeing herself while sobbing from the overwhelming pleasure.

As she touched the flesh garden seeping its plentiful juices and pressed against the sensitive maiden's bead through its hood, she was merely mimicking what he had done. She was trying to bring back the pleasure he had given her.

When she twisted her belly, her butt spread against the toilet seat below it. As her weight pressed down, the flesh naturally parted at the center.

(Ah...here too.)

The colder outside air licked at her butt and anal flesh.

Ange's shoulders trembled as her attention turned to the valley running between those soft mounds. The slightly indented dark red winkles at the very center were the source of her greatest and most recent worry.

Mutsuki's thick penis had opened that area and transformed it into an erogenous zone.

For the past two weeks, she had felt an odd excitement whenever excrement passed through and her heart started racing when she sat on her legs and her heel dug into it.

(My butt feels hot. I haven't even touched it...but just exposing it to the air...feels so good.)

She wanted to touch it.

(N-no! What am I thinking?)

She had grown used to this desire after feeling it when she used the bathroom for the past two weeks, so her rational side more easily regained control. She stopped her fingers as they toyed with an indecent place.

(I-I am a follower of the holy laws born from a purifying light. I am Ange of the Double Flame. I can't do anything so...lewd.)

She held her rationality in place with her angelic pride. She had to

clench her teeth at the indecent sexual desire still smoldering inside her, but she managed to restrain herself.

(That's right. I won't lose. Not to Mutsuki! Not to Mutsuki!)

That had the greatest effect. Her opinion of him had improved lately, but he was still perverted, pathetic, and unreliable when it mattered. Her pride would never allow herself to be entranced by his lingering scent.

And yet...

(Not to...Mutsuki.)

The boy in her mind attacked from a different angle.

"How is it?"

"I'm glad."

The pathetic, unreliable, and kind smile he always gave flashed through the back of her mind.

"~~"

Her chest filled with a warm feeling different from throbbing pleasure or sexual desire.

That warmth created an opening in her impregnable pride as an angel. What does it matter? Why do I need to be so stubborn? He'll make me feel like this, so why be so stubborn?

(Why not...let him make me feel good?)

A hole opened in her heart.

Ange must have touched the panel while squirming because a low sound came from the toilet she was sitting on.

She was too preoccupied to notice and she would not have known what it meant anyway given her poor knowledge of the human world.

"Hyeh!?"

At first, she did not know what had happened. The "Butt/Warm/Soft Stream" setting slipped into her butt far too easily.

By the time she realized it was warm water licking at her, the spray was moving back and forth, targeting her crucible of sexual pleasure.

(Wh-wh-wh-wh-what is this!? I...I have to stop it...)

She had a vague recollection of hearing toilets in the human world could do this.

The panicked girl reached for the touch panel, but her ignorance about machines made it hard to find the “stop” button. Especially while the dreadfully devoted anal caress was melting her mind.

(N-no. This...this is like...Mutsuki's...)

It stroked her buttohole with the softness of a tongue. This sensation was close to traumatic for the girl and it reminded her of her most repulsive memory.

(This is how...Mutsuki licked me...ahhhn)

Two weeks before, Mutsuki had licked her like this and transformed her anus into this masochist flesh. She hated that fact without end, but it was now a hole of sexual pleasure that delighted when it was toyed with and desired to be deeply penetrated.

(Ahhhh! No...no, no. I can't let it feel this good...)

She shook her head, but that only scattered her red hair and twisted her bust back and forth below the sweaty shirt. She was unable to pick up her hips.

In fact, she returned her fingers to her crotch as her skinny eyebrows twitched.

That fleshy hole was so damp she thought steam would rise from it and the plump pink flower petals swelled out to welcome in the returning objects.

"Nn...hnn. Nhhnnn."

She felt the protrusions and indentations of the folds wrapped around her fingers and her cherubic face twisted in longing as she resumed teasing her throbbing fleshy core.

(This is... This is Mutsuki's fault. Stupid Mutsuki, this is all your fault...)

As the warm water licked at her butt, she was overcome by the memories of Mutsuki doing the same, so she cast aside her doubts and hesitation and lost herself in masturbation.

With her jeans down around her ankles, she pressed her feet on the ground and leaned forward.

Her virgin hole did not know the pleasure of "insertion", but she realized it felt good to rub at the harder and more resilient flesh near the entrance. And...

"—————! ...Nn...nn."

She pulled her maiden's core from its sheath and lightly poked it. She had expected it to hurt, but during the arousal of having her butt licked, it brought a sharp pleasure.

(Yes...and then next...)

Her scarlet lips were wet from the drool spilling from between her

clenched teeth and she began seeking this indecent pleasure more and more boldly. Her masochistic moans were now loud enough for someone on the other side of the door to hear.

She reached a hand to the flushed bust faintly visible through her white shirt and she roughly groped at it. She pinched her fully erect nipple. The act was rough enough to hurt, but...

(No. Mutsuki would do it like this.)

She quickly found the perfect level of strength and began rolling it around in her fingers.

She was doing it to herself, but she writhed from the sharpness of the pleasure. Her bust gave a sweet-looking bounce.

She toyed with that springy sensation while thinking back to the time he had rubbed his hands over her entire body and made her cum. She had disliked it at the time, but his extremely soft touch had robbed her of all strength. She had let out an indulgent voice and finally peed.

(St-stupid Mutsuki... You need to grope my butt.)

She could barely think straight and her empty eyes stared up at the ceiling.

(You're the one...that taught me how good it feels to grope my butt until it hurts...while toying with the hole.)

She could not do it herself while sitting down. She wanted to at least pretend, so she twisted her hips to rub her round butt against the toilet.

Even if she was a healthy teenage girl, she was so prideful that she had been slow to discover her sexuality. More than just a virgin, this was her first time to masturbate.

All of her memories related to sexual pleasure were linked to Mutsuki.

"Ahn. Nnnn."

Her fingers picked up speed as she lost herself in her sexual memories of him.

Her young and slender shoulders twisted and she pressed her butt down against the toilet until it creaked in order to bring her anal flesh as close as possible to the spraying water.

(Ah...ah...♡ The water...is going into my butt. It's gotten so loose...since stupid Mutsuki...spread it so wide...♡)

The force of the fountain grew the closer she got, so it finally reached past her sphincter. She could feel the foreign warmth reaching far past that somewhat swollen entrance.

(Mutsuki...I'm...I'm cumming... Hey, Mutsuki...)

She instinctually dug her nails into her virgin entrance.

She felt a warm throbbing at the point between her fingers and her clitoris. That hole was not as noticeable as the vagina and it was almost buried beneath the intricate sea of flower petals, but it swelled out.

Like a volcano, there was a slight indentation at just the very tip.

(I'm...cumming...ahhhh!)

Like she had been hit by a jolt of electricity, she writhed in extreme pleasure and a mist-like extract erupted from that volcano.

Afterwards, golden urine was released and struck the palm of her hand.

"Ahh♡ Ahh♡"

The urine that had filled her empty bladder over the last fifteen minutes was forced out.

She realized her urethra had a strange habit of reacting when she climaxed, but...

"Mutsuki...♡"

Her cheeks still loosened in satisfaction at the pleasure she had brought herself through his guidance.

"What is it?"

"!!!???"

She heard a voice from outside and then a knock on the door.

"Is something the matter, Ange? Did you just call my name?"

He seemed to have been walking by just as she muttered his name in the afterglow.

She could easily have angrily shouted that it was nothing, but her mind was not functioning at the moment. Unable to come up with a proper response, she corrected her posture. Fortunately, the washer had stopped automatically after spraying for more than five minutes. She wiped herself off again, pulled up her jeans, and washed off the sticky fluid on her palm.

"It's nothing!"

She finally remembered what she needed to say and shouted at him immediately after leaving the bathroom.

He looked a little surprised after faithfully waiting, but he still said "okay" with a smile.

"Hm? Wah, wah, wah! Ange! What happened to you!?"

"Eh? ...Wah!"

She had forgotten about the sweat.

Her shirt was plastered to her skin, fully revealing her lolita body type. Her bust jutted out sharply for her otherwise childish proportions and the erect nipples were entirely visible.

Unable to find an excuse, she curled up her body and ran away. A second later, she ran back and slammed the bathroom door shut almost hard enough to break it.

"Y-you're not allowed in there for the rest of the day! Got that!?"

"O-okay... Eh? But why?"

She fled to her room.

Once she was alone again, she quickly grew embarrassed at what she had done. She jumped into bed, held her head in her hands, and kicked her legs around.

Suddenly, her eyes stopped on the Lazy Bear body pillow she always slept with.

" ... "

Mutsuki had given it to her before. That present was the first time she had thought he might not be so bad.

With a lopsided frown on her lips, she ended her tantrum and grabbed the pillow.

"Stupid Mutsuki!"

She punched the wall when she felt warmth filling her chest again.

Adolescent Adam 3: Chapter 2 - Playing with Oneself in the Dead of Night

Mutsuki had been having trouble sleeping recently.

Half the night had passed and he was alone in the living room.

He would lie in bed, but sleep would not come. It felt like gravity had been inverted. His head was burning up and he was exhausted, but his body would not accept the rest.

He needed to calm himself down, so he was now sitting in a recliner with a glass of hot milk in one hand. He never got tired of the view from the top-floor apartment window at night.

After leaving the bathroom all sweaty for some reason, Ange had not left her room and Micha had yet to return. He was not in the habit of watching TV, so the room was quiet. Earlier, he had called his little sister and asked how the family was doing, but it was too late to do that now.

He had nothing to do but patiently wait for sleep to reach him.

A great number of thoughts washed over him when he was alone.

(The Serpent's Eye, the angels, the demons, FeTuS...Black Cat-san, and Rapha-san.)

Those last two weighed heaviest on his mind because they had only

appeared recently.

Black Cat was a high-ranking member of FeTUS, just like Machina. She was known as Miss C and she far surpassed Ange in combat, although that was partially due to poor compatibility on Ange's part.

They had escaped safely last time (even if he did not remember what had happened), but she could attack again at any time. He felt nervous being a target like that.

He had similar feelings about Rapha.

(He is an ally...isn't he?)

He knew the young man was, but he still brought an unpleasant feeling to Mutsuki's heart.

Mutsuki had only a vague understanding of the conflict between the angels, demons, and humans.

The Serpent's Eye inside him could be the ultimate weapon, so many of the demons and humans wanted to get their hands on it. The angels were defenders of the holy law, so they wanted to protect it.

Among those enemies, Lucia and Machina had become allies.

Mutsuki simply wanted to get along with them, but the appearance of this new angel had given him a bigger picture view of the situation.

The angels were his allies. That would not change because Micha and Ange would protect him even without a reason.

However, that was only in relation to him and they would never become allies of those enemy groups.

It was possible the angels would attack the humans or demons eventually.

(What even is the Serpent's Eye anyway?)

He linked his unpleasant thoughts together and arrived at the foundation of his worries. He pressed the cup of lukewarm milk against his right temple to warm the area around his right eye.

The Serpent's Eye was a mysterious change that had suddenly come over his right eye less than two months before.

When it appeared, any woman in his field of vision had their strength taken away. It forcibly brought them to a state of arousal and robbed them of any means to harm him.

At first, he had thought his enemies would pluck it out and use it as a weapon, so he had let Micha and Ange protect him in order to protect his own eyeball.

But after the few incidents he had experienced, it seemed the demons

and FeTUS were actually after him and not his eye. He was beginning to think there was some importance to "Fujita Mutsuki, owner of the Serpent's Eye" and not just in the Serpent's Eye.

Both groups had had a few chances to pluck out his eye, but they had not.

He had even asked why, but neither Micha nor Machina had given him a straight answer and both Ange and Lucia had insisted they did not know. He knew none of the details.

They would not tell him and he had no way of investigating, so he had no clues.

Except one, that is.

"The Serpent's Eye holder....Adam. The final objective of FeTUS."

Those were the words of Black Cat.

"Adam..."

He could generally predict that word was the key to something.

"I'm back."

Mutsuki looked up when he heard an alto voice carrying through the apartment.

The sluggish footsteps of course belonged to Micha. She must have expected Mutsuki to be asleep because she smiled in surprise when she saw him in the living room.

"Welcome back."

"Thanks, but you're still up? You need to get to sleep. You have school tomorrow."

While sounding like a responsible adult for once, she pulled a beer and her dinner from the fridge.

She closed the fridge with her foot and opened the beer as she walked. She leaped into the sofa, lay down, and used her fingers to munch on the cold pork.

"Sigh... Honestly, annoying bosses are the worst things about work. I can only assume they're trying to kill off any work ethic we might have."

"Ah ha ha. Sounds like you had it rough."

"If they're going to act so self-important, couldn't they at least give me the money to buy a new motorcycle?"

She had deep-cut facial features and perfect proportions. She looked like a model, but she was complaining like an office worker exhausted from a long day of work.

It seemed out of place, so Mutsuki smiled bitterly.

"Our report only took two seconds. Two seconds! All we had to say was 'nothing's happened'. The rest was nothing but bitching on their end. Rapha made the actual report, so I think he called me there just to get chewed out."

"..."

Mutsuki's expression stiffened at the mention of Rapha...or rather, at the mention of the other angels.

"I mean...I understand why they're so on edge with what's coming up tomorrow, but still."

Micha did not notice as she washed down her final complaint with some beer.

After finishing off the can, she pulled out a bottle of brandy being used for interior decoration.

She apparently wanted to drink something stronger to match how much stress she was feeling, so she decided to drink the brandy straight today. She had apparently had an extremely unpleasant time.

"I was standing the whole time, so my legs are exhausted. ...Hey, give me the usual♡"

"Sure, sure."

She lay face down with her glass of brandy and container of pork, so the boy circled around to her feet.

She sometimes asked him to gently massage and stretch her surprisingly muscular calves.

She sipped at the brandy at first, but as her eyes started melting from the younger boy's loving massage, she decided she did not need the drink and set the glass down.

She had the body of a model, so her legs were pretty too. Mutsuki's eyes were glued to the lines running from her well-developed thighs down to her slender ankles. He also looked to her toenails that were glossy even without a pedicure.

She had worn her boots for a long time without socks on, so the soles of her feet were sweaty. She had the perfect curves of a sculpture, but the sweat made them seem much rawer.

"~~♪ Oh, come to think of it, where's Ange?"

"She's already asleep. ...At least I think she is. She went to her room at

about nine and I haven't seen her since."

He thought back to what had happened. What had she been doing in the bathroom for so long?

She had looked captivating when she had come out and a somehow alluring aroma had surrounded her.

"Nine is pretty early. Did you get into another fight?"

Micha turned her enchanted face his way.

"...I don't know."

That look was enough to get him to speak his mind. If Ange was a born fighter, then Micha may have had natural talent at getting others to open their hearts to her.

"Nothing really happened, but for some reason, she got really mad. If I did something wrong, I'd like to apologize, but..."

"Is that so?"

"She's been acting weird lately. She gets mad at the drop of a hat. Well, she was like that before too, but it feels a little different now."

"Were you too worried about that to get to sleep?"

"Eh? Well...maybe. Or that's part of it at least."

He left that last part vague because he could not exactly say he was suspicious of her colleague Rapha.

Micha gave a depthless laugh as if she could see through it all.

"It may be about time."

"Eh?"

"It's nothing. You don't need to worry about Ange being so angry. ...You could say it's because she's entered adolescence."

She buried her face in the cushion she was resting her chin on.

It almost looked like she wanted to hide the look in her eyes.

"Have I ever told you how angels are made?"

"You know angels are made from fire, right?"

"Yes. That's why Ange is so bad at swimming, right?"

"No, that's just her being a bad swimmer. ...Anyway, an angel's body is composed of fire. Ange's is, mine is, and Rapha's is. So what do you think forms our core?"

"Your core?"

"A human soul."

She spoke so calmly that Mutsuki missed his timing to feel surprise. His massaging hands came to a stop.

With angels and demons existing, he was willing to believe in something as occult as the human soul, but he still tilted his head a little.

Micha giggled and turned onto her side.

"Soul isn't the perfect word for it, though. The spiritual foundation of a human is a fragment of the Fruit of Knowledge. When a purifying light applies flesh to that foundation, it becomes an angel. To put it simply, Ange and I were originally human."

"Eh...?"

"You've read in manga how good people are reborn as angels when they die, right? It's like that."

The boy was dumbfounded, so she continued with a smile. But adding

"Although for us, it doesn't necessarily have to be a good person" gave it the opposite impression.

"It's only used as a component, so we don't have any of their memories. If you take a screw from a car and use it to make a TV, you can't drive the TV around, right? Ange and I know nothing about our time as humans. However..."

Her smile remained motionless, as if it were glued to her face.

"Even after being reborn, the soul will remember any experience powerful enough to seep into the Fruit of Knowledge."

She paused there. Mutsuki did not quite understand what she was talking about, but they both turned toward Ange's room.

"Ange's hatred of humans comes from an experience back then."

"What...happened?"

"You could say...she wasn't loved by her mother. Don't ask too much about it."

Mutsuki gulped.

He had grown up in a happy household, so abuse was a term he had only seen on TV.

"Anyway, her hatred of humans is on an instinctual level. That's why she's been so irritated lately. She's been feeling an internal contradiction whenever she's around you."

"What?"

When she summed it up, it only confused the boy further. What did it mean for Ange to get irritated when around him, a human?

"Now, then."

Micha ended the conversation and sat up.

"If you don't get to bed soon, you really will have a hard time tomorrow."

The alcohol must have kicked in because she was flushed around the eyes, making her look shockingly sensual.

"But..."

"Wah!?"

"You might have a little trouble sleeping with this thing so hard."

After setting down the glass, she reached for his crotch over his sweatpants. It happened so suddenly that Mutsuki let out a cry. The area

was already full of blood and itching.

"How long has it been like this?" the young woman teasingly asked.

This had actually been the primary reason he had been unable to get to sleep.

His body had been filled with heat ever since he ran across Ange by the bathroom, seen her careless state of dress, and smelled her strong scent of sweat. That had kept him up.

"I know boys are horny when they're young, but you need to learn how to deal with this on your own. You know how to masturbate, don't you?"

He did, but he had barely ever done so. He had not done it even once since getting his first taste of the female body almost two months before.

A lot of guys preferred masturbating even after learning what sex was like, but Mutsuki was not one of them.

With a body like Micha's, it was hardly surprising that the young boy was obsessed with it.

"Heh heh heh heh heh♡ Your helpless without me around, aren't you?"

He fell silent in embarrassment, but she gave a happy nasal laugh.

This younger boy was too aroused to sleep, but he wanted to have sex with her enough to choose not to masturbate.

The adorably embarrassed boy's face stimulated both her maternal instincts and her desire to tease him.

"Try doing it now. You don't want to run into this problem again, do you?♪"

The puffy corners of her eyes had risen in a cruel smile.

Micha remained seated in the sofa and instructed Mutsuki to kneel on the floor.

He did so and pulled down his sweatpants to reveal the mostly erect object within.

"C'mon, get to it."

"Eh? ...On my own?"

"Of course. It wouldn't be masturbation otherwise."

She smiled in satisfaction and poked at his thigh with her toes.

She had touched him a good distance away, but his penis still responded with a twitch. The corners of her mouth loosened even further.

"Heh heh. If you stay up like this when I'm out of the house for too long, you'll collapse from sleep deprivation. C'mon, get started. I'll even give you something to look at♡"

She grabbed her deep purple miniskirt and lifted it. She had one leg stretched forward, so he could easily see her black thong.

Even if he knew what it was like to indulge in that flesh directly, her body was more than erotic enough to masturbate to. But...

"Th-that's too embarrassing."

He blushed and shook his head.

They had slept together several times already and they no longer worried about the other seeing them naked, but things were different when it came to masturbating while she was watching.

"Do it. Or are you saying I should just go to sleep?"

With the daring smile of a fox, Micha easily rejected his complaint. Being older gave her the edge in these situations.

Mutsuki gave in and grabbed his shameful body part.

He began playing with himself in front of the roommate/lover he had lost his virginity to.

He was relatively fine with her seeing him naked, but this game he had not played in three months was embarrassing in a different way. He felt horribly inadequate and the shame seemed to create a drafty hole in his body.

"I see. So you use the foreskin."

"What?"

"Nothing. Keep going, keep going."

He massaged the shaft with his preferred strength and rubbed the head through the foreskin.

It was a strange feeling that both felt good and did not. His testicles reacted to the stimulation and he felt the perfect level of pleasure for himself.

But that was all. He did not feel the greater pleasure leading to ejaculation, so he continued hesitantly yet roughly stroking his erection.

"I see, I see. You're skill at pleasuring a woman is superb, but you have room for improvement here."

Micha grinned as she watched.

"Here's a little help♡"

"Ah..."

Her outstretched foot touched his face and her somewhat sweaty toes reached the top of his nose.

She was stepping on his face and giving him a pig's nose, but the object down below grew in his grasp.

"Heh heh. You're such a fetishist, Mutsuki-kun. What do you think of my smell?"

"Ah... Nnn. Y-you smell great."

"I smell great? Heh heh. Are you sure I don't stink? Even though I was standing in those leather boots for six hours without any socks on and I haven't taken a bath?"

"...Yes."

"Oh, you're such a cute little pervert♡ Just a quick sniff and you already look like you're about to cum."

After being smoked inside the leather boots, the woman's foot had a uniquely sexual aroma similar to old cheese. Any guy would be turned on by the foot of a woman as beautiful as Micha.

The humiliation of having his face stepped on and the fetishistic aroma tickling at his nostrils filled him with a masochistic ecstasy.

He had simply been moving his hand up and down before, but now he seriously worked at stroking his penis. He squeezed at the shaft with a ring formed by thumb and middle finger as if trying to squeeze out the contents.

Precum was practically dripping from within the foreskin.

"...Heh heh♡"

An obscene smile covered her lovely face when she saw the youthful energy of his masturbation.

She too grew bolder and stuck her first two toes into his nose.

"Pant...pant..."

The boy trembled at the smell from between her toes where the sweat had gathered.

His breathing grew heavy. The more he breathed in through his nose, the more he breathed out through his mouth, tickling at the bottom of Micha's foot.

Mutsuki had never been too interested in this fetishistic side of women,

but that was quickly changing.

He had only been a child who was plenty aroused just by seeing some jiggling breasts. The most he had been interested in was the anus and the flavor inside the woman's mouth when kissing. He had often thought of Micha's legs as pretty, but he had never sought any eroticism from them.

But this sexual smell filled him with a strange arousal, like insects were flying around inside his body.

(I-I might be a pervert...)

He did not want to admit it, but he could not find any other explanation. And if it meant surrounding himself in this obscene smell, part of him was completely okay with being a pervert.

"Nn...fwah. Micha-san."

Without even noticing, he had lifted his hips and gotten up on his knees to press his face against her foot.

Her mature toes had sharply maintained nails and he brought those toes into his mouth without even being told.

He licked at the sweat producing the smell.

"O-oh, honestly."

Micha gave a somewhat aroused sigh when the boy pursued her filthy body part with an entranced look that seemed as defenseless as a baby.

His member had already grown large enough to naturally escape the foreskin. He had not even noticed that he was now directly massaging the fleshy head of the manly erection.

Thick veins bulged from the penis and it twitched in unison with the thorough licking of her feet. If this continued, he would likely climax before long.

"Stop that."

Micha pulled her foot back.

Mutsuki's eyes widened and he looked up at her with a sad look. She smiled bitterly at that look of an abandoned dog wanting some love.

"I never said you could lick it. I ordered you to cum on your own, didn't I?"

She had been the one to let him smell her foot, so Mutsuki frowned at the selfish demand. However, he could not complain given their mental hierarchy.

"You broke the rules, so I'm not giving you any more help. Do the rest on your own."

She laughed coldly and stood up.

"M-Micha-saaan."

The boy clung to her when she turned her back. If she left now, he felt like he would be horny for the rest of the night no matter how many wet dreams he had.

The woman stood still and the boy clung to her on his knees. They looked like a dog and his owner.

Micha smiled sweetly.

"Aren't you going to apologize for breaking the rules?"

"I-I'm sorry."

"Heh heh. Very good."

She turned around and rubbed his head as he bent his eyebrows worriedly.

"I was only kidding. I would never do anything to upset my cute Mutsuki-kun, would I?"

"Ah..."

That alone filled him with so much joy he thought all of his blood was going to boil.

He gave her a look of adoration with his blank, empty eyes. He seemed to have awoken to the pleasure of being dominated by an older woman.

"Like I promised, I'll give you something to look at. Make sure to cum all over me."

She turned around again and pulled up her skirt, revealing the lines of the butt adorning the top of her beautiful legs.

The brown roundness was right in front of the kneeling boy's eyes.

"Ahh..."

She had the fit body of a model, but her plump butt was one of the few areas with some fat remaining. The black silk material hiding just the center was more suggestive than if she were naked.

The boy resumed his self-play without being told.

At just a few centimeters from his nose, he sensed a lovely aroma, even if it was not as strong as her foot.

As he focused on that valley that squished and rubbed together with every movement she made, he detected the sweet smell of sweat and oils

only found on an adult woman. The strong and sexual smell surrounded him.

"Heh heh♡ I understand."

Micha gave a look of ecstasy to the boy who was entirely focused on himself.

"A dirty boy like you needs more than this, right?"

"...Yes."

She gave the cold, domineering smile and brushed back her wavy blonde hair while the boy gave her the look of a frightened puppy.

The sweetest fruit lay before his eyes, but he could not dig into it. She would not allow it.

The woman saw that he was so desperate he was on the verge of tears.

"Once I'm done with you, you'll never be able to live without me♡"

Her expression was filled with satisfaction.

It was a mixture of nearly shameful sadism, satisfaction with the boy's adoration, and maternal instincts.

At the same time, she reached behind herself and grabbed the back of the boy's head.

"Here you go."

"Nfah...!"

She bent her hips and leaned forward. Her butt lowered without warning and enveloped the boy's shocked face with warmth.

After glancing between her legs to see the thick object at his crotch twitch wildly, she continued sadistically leaning forward and began a wiggling dance with her butt.

(Wah...ah... Micha-san's...Micha-san's butt...)

His face sank into the soft valley and a stiflingly strong smell enveloped his nose and mouth.

The intense sensation of her plump butt provided a tremendous impact.

His face was crushed by her soft flesh and his lungs were filled with her scent. He knew it made him a pervert, but no young boy could resist this kind of treatment from a young woman.

"Ahn...wah, ahh, ahhh!"

Mutsuki's hips shook more from the fetishistic aroma caressing him on the inside than from the masturbation.

"Heh heh. Ah ha ha ha. Well? Do you like this?"

"Ah... Yes, yes..."

"You can lick it if you want. Go ahead and do whatever you want♡"

Now that he had permission, the boy attacked her crotch.

It was somewhat damp and sour, but when he put it in his mouth, it filled him with the strongest scent of a woman's body.

He wanted to taste even more, so he pressed his face against the butt as it swayed on its own.

"I'm...cumming. I'h...I'h cuhhing. Mika-hyan... I'm cumming!"

He squeezed his flesh cannon and pulled the foreskin as far back as it would go while his hips twitched.

"Go ahead... Cum. Use me...use my butt to cum."

When she saw the head spread out almost like an umbrella, the woman gave a sadistic smile and pulled even harder with the arm on the back of his head.

His face pressed painfully hard into her elastic butt, and...

"~~~! ...Nh!"

Bullets of semen fired from the shaft that he had been stroking as if trying to polish it.

Being able to time the climax himself allowed the milky liquid to fire out with all the more force. Mutsuki tingled from the unique sensation of unreserved ejaculation only achieved through masturbation.

The semen flew more than two meters and splatted onto the leg of the tea table.

"Ha ha♡"

Micha smiled bitterly when she realized this was the torrent normally filling her womb. She could understand why her womb had taken a liking to this ejaculation and would bring her to orgasm whenever he came.

"You're getting the room all dirty. What a naughty boy."

She moved away from him and sat in the nearby recliner, leaving the boy in a daze as he indulged in the remaining intoxication filling his testicles and lungs.

He looked up at the young woman with a blank look.

Micha's face melted sadistically once more when she saw the adorable indulgent look on the young boy's face.

"Come here♡"

"Do you like how I smell?"

"...Y-yes."

"What about it do you like?"

"Um, well... It's sweet and sour and it...uh...it's smelly and really arousing."

"Hmm. I'm not sure that's a compliment."

"Sorry. But I can relax when I remember that it's your smell."

"Heh heh. That's okay then."

Micha moved to the recliner and comfortably lay back while stroking the head of the boy waiting on her.

Mutsuki happily poured appreciative kisses and caresses across her chocolate skin.

He kissed her neck, her shoulders, her upper arms, her fingertips, her chest, her navel, her thighs, and her calves.

Like a puppy obsessed with its master, he primarily buried his nose in the stronger-smelling areas such as her hair and armpits.

"This is the Mutsuki-kun I know."

Micha leaned calmly back while laughing quietly toward the boy who would not hesitate to stick his tongue in her anus if she lifted her legs.

"You've gotten a little full of yourself after getting better at sex, so I was just thinking I needed to teach you a lesson♪"

"Full of myself? When?"

"Oh, I think you know. ...Heh heh heh."

Just as he prepared to place a love bite on her collarbone, she tugged up his chin and placed her lips on his.

It was better described as petting than a kiss. It was a raw action. She shoved her pursed lips inside his mouth, pressed them against his gums, and let her tongue slide around.

"Nnp...kfh...u-uhh..."

Sweet saliva spread through his mouth and she licked indecently at his tongue as if performing fellatio on it.

The boy narrowed his eyes at the pleasure of his head melting out through his mouth.

"You've gotten a lot better at kissing lately."

Micha took the initiative and overwhelmed him with this preemptive and obscenely deep kiss because he would use his own tongue skills if she let her guard down.

"And the other day...you toyed with me using this hole, didn't you?"

"Fwah!?"

She tilted her glass toward his defenseless butt.

The 80 proof brandy poured into that generally untouched location. His eyes widened as the heat and chill assaulted his anus simultaneously.

However, he was not allowed to cry out or resist. His lips were still sealed by hers and she controlled his body.

Her lewd saliva, the smell of her mouth, and her extended tongue all

stickily violated his mouth.

"Neh heh heh heh♡ Surely not even a masochistic pervert like you would like it here."

"U-u-u-u-u-u-um...M-Micha-sa-...ahhhh."

Her flexible fingertips gently crawled around his anus as it squirmed from the heat.

Her caress was really only a greeting, but a brand new sensation welled up inside him. His eyes opened wide and he writhed in seeming agony.

"Oh? It's pretty soft. I bet it'll open right up♪"

Micah enjoyed observing the boy's reaction as she gradually pressed in on the anus she had numbed with the direct alcohol attack.

She seemed to hold a grudge against him for pleasuring her with this hole in the bath.

"Ah...ahh..."

She was leaning back and he was leaning over her, so the jerking movements of his hips naturally brought him to a crawling position.

He wrinkled his brow as the treatment hurt his pride as a man.

But he could not deny the unfamiliar pleasure filling him as she sometimes gently stroked at and sometimes forcibly jabbed at his anus that burned from the brandy.

Her finger violated his massaged flower bud. Goose bumps rose across his spine and the intensity of his jerking convulsions caused his enlarged rod to sway heavily like an ear of rice.

"Ahh...ahhh...Micha-san... Not...not there..."

"Relax. Don't worry. I know it's scary when you're a virgin, but it looks like your ass already likes it."

She stuck her finger in up to the first joint and rubbed the inside of the sphincter with the bottom of her finger.

"Ahhhh!"

That was enough for Mutsuki to give into the strange sensation and cling to her body with his hips lifted into the air.

It felt like she was directly touching the base of his balls, bringing a pleasure he could never feel from the penis.

It scared him, yet it felt good. He looked up at her with teary eyes.

"Heh heh. You're so sensitive here. Like a girl."

As Micha continued loosening up his anal flesh, she turned her gaze toward his manhood.

Her weighty breasts jiggled as she skillfully removed her panties with one hand and then placed her legs on the armrests while still leaning into the seat back.

As she spread her legs, her lower lips also spread. Sticky threads connected the two lips and the dark pink interior was exposed below. She raised her palm a little and placed it against his hot male flesh.

"What do you want me to do? Don't you want me to play with your cock while I play with your ass?"

"N-no..."

"Heh heh heh. I'll stop if you aren't honest with me. Tell me your asshole feels so good that you also want me to milk all your semen with my pussy."

That embarrassing request made him feel a little faint and his teary-eyed face collapsed.

It was pathetic, but Micha was right on the money. The stimulation to his anus was already sending a sweet tingling throughout his lower body.

He would never be able to satisfy his erection with his own hands now,

but how amazing would it feel for this aesthetic feminine flesh to pleasure it instead?

He was no match for the young woman who laughed confidently and looked him right in the eye. As if obeying the command of those red eyes, he nodded.

"I want to put it in," he said while clinging to her chocolate skin. "I want to put it inside you."

"Very good♡"

She welcomingly lifted her hips. She had trained him to the point that he could not do anything without her permission, so he finally and delightedly slid his hips forward.

The inside of the sweet crevice was lighter than her brown skin and looked more lovely than one would expect from her mature body.

Countless flower petals were folded over each other like a rosebud. No matter the situation, he was hesitant to just roughly penetrate it.

Mutsuki's impatience was increased by the sensation of the finger inside his backdoor, but he suppressed it and carefully stuck the head in.

The flesh was not as damp as it might have been, but as soon as he

touched the mature flesh, the entrance widened for him. No matter how cruelly she teased him, her body was that of a kind young woman.

"Nn...nnhn..."

"Ah...ahh. Your pussy...really is amazing."

The tip arrived in her soft depths and his cheeks loosened in indescribable pleasure.

The damp, sticky tunnel learned the invader's shape after only a few gentle pumps and it wrapped around him in the way only an adult's vagina could.

He embraced her body which was unbelievably soft and she gave off a sensual aroma that was sweet both in his nose and on his tongue.

She had an incredible body. It was hardly surprising that he was no longer satisfied with masturbation after getting a taste of it.

"Heh heh... You act like a spoiled child, but you're still a boy down here♡"

His fierce rod seemed to fill her lower stomach, so she gave a small bitter smile.

The boy had been an unreliable puppy not long ago, but he had become a dog in heat before she had known it. He made deep thrusts to

dig deep into her elastically soft flesh.

She must have loved that gap more than anything because the corners of her almond eyes narrowed lovingly and she wrapped her arm around his head. She also raised her own hips to deepen their union, and...

"Nnah!"

She gathered strength in the finger behind him.

That forbidden hole had already loosened up and it readily swallowed her long middle finger.

"Ah...No...I can't, Micha-san...I..."

His pleading voice sounded somehow empty.

"Heh heh heh. What's this 'can't' nonsense. Your body is telling a different story."

She whispered to him with a bewitching heat in her eyes. As he tightened painfully down on her middle finger, the object applying pressure inside her grew all the harder.

"You-... Ahh, ahhh, ahhhhhh."

Mutsuki moaned in a low voice while shaking his hips to escape the

frightening pleasure welling up from that hole.

It felt like she was stroking the base of his penis. Her finger was rubbing at the sexual core that could not be reached from the shaft. It felt like she was directly squeezing the semen tank inside him in order to hasten his desire to ejaculate.

At the same time, her vaginal folds seemed to lick at his pillar of flesh. Two distinct forms of pleasure filled him from the front and back and they seemed to collide at the center of his hipbone. The shaft felt like it was going to burst inside her.

"Ah...hyah...hyahhh..."

It felt good, but it felt so good it was agonizing.

The unfamiliar sensation and fearfulness from behind got in the way and prevented him from climbing the stairs to climax.

Normally, he would have already released his seed and the pleasure would have passed critical, but he never seemed to arrive at that destination. The pleasure of his fully erect penis was now making him suffer.

Sweat and tears covered his face and he looked up at Micha to plead for mercy, but the young woman seemed to find the look adorable. Her lovely eyes sparkled, she dug deeper into his hole, and she made his lower body wiggle around madly.

"Don't give me that look. C'mon, be honest and tell me it feels good. Say both your cock and your ass love this."

"But...but..."

"Why are you worrying about this now? You're already a masochist that loves having his ass toyed with♡ Hm? Or can you honestly tell me you aren't?"

She added another finger. Her index finger spread his anus even wider.

She spread the two fingers to the left and right, creating a gap in the tightly closed sphincter. She picked her glass back up and poured the rest of the contents in.

"Kah...ah...!"

The hot liquid poured inside.

The boy tearfully cried out because it felt like the base of his penis was burning.

"Heh... Nn, nnn... Heh heh heh. Don't be scared."

With a mischievous laugh, Micha realized he was at his limit.

She was behaving so sadistically because she wanted to tease him, not

because she wanted him to suffer. She set down the glass and embraced his struggling body.



"Cum all you want. Don't worry. I'll take it all inside♡"

"Ah..."

He had been in the palm of her hand from beginning to end. As soon as he heard those words, he relaxed his agonized body.

His hipbone was trapped between the pleasure from the front and back, but it now felt like being stroked by a horribly soft hand. He rapidly grew accustomed to the pleasure that seemed to be slipping upwards inside him.

"Ah...Micha...Micha-san...I'm cumming...I'm cumminnnngggg!"

"Uuh. Go ahead. Cum all you want... Cum like a girl while I finger your ass..."

Waves seemed to run through the vaginal folds wrapped around his erection. She accurately loosened up his anal flesh and her fingertips massaged the area from his prostate to the sphincter.

It was the even kinder hand stroking the back of his head that pushed him over the edge.

"Ahhhhhhhhh! Ahhhh, ahhhhhhh!"

"Ah...ah...ahhh."

He thrust his stake so deep inside it reached her cervix.

She reflexively pushed her shapely hips up, so they rubbed up against each other at the point of contact.

Her nectar-covered flesh wriggled in surprise and the stickily wet folds

wrapped around his solid rod. They wrapped around the head, the thick shaft with bulging veins, and even the very tip.

"~~~~!"

The pleasure felt like having the contents of his urethra vacuumed out and it happened to coincide with the tip of her middle finger pressing in from the anal side.

The pressure to his prostate caused an even greater reaction, pulling the trigger in his testicles even more harshly than usual.

"Ahhhhhh...!"

If fired outside, the milky liquid would have shot out like a bullet, but it instead straightened out her undulating vagina and flowed into the deepest depths.

Micha could not keep her cool either when his ejaculation was pounding directly into her womb like a hammer. Her entire body was overcome by an intense orgasm that felt like the floor had melted away, dropping her into an abyss. The toes of her spread legs stiffened and a seductive hue filled her wild facial features.

Mutsuki's mind was too foggy from the intense ejaculation to notice her defenseless expression, but...

"Ah...nhah... Th-that was amazing..."

Hearing her voice trembling from the powerful climax was enough to satisfy him.

His body went limp and he clung to the young woman below him. Micha continued to twitch from the vestiges of the orgasm, but she gently embraced him as the older one.

"You really are...a cute little pervert♡"

"Now get to sleep. You're going to have a hard time at school tomorrow."

"Probably... Yawn."

After cleaning up in the bath, he went to his room and got in bed. It was nearly two in the morning, so he was getting pretty sleepy.

His butt still tingled, but he was pretty sure he could get to sleep once he closed his eyes.

Micha walked in, prepared a small plate, poured some oil inside, and lit it.

That was an angel's special aroma. Mutsuki did not entirely understand, but it hastened the healing of an angel's body and helped a human get to sleep.

"Good night."

"Good night. Sweet dreams."

He shut his eyes as a warm, chocolate-colored hand gently stroked his hair. Micha kissed her adorable lover's sleeping face, turned out the lights, and left the room.

Mutsuki's thoughts naturally turned to her as he gave himself into the comfort of sleep.

She had been a little mean today, but that was likely because he had teased and embarrassed her before. She was fairly prideful as the older one.

Still, sleeping with her felt good and helped him relax.

His worries about Black Cat and Rapha had faded a fair bit.

(Ange.)

But he now had a new worry about that girl.

She had instinctually hated humans from the moment she had been born.

She seemed to be opening her heart bit by bit, but could that really fill

this seemingly hopeless gap? And...

(Micha-san pretty blatantly changed the subject there.)

He recalled another worry.

She was a horny woman and she often nearly forced him into sex, but something had been off about her today. She had forcibly seduced him when they really should have gotten to sleep.

Almost as if she had been trying to hide the fact that she had let that comment about Ange slip.

Adolescent Adam 3: Chapter 3 - Lonely Witch

That garden was always filled with bright sunlight and a gentle scent of grass.

The girl sitting at the white wood table and sipping at a teacup was FeTUS Witches Miss A. Her lovely blonde hair was fluttering in the wind.

It scattered a glittering light whenever the comb passed through it, so it seemed to be releasing a fairy's magic powder.

"...Sigh."

The only problem was how the refreshing breeze was drowned out by a sigh.

A tall woman in a maid uniform was combing the young lady's hair. The woman was probably at least one hundred ninety centimeters tall and she had the lung capacity to match.

"Miss D, if anything is troubling you, then tell me instead of just sighing. It tickles."

"Uuh~~. You'll actually listen~?"

The maid spoke sweetly and clung to her. But at 1.5 times her height, she nearly crushed the girl.

"The kids at school are so mean~. Just because I'm a liiiittle more developed than normal, they always make fun of my height~."

"That is a sign of affection."

"But calling me a Demon God is going too far. I have a maiden's heart, you know?"

"Whoa, whoa."

Just having the woman rub up against her caused the girl to shake so much she thought the chair would break.

She could not drink her tea like this, so she shrugged and reached for the candy on the table instead. She rolled the candy around in her puffed out cheek and spoke to Machina who was watching from the other side of the table.

"What do you think, Miss E? Is there a problem with Miss D at school?"

"Negative. She has perfectly blended into her teaching job and her targets of observation have shown no signs of noticing she is a member of FeTUS. There is no problem."

"I see. I was worried given how she looks, but there shouldn't be a problem as long as we can use her as a trump card."

"What do mean 'how she looks' ~ ~?" (Tremble tremble)

"Whoa, whoa."

Miss A was helplessly shaken in her seat.

It did not look like the maid's complaining would end anytime soon, so Miss A dealt with her own hair by giving herself a symmetrical hairdo using scrunchies.

Machina ignored them and enjoyed her tea.

The tea party in the bright garden continued despite the noise.

"A trump card you don't intend to use is meaningless."

Until a stray cat interrupted, that is.

A sharp voice seemed to slice through the air and tear that peaceful world to shreds. The blue sky, never-ending grassy plain, and floral-scented wind all vanished and the tea party was wrapped in darkness. Only the white wood table remained.

The three witches all turned toward the voice.

"Mankind can no longer afford to hide its hand. We should abduct that boy immediately."

A woman stood there.

It was Miss C, aka Black Cat. Her hands were clasped behind her back and she stood tall like a pillar of steel, but she was an impulsive woman with sharp vertical slits for pupils.

"Don't look so displeased. I can't enjoy my tea like this."

Miss A sighed and snapped her fingers.

The room's image of a peaceful plain returned. The maid began preparing another serving of tea, but Black Cat ignored the proffered cup.

"Enough is enough, Miss A. When do you plan to hold the inquiry?"

She approached the young lady, but the girl did not seem worried and held her mouth as she spoke, since she was not yet done sucking on her piece of candy.

"When the time is right. Wait a while longer."

"To hell with that! Maintaining the status quo might be convenient because you can ignore the discontent in our ranks, but while you're sitting around here, we have no idea what the Adam boy will do!"

She struck the table in anger. The white wood easily broke, knocking the cups and tea snacks to the ground.

The girl shrugged in annoyance and bit into the candy in her mouth.

"Have you already forgotten your previous failure?"

"..."

The unhidden sharpness in the words pierced through Black Cat.

"You must know the truth now. It is impossible for us to forcibly restrain the Adam boy named Fujita Mutsuki. It is impossible for any woman."

"Kh..."

The steel woman grimaced as she recalled what had happened.

Two weeks before, Black Cat had defeated the boy's bodyguard, but she had failed to secure him himself. She had been aroused by his power – by Adam's power to rule all women – and she had been forced to flee.

The humiliation must have returned to her mind because she clenched her teeth.

"And of course, we can't just use a man. If the other Serpent's Eye were to show up, the boy would fall into that woman's hands and we would lose all hope for the future."

Miss A calmly swept aside Black Cat's opinion and signaled to the maid.

When the maid touched the scattered pieces of the table and ceramic cups, they regenerated so perfectly that no seams could be seen. She prepared new tea in the same cups.

The young lady looked no older than six, but she was actually a witch who had lived for over six hundred years. She plainly showed off the dignity of her age as she faced Black Cat. The woman's shoulders trembled in anger, but she was forced into silence.

Somewhat aged wrinkles entered the girl's youthful face.

"I understand your impatience, but now is the time to wait. With heaven, earth, and hell gathered, the world could be swallowed up by discord at any moment. And if an all-out war breaks out, we will hold the weakest position."

"How long must we wait?"

"That is up to the boy."

The girl spoke quietly and calmly, leaving the woman with nothing to say. Machina and the maid were watching all the while, so an almost painful silence ruled the garden for a while.

"What if we wait, but the boy makes the wrong decision?" Black Cat suppressed her intense emotions and spoke in a quiet voice. "If he makes a different choice, conflict will come to this world."

"Then that will be the new chapter of human history."

"I can't do it! All of human civilization hangs in the balance, so I can't leave it all up to a single boy! I refuse to just wait!"

She held the ferocity of a starving lion and yet maintained an intelligent look in her eyes.

She was a born warrior.

She was willing to spill blood if it was to protect someone.

She would not hesitate to fight if it was for something important.

"I trust in our power...the power of knowledge. Man became man by eating the Fruit of Knowledge and has built up our history until this very day."

She turned her back.

"When awaiting an inquiry, you must remain on standby until a decision is made. I cannot permit you to do anything concerning that boy."

Miss A's sophisticated voice did not reach that back which carried a dignified will.

"I know that. I will obey my orders and I will not make an attack."

She quietly added "I won't anyway" just before leaving.

Silence filled the garden. The maid's expression had stiffened and wrinkles covered the girl's brow. Machina was as expressionless as always and she had not even set down the tea she had been drinking.

"What a troublesome girl. I doubt she will go on a rampage while being disciplined, though."

Miss A sounded tired and she faced the girl across the table from her. Machina immediately set down her cup and stood up.

"This is in your hands. Don't neglect your observation duties."

"Positive."

Mutsuki, as well as the angel and demon that hung around him, currently attended Private Megutono Academy which was built on a hill a short way out of town.

Several buildings had been built on the large campus and it was constantly investing in the latest technology. A security system was active at night, so it was entirely deserted. The school did not even hire night

guards anymore.

Anyone who could switch off the security system would have the entire place to themselves.

A single figure wearing the school's uniform stepped out of the clock tower looking down on the town from the center of the campus.

It was Machina. The school really was nothing more than a private school, but a FeTUS branch had been newly constructed below the hill for easy entrance when Fujita Mutsuki had enrolled. To camouflage herself as a normal student, she went to the trouble of leaving from a different entrance and returning through the main gate in the mornings, but with no one else around, she walked straight from the clock tower without hiding.

Her footsteps rang throughout the dark school as she walked to her usual building, her usual classroom, and her usual desk.

No, to the desk right next to it.

She peeked inside the desk. Fujita Mutsuki was a diligent student, so he did not leave many of his school supplies at school. She only found a pencil case and an English dictionary that was too bulky to carry around easily.

This was not what she was looking for, so Machina stood up.

" ... "

She found what she was looking for on the shelves at the back of the classroom where people stored their bags during school.

A sports bag had been left in spot #12. That was the space for Fujita Mutsuki.

He had apparently forgotten to take it home after using it for the volleyball practice. Machina carried it over and dumped its contents out onto his desk.

She found a somewhat damp PE shirt and shorts, a track suit, and a student handbook.

The girl's expression remained unchanged, but her fingertips moved gently in satisfaction.

Golden lines danced out like strings of honey. They rode the wind like silk threads and they were absorbed by the surface of the handbook. The golden threads moved like living creatures to draw mysterious geometric patterns and ultimately stopped glittering all at once. They disappeared entirely.

That was a tiny Springloaded. She had not used any before because Jiyuuni Ange would complain, but it was meant to monitor Mutsuki and sound the alarm if necessary. As long as he carried the handbook with him, she would know immediately if any danger befell him.

The girl had completed her errand.

" .. "

But she suddenly opened the handbook.

Despite being born with the power to rule all women, Fujita Mutsuki had apparently never interacted with girls much. Out of all the photos inside the handbook, only one was with a girl.

Only the one with Jiyuuni Ange.

The girl sighed expressionlessly.

She thought she felt a prickling in her chest, so she set down the handbook with a downcast look.

(Fujita-kun.)

Something churned in her heart. "Impatience" was the closest description she could find and it was quite unpleasant. And then...

"...Nn."

She felt a tickling in her stomach and she turned her legs inward until her knees touched.

She did not know why, but she could not seem to calm herself. She decided to place his things back in the bag and leave as soon as possible.

But when she folded up his clothes, a raw sweaty smell wafted from the damp fabric.

As soon as she noticed it, her heart began beating louder. Her heartbeat grew without end. It was almost painful.

The tickling in her stomach grew stronger with it.

(Fujita-kun's...smell.)

Without realizing how improper it was, she brought the object in her hand to her nose.

It had been a hot day and he had worn the track suit over his clothes during their volleyball practice. His clothes had become quite sweaty and were still noticeably damp.

She took a sniff from close up. It was a raw and wild smell that did not match her image of him. The line along the collar was especially strong.

However, she did not find it unpleasant and her nose even twitched as she sniffed some more. By the time she had filled her lungs with his scent, her eyes had begun to grow damp.

(Oh, no. What am I doing?)

That was when she came back to her senses.

She quickly moved her face away from the shirt that was close enough to touch her nose. She grew overly embarrassed by the nameplate before her eyes that said "Fujita Mutsuki", so she shook her head.

"..."

But she noticed the student handbook out of the corner of her eyes.

The prickling feeling grew again. It was an unpleasant sense of impatience.

And that brought back the desire to sniff at his scent.

"...Nn..."

She was in the school at night. She was emboldened by the fact that this usually busy space was wrapped in a hidden atmosphere of darkness and stillness.

She could not overcome the temptation. Her emotions pushed her in a direction she would never have gone normally and she brought the shirt to her mouth again.

She was hesitant, but she finally buried her face in it.

As she breathed deeply, a tremor ran through her body from the base of her legs to her head.

(Would you say this...stinks? But...)

A salty and almost fermented sour aroma pierced into her nose.

She could not identify people by their smell, but this was the one exception. She was confident that this was Fujita Mutsuki's scent.

Ibekusa Machina had no mother or father, so he was the closest person to her.

(What is this feeling when I'm surrounded by Fujita-kun's smell?)

It was a strange feeling she had never felt before. It was the polar opposite of the previous prickling and it seemed to soften her emotions.

"Ahh...♡"

After a small sigh, she followed her excited thoughts and embraced the shirt.

She so wanted to feel his lingering scent and the plentiful sweat stains

that she rubbed it against her cheek. Her entire slender body twisted charmingly.

"Ah!"

An unexpected shock reached her from an unexpected place.

She had leaned so far forward that the base of her legs had struck the corner of the desk. The curved portion had perfectly dug into the gap between her tightly clenched thighs.

She blinked in surprise, but then she exhaled.

She then pressed up against the desk herself. She pressed the desk through her skirt and against contents of her panties.

A tingling ripple ran through her body. It licked at the itching depths of her stomach and invited in ecstasy.

"Nhah...ah...ah...ah..."

The exposure to the boy's wild scent made her unusually bold. She rubbed the shirt against her nose while breathing loudly enough to echo throughout the empty school.

Her closed thighs gradually spread and she was soon straddling the corner of the desk. The hard wooden panel was squishing her soft flesh.

(What...am I...doing?)

She had enough sexual knowledge to know about normal masturbation, but she was unfamiliar with this abnormal act of pressing up against a desk corner. She was incredibly confused by the fact that she was not stopping.

However, she could not stop herself. She did not want to stop herself.

(Fujita-kun's shirt... Fujita-kun's desk... Fujita-kun's...)

His residual scent seemed to have hypnotized her.

"...Nkh."

She tried licking at the sweaty smell covering the fabric.

As soon as the saltiness registered on her tongue, a heavy tingling filled her womb. Starting from the body part rubbing against the hard desk, the tingling transformed into trembling pleasure.

Strength left her body and her upper body collapsed limply onto the desk. Her skirt was pushed up onto her butt, revealing the white thighs on either side of the wood panel and the cute pink polka dot panties.

A wet stain had spread across the bottom of her panties as if the shirt's sweat were contagious.

"Ah...nn...nhah...ah, ahhh..."

The pretty heart shape of the butt contained inside the polka dot panties wiggled back and forth.

Each time, the corner of the wooden panel dug into the crotch. The sensitive mound inside had grown incredibly soft, so its shape changed as she writhed about. If she had removed her panties now, the contents of the crevice would surely have been entirely visible.

She was having trouble breathing, so she subconsciously opened the front of her uniform, revealing the round breasts that always felt restrained by her clothing because they were simply too large for the rest of her body.

(I'm...horny. ...This is so embarrassing.)

With her massive breasts fully exposed, she noticed the light pink tips were plump and erect and realized just how shameful she was.

Her nipples had a tendency of growing obscenely large when she was aroused. Her bra and uniform were already too tight, so the nipples only made the clothing feel all the more in the way and oppressive.

She had not known this until Fujita Mutsuki had shown her.

When he was around, that part of her body would take on the form he would most want to suck on.

"Fu...Fuji...Fujita-kun... Nn...Fujita...-kun."

It was not just those two points that were reacting so shamefully. There was also a spot on her lower body that was throbbing to make its presence known.

"..."

Unable to resist, she brought a hand between her butt cheeks.

He had tormented this spot in the infirmary before. She had resisted, but he had forcibly teased it.

And he had made it into a spot that still wanted to be teased two weeks later.

"Nh...u-uuhhh..."

She simply let her index finger sink down through her panties, but the bottom of that valley had already softened up quite a bit. She only had to press in a little bit and her finger was swallowed up along with the polka dot fabric.

"Ah...ah, ahh..."

She immediately felt like the sexual particles contained inside her body were swelling out.

A tingling pleasure traced across her skin. Her spine reflexively arched back and her weighty bust bounced one beat later.

Before she could even tell it to, her finger wiggled around, loosening up the embarrassing anus visible through her panties. She also began rubbing her vagina against the desk more boldly. Her hips were now dancing right and left.

(What if Fujita-kun saw me doing this?)

The thought embarrassed her and made her feel pathetic. She was a young girl pressing her crotch against a desk while sticking a finger in her anus. She was sure he would view her with contempt.

Even so, she could not stop. She held his unfolded track suit with her elbows and shifted the position of her nose on his shirt. She moved from the collar to the armpit. The strong sweaty smell had the same raw sensation as human skin. She did not sense anything from the side of the shirt, but...

"...Uuh."

She detected a familiar scent at the very bottom of the shirt.

But the piece of clothing ended there, so her focus turned to the shorts.

She of course hesitated and bit her lower lip.

Her rational mind was insisting that she must not do this, but...

(Th-this is Fujita-kun's fault.)

Her crotch fidgeted on the desk corner. She was only stimulating the shallowest area, but the sticky pleasure of a much, much deeper place was resurrected from the depths of her memories.

He was the one that had made her body so sexual. He was the only one who had been inside her body and he was the only one who had rubbed dozens if not hundreds of times against the sensitive flesh within. As if marking her as his territory, he had sprayed his hot fluids inside her womb, and that had remade her womb into such a lewd thing. So...

"...~ ~ ~..."

She brought the shorts to her nose.

It was the same raw small she remembered from pleasuring him orally and it unconditionally melted her brainstem.

"Nhah...ah...ahhh!"



More than the stimulation from the desk, it was his smell that filled her with almost painful levels of pleasure. She was nearly on all fours now

and her sexy body began bouncing.

"Ahh...Fujita...-kun. ...I feel...so hot..."

She spoke aloud in the classroom for the first time. Obscene carnal cries escaped her lips as the male smell guided her to the border of ecstasy.

This was her first climax not provided by Fujita Mutsuki and that fact filled her chest with a somewhat forlorn feeling.

Instead of a bursting flash of light, it felt like the light was fading to darkness. Instead of a sense of floating, she seemed to be falling. It was the opposite of normal and that alone made it strange enough to give her goose bumps.

"Ah~~~~♡"

The hand holding his shorts and the finger teasing her anus both stiffened. Her long legs stretched to their full length and the line from her stomach to thighs wriggled like a slithering snake.

The corner dug in far enough it was probably spreading her crevice. Deep within her panties, her inner flesh began an outward surge.

The wavelike contractions continuously sprayed her juices toward the polka dot fabric. There was far too much for the nylon to absorb, so it dripped down her inner thighs and from the center.

"Kh...hh...ah..."

The wave was far weaker than those he gave her and her legs went limp once it receded. She collapsed onto the desk.

"Pant...pant..."

She gasped for breath while blankly thinking back on what she had done.

She wanted to hold her head in her hands. Rather than the previous prickling feeling, she felt a heavy physical sensation of displeasure on her back. Was this self-loathing?

But no matter how hard she tried not to face what she had done, the wrinkled track suit and PE uniform were right before her eyes, the corner of the desk was wet enough to glitter in the moonlight, the residual pleasure remained in her body as a tingling, and her panties were still digging into her butt.

(What...am I doing?)

.....

The next morning arrived.

"Good morning, Ibekusa-san. The first bell hasn't even rung yet, so I'm surprised to see you here."

"I'm sorry."

Mutsuki stifled a yawn as he arrived at school and Ibekusa Machina (who was in the classroom earlier than usual) immediately apologized to him.

"What?"

"Please do not ask why, but I'm sorry."

He had no idea what this was about, so he tilted his head as he took his seat.

For a moment, he noticed a scent that should not have been in a classroom, but it did not hold his attention. He was a little curious why he had a brand new desk, though.

This had been a strange morning. Ange had been blushing the whole time and she would look away whenever he tried to talk to her. Machina was acting odd too, and...

"Good morning, Mutsuki-kun."

"Good morning, Lucia-kun. ...Hm?"

The last one was also acting odd. Lucia would always embrace Mutsuki the instant he saw an opening, but today he sat in his seat like a normal

person. Then his upper body collapsed onto the desk.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing. It's just...that woman seems to be doing well."

"?"

Ange, Machina, and Lucia were all acting weird in different ways. Not that Mutsuki was in the best of shape after getting so little sleep.

"Take your seats everyone."

Their homeroom teacher, Katsue-sensei, arrived.

"I have an announcement to make: Starting today, classes will only last a half day. I will be meeting with you about your plans for the future in the afternoons, so stay here if you're scheduled for today. If you want to practice for the game tournament, make sure not to interfere with the club activities."

The teacher briskly finished the announcements like usual and the student in charge for the day had them all stand and bow.

Mutsuki was worried about Lucia since the boy did not seem to be doing well, but...

"Fujita."

"Oh... Yes?"

"You're getting careless with your bow. Do it properly."

"S-sorry."

Their strict teacher scolded him, so he was unable to speak to the boy.

Adolescent Adam 3: Chapter 4 - Fading Borderline

The closing ceremony for the school term was only a few days away.

They only had morning classes today so they could speak with their teacher about their plans for the future in the afternoon.

Ange was doing that now and Mutsuki was scheduled for three hours later, so he was killing time alone at school.

He had practiced volleyball a bit for the approaching game festival, but he had stopped before long because they had no chance against the teacher team.

Ange was meeting with their teacher, Machina seemed to be avoiding him today, and Lucia had said he was resting in the infirmary, so Mutsuki stopped by the library all alone.

(Illustrated Guide to the Old Testament. Is this it?)

Megutono Academy had an elementary, middle, and high school, so it had a large library.

It was a round domed building near the clock tower at the center of campus. The library filled up both the first and second stories.

It contained approximately eighty thousand books, which was quite a lot for a single academy.

The only real flaw was the lack of a dedicated studying room. That left most of the library's seats filled with studying students, so there was nowhere to simply relax and read. Mutsuki had also not changed out of his PE uniform, so he was a little bothered by the attention he was gathering.

That was why he took the book up to the third floor. The third floor was a planetarium and was generally empty. The balcony there was a good and little-known spot for reading.

He sat on the sofa there and opened the book.

Genesis Chapter 1.

The Bible story of Adam and Eve was the first thing Mutsuki had thought of when he had heard the term Adam.

However, he did not know much about the Bible, so he was doing some research.

God created the first human from dirt. The first woman, Eve, was made from a part of his body the two of them had been the origin of mankind. That man's name was Adam. It was apparently Hebrew for man.

He did not know about the original text, but Genesis did not fill up

many pages in this book. That likely meant there was little requiring explanation. The contents were more or less what he had already known.

After being created by the god named Yahweh, Adam lived happily in paradise. When he wished for a wife, Eve was made from his rib. The two of them lived in paradise, but when a serpent tempted Eve, she broke god's command and ate the forbidden fruit*1 Adam did the same thing, so they had committed a taboo and taken on Original Sin*2. They were therefore expelled from paradise and sent into the world of man. Their children became the origin of all mankind*3 and that is why everyone is born bearing the Original Sin those two committed.

That much was often referenced in fantasy stories and video games, so even Mutsuki more or less knew it.

But the next page contained a "More Details" section that gave additional information on the asterisks.

*1. The fruit they ate is commonly known as the Fruit of Knowledge. It can be interpreted as the knowledge that creates a definitive division between man and animal, so eating it is what made mankind into mankind.

*2. Eating the Fruit of Knowledge is viewed as the act of threatening god. Paradise contained both the Fruit of Knowledge and the Fruit of Life, and it is said anyone who ate both would become an existence equal to god.

*3. The latest research has traced all human DNA back to a man and woman in southern Africa. There is currently no evidence that these

"original humans" were created.

Mutsuki felt like he had heard the terms Fruit of Knowledge and Fruit of Life somewhere.

"Hmm..."

However, this was not enough to determine the connection between the Serpent's Eye and Adam. He flipped through the book, but the following pages moved onto the next generation with Cain and Abel. He did not find any more information on Adam and Eve.

What connection was there between the original human and the Serpent's Eye that ruled all women?

The only possibility was the being that had tempted Eve and led Adam and Even to commit the original sin.

"The serpent."

"The serpent mentioned there is a reference to the corruption that causes man to fall."

"Eh?"

"Vengeful, venomous, a greed so great it swallows all else. It really is the perfect word for 'her'. I am impressed by mankind's writing skill."

Mutsuki nearly dropped the book when he suddenly heard a voice he somewhat disliked.

A man had appeared next to him without warning and he smoothly reached out to support the falling book.

The boy looked up as he thanked the man.

"Th-thanks. ...Rapha-san."

He looked away awkwardly, but the young man said "think nothing of it" and sat across from him.

"Genesis? Quite the studier, aren't you?"

The way the young man looked at him with a bright smile made Mutsuki's heart pound even though he was not doing anything wrong. He pushed the book aside.

"Um, uh, why are you here?"

"Don't let me bother you. I had stopped by for some business and happened to spot you here. Is Ange not with you?"

"She's in the classroom right now."

"Is that so?"

The young man grinned and relaxed back in his chair.

He apparently did not intend to leave, but Mutsuki did not like being alone with him.

He had trouble with this young man.

Rapha was good looking enough for any woman to do a double take. Mutsuki was certain of that. He really was an attractive young man.

But Mutsuki had as much difficulty with him as the man's smile was lovely.

He felt like the man was not smiling in his heart.

He was not showing his true thoughts. Or rather, he was hiding the contents of his heart with that unnecessarily pleasant smile.

He was of course Micha and Ange's trusted colleague, so Mutsuki knew he was an ally. But that did not help much.

"Genesis, hm? Were you reading the story of Adam and Eve?"

Mutsuki had fallen silent, so Rapha began the conversation. He pulled the book over to himself and flipped through the pages Mutsuki had been looking at.

"A lot of people have been calling me Adam. I didn't know what that meant, so I thought I would do some research."

"I see. You seem interested."

The boy uncertainly looked to the side, but Rapha seemed to have picked up on something. His smile remained, but his lips bent downward for just a moment.

"It probably would be hard to understand with the knowledge of the human world," he said. "Do you know the conditions for a bearer of the Serpent's Eye to appear?"

"Micha-san told me one is born every few hundred years."

"Correct. Now, why would that formula exist within human DNA?"

"Eh?"

(Come to think of it...)

Mutsuki hesitated because he had not once considered that during his two months worrying over all this.

Why did the Serpent's Eye exist in the first place?

"The Serpent's Eye is a sign placed inside Adam by the cunning serpent. It was made so 'she' would know immediately when he appeared. However, the possibilities for that array of chromosomes are nearly infinite. In the long history of mankind, some are born with something much like the Serpent's Eye because their DNA just so happens to be much like Adam's. It happens with a frequency of a few hundred years. Meaning..."

Rapha paused and swept his narrowed eyes across Mutsuki's body.

"The Serpent's Eye bearers over the past millennia are nothing more than those who happened to have DNA much like Adam's. Every last one of them."

"..."

Intentional or not, his explanation was somewhat indirect and Mutsuki's understanding failed to keep up.

The young man continued regardless.

"You wanted to know what Adam is, correct?"

He set down the book and leaned forward.

"Just as this book says, Adam is the name of the one who bears Original

Sin. He is also referred to as the source of that sin. He is the partner of Eve, the original woman. He is the perfect man."

More than just lean forward, he brought his face in close. The boy found himself somehow unable to escape, so they looked each other in the eye from a distance of less than twenty centimeters.

"Sin inevitably brings punishment. Your existence is a clear sign from god that unavoidable punishment is coming to mankind. It is..."

Rapha reached out a hand and stroked Mutsuki's cheek and chin. It was filled with kindness and affection, yet he also seemed to be searching for something. His hand moved from the boy's ear to the nape of his neck.

"...inevitable."

He finally stroked the boy's throat and shallow Adam's apple.

"~~~!"

Mutsuki's broke free of his paralysis and scooted backwards.

Rapha's thin smile remained to the end and he returned the book while standing up.

He pulled out a handkerchief and wiped the sweat from Mutsuki's brow. It was a calm motion.

"I frightened you, didn't I? Sorry about that. I will be leaving now."

He brought the sweaty handkerchief to his mouth, narrowed his eyes in an unfathomable sticky look, and turned around.

He walked away.

Mutsuki's heart pounded from an instinctual sense of danger, so he could not move for a while.

"U-um!"

Just before Rapha moved out of view, he called after the young man.

"Wh-what was that about Eve and 'her'?"

He summed up what he had heard and pursued his additional questions.

The young man looked back with a gentle expression.

"Eve is by your side and always watching you. You may yet choose her again, after all. As for 'her'..."

But due to that smile of his...

" ... "

It was obvious when he had trouble deciding what to say.

"You should probably be careful."

"Eh?"

" 'She' seems to be doing oddly well today. Please be careful. As that book says, 'she' is very closely linked to corruption. 'She' will enter your heart through the smallest crack."

With that said, he quickly descended the stairs.

Left alone, Mutsuki sighed at the fact that he had not answered any of his questions.

Mutsuki did not feel like staying in the library and Ange had yet to leave the classroom. He searched for Rapha in hopes of asking some more questions, but he could not find the man anywhere.

He decided to visit the infirmary next.

He had remembered Lucia was there. The demon boy may have already left, but he wanted to check on him since he had not seemed to be feeling well today. And...

"It's just...that woman seems to be doing well."

Mutsuki remembered Lucia saying something a lot like what Rapha had.

If they were referring to the same person, then who was it that was doing well? He might be able to get Lucia to tell him.

"Excuse me."

He had not been in the infirmary for two weeks.

Doctor Shiromiya, the school doctor, was not there and it was deserted except for the one bed surrounded by curtains.

"Lucia-kun?"

Was he the one using the bed? It might not be him and he might be asleep, so Mutsuki called out quietly and approached.

As soon as he did, he was hit by the same raw smell as the pool locker room on a sweltering day.

"...Hh...hkh..."

But what reached his ears drew his attention even more.

He heard the moans in a seductive boy's soprano. It was Lucia's voice.

Was he in pain? Worried, Mutsuki reached for the curtain.

"Lucia-kun? Are you awa-...eh?"

"!?"

It was indeed Lucia inside. He was curled up in the dirty shorts of his PE uniform.

Mutsuki was dumbfounded.

Lucia's face was sweaty and he was out of breath, but he did not seem to be sick. A sticky yellow-tinged milky liquid was spreading from between his legs.

"No...wait... Don't look... Don't...look..."

Lucia's face crumbled tearfully when he saw the surprised boy.

However, that expression seemed more masochistic than sorrowful. He did not want to be seen like this, yet that sense of shame had the opposite effect.

"Ahhhh..."

A milky liquid sprayed from between his legs and splatted across the sheets.

As a fellow boy, Mutsuki immediately realized he had ejaculated.

Why? What was going on here? A number of questions entered his mind, but he approached out of worry.

There was enough of the sticky liquid to soak half the bed. The situation suggested it was semen, but there was way too much of it. He would have had an easier time believing Lucia had spilled a liter of yogurt.

Lucia was intoxicated by the ecstasy of ejaculation for a while, but he finally looked tearfully over.

"No... This isn't...what you think."

He curled up as if to shrink himself down.

"Th-that woman....is arousing me. I-it really affects...my b-boy side..."

"Hm? Um...anyway, what should I do? Tell the doctor?"

He did not understand what was going on, but something was

definitely wrong with Lucia. He thought about at least rubbing his back, but...

"Run away."

That caused him to miss the words Lucia barely got out.

Mutsuki's eyes widened when the ground suddenly vanished from below his feet. His back slammed against something, but it took him a moment to realize he had been knocked back into the bed.

"Pant...pant...!"

Lucia straddled the boy while breathing so deeply it sounded like a hissing cat.

The way he dug his sharp nails into the blanket and squared his shoulders really was animalistic. How long had it been since Mutsuki had feared this boy? He cowered back.

Lucia's sweat-soaked blond hair scattered as he bent his head back.

Mutsuki caught a glimpse of fierce, bloodshot eyes he never would have imagined on Lucia.

"_____!"

The dark green irises glittered and released a horribly muddy ochre light. The front of Mutsuki's PE uniform was instantly torn. The fabric seemed to have melted in a line from his chest to his pants.

"Heh heh. Eh heh heh heh heh. Ah ha ha ha ha. Mutsuki-kun, it's Mutsuki-kun... You're so warm."

He lowered his waist with the drowsy look of a napping little girl.

They had been in an inappropriate relationship a few times before, but this was Mutsuki's first time seeing "that".

(He really has one.)

That was his first impression. He had known Lucia was a boy, but it still seemed strange to see one of those on that epitome of cuteness.

The extra object had marshmallow-like young testicles dangling down. The foreskin was closed, but his erection was intense enough to provide a slight glimpse of pink inside the narrowed tip.

Mutsuki's was exposed and still flaccid, but Lucia began rubbing his hot and swollen one against it. The boy panted happily as he did so.

"I-I can't resist any longer. Mutsuki-kun, Mutsuki-kun's...♥"

Lucia lowered his entranced eyes and grabbed Mutsuki's legs.

Mutsuki was not sure what this was for, so he did not know if he should be afraid or try to fight it. He was simply confused. However, he did start resisting once Lucia pulled at his legs.

"W-wait... What are you doing, Lucia-kun!?"

While lying on his back, he was flipped nearly on his head, so he panicked.

His own object dangled down above his face, so no position could have felt more humiliating.

But Lucia was not listening and brought his face to the balls that were now at the top of Mutsuki's body.

"You smell so good... I love your smell, Mutsuki-kun. You smell downright delicious♥♥"

A warm sensation directly targeted that embarrassing location.

"Fwa wa wa wa wa wa! Wait, um..."

A small tongue danced along just behind his balls. The warmth seemed to melt the central line of his body and it soon dripped down from the base of his thighs.

He had received blowjobs from a few people before, but this was the first time their tongue had been focused on this spot.

It was more ticklish than pleasurable. He trembled because it felt like getting goose bumps on the inside of his skin.

He did not feel much disgust since he had enjoyed a few bisexual experiences with Lucia already, but he was still confused by the sudden attack.

"!?"

But he completely froze up at the stimulus from where the tongue moved next.

It was the anus that was still a little sore from Micha's teasing the night before. A sensation even gentler than a woman's finger traced across it.

Mutsuki's mouth flapped wordlessly for a moment.

"So this is Mutsuki-kun's flavor... Eh heh. Eh heh heh."

Regardless, Lucia blinked his double eyelids that were damp with an obscene twinkle while joyfully sucking at the sepia-colored anus.

The sphincter seemed to melt from the massage. A wet sensation far more indecent than a finger filled this weak point, so Mutsuki's face twisted tearfully.

(I-I can't believe it. He's licking at me...I-like I'm a girl...)

He recalled that he had teased Ibekusa Machina in this very bed and nearly brought her to tears. Was this how she had felt back then?

He could do nothing more than squeeze at the sheets.

Was it dirty? Was it all sweaty? Did it smell?

The demon boy ignored all those questions and continued his thorough service.

"Neh heh...meh heh. Ah ha. Your balls are twitching♥"

Lucia's sweetly resilient lips sucked at Mutsuki's anal flesh and pressed in against the entrance. The tongue stuck deep inside and licked around as if trying to steal his internal organs.

"Ah...ah, ahhh."

Mutsuki's confusion and the ridiculous position he was being forced into were not about to arouse him, yet he started feeling the strange pleasure he had felt in his butt the night before.

(No... My asshole...feels weird.)

Unbelievably, the previously flaccid object began to grow before his eyes. He was so embarrassed he turned his head away. Lucia instead showed a smile through the gaps in his orange bangs.

“Ha ha...hahh...hahhh...hahh...hah hah hah...hahh...”

He lowered Mutsuki's legs with an insane mixture of laughter and panting breaths.

Mutsuki's thighs were placed on top of Lucia's lap. Lucia brought his hips in between Mutsuki's legs and Mutsuki instinctually sensed where this was going.

(He's going to...violate me?)

The intensely erect object was pointed straight toward his butt and his anus was still spread open and warm from the intense kiss it had received.

A chill ran through his skin when a scorching heat parted his butt cheeks.

The situation had taken a sudden turn toward gay sex. He knew he had to resist, but for some reason, a bewitching pleasure stroked his chest. His mind was numbing over after all his confusion, and...

(It's Lucia-kun...so I guess it's fine.)

He relaxed his body.

"...Ahhh."

"Ow!"

It was not as thick as Micha's two fingers the night before, but he still grimaced from the sharp pain of his inflexible anus spreading open.

"Ah, ah, it's going inside. Nhah... Yes...yes..."

Lucia gave an insane smile and roughly moved his hips forward. He would occasionally make a small circular motion to relax the hole as it tried to squeeze shut.

"We can become one again...♥"

Mutsuki suffered from a fair bit of pain, but the ample saliva acted as a lubricant for the flesh object digging in, foreskin and all.

(Ah... Ah, it's going in.)

Lucia had focused his tickling tongue at the base of his penis below the balls before, and it still felt as hot as if it were on fire.

(This...might actually feel good.... Just opening the entrance is filling my stomach with warmth. ...Ah, nh.)

Micha and Machina had both lost all strength when he started teasing them there, so was this how they had felt? It was an indescribable intoxication unlike that which came from his penis.

But that was as far as it got.

"Uuaaaaaahhhhh!"

With only the head inside, Lucia reached his limit. His sucked-in stomach trembled violently and he sprayed a thick liquid across Mutsuki's penis, thighs, and lower stomach.

"Ah..."

Mutsuki quickly regained his calm and he raised his head.

His eyes met Lucia's as the demon boy trembled in post-ejaculatory lethargy.

"U-um..."

The situation had grown incredibly awkward, so the two of them took the time to fix their clothing. Lucia put his shorts on, but Mutsuki could only close the front of his PE uniform.

With something sticky dried all over the sheets and the smell of undiluted musk filling the air, they closed the curtain to be alone.

"I'm sorry."

Lucia had been sniffing the whole time.

Mutsuki was not exactly angry. This demon boy had had his way with him a few times including having his lips stolen when they had first met, so this bout of roughness only felt like an extension of that.

However, he was a little angry with himself for going with the flow and accepting that.

Just because Lucia was special to him was no reason to do that with another boy.

But something else took precedence over anger.

"U-um, Lucia-kun?"

He sat down next to the boy. There was not much space with semen coating half the bed, so their thighs touched.

Lucia looked up. His eyes were tearfully swollen, which only made him look younger.

"What's going on with you? You've been acting weird all day."

He tried to stay as calm as possible and talk to him like normal.

Lucia hesitated for a moment, but the lack of accusation in Mutsuki's tone seemed to actually make it worse for him.

"Today is...a day when my 'male' element grows stronger. So..."

He pressed his legs together a little. Mutsuki looked down and noticed the next pulsation growing inside his shorts despite how much he had already cum.

"B-but that's all. It's only made my lust stronger. I should have been able to calm myself by masturbating...but...but I...I did that to you."

He hung his head again and sniffled.

Mutsuki scratched the end of his nose.

For some demonic reason, Lucia's lust was excessively high and that had left him not feeling well. He had been dealing with it on his own, but Mutsuki's appearance and caused him to lose control and attack. And now he was crying in self-disgust.

In other words...

"Lucia-kun."

He called to his curled-up friend and lifted the boy's head.

He was cute even when crying, but a mischievous smile suited him best.

"Nn..."

After a few deep breaths, he stole the boy's lips.

Mutsuki was not used to being the one doing the kissing and his heart pounded from the guilt he would not have felt with a girl. The tension caused arousal to take root deep in his heart.

Lucia widened his teary eyes in surprise, but then they drooped in intoxication.

(Being cute really isn't fair. For both girls and boys.)

Just seeing him made him want to love the boy. He forgot entirely about the boy's sex and felt perfectly natural wrapping his arms around his slender body.

At the same time, the warning he had received quite recently vanished from the back of his mind.

"Please be careful."

"Ahn."

He reached his hand inside Lucia's shorts.

"She will enter your heart through the smallest crack."

"Ah...ah, nooo. Don't stare like that."

"Why not, Lucia-kun? Just looking at you is making you hard."

The two of them entwined their tongues while Mutsuki had Lucia play with himself as he watched.

"N-no. I can't."

Lucia was embarrassed, but he could only obey Mutsuki when the other boy persistently sucked at his mouth. Lucia was on his knees with the front of his shorts opened. He grabbed the object sticking out, foreskin and all, and fiercely moved his hand up and down.

It was an extremely childlike penis with even the tip covered by the pink foreskin, but his masturbation technique was practiced and greedy.

With each stroke, a sticky sound came from the within the foreskin and the line from the base of his thighs to his waist seemed to convulse.

Mutsuki was watching someone else – and a fellow boy at that – masturbate. It was an immoral sight he would normally have never seen and it naturally stimulated his arousal.

(Lucia-kun looks like he's really enjoying this.)

He understood how Micha had felt the night before.

Making his partner do it while he simply watched was surprisingly arousing. It seemed to stimulate his masculine aggression with a course paintbrush.

(This shouldn't be a problem since it's Lucia-kun.)

He made that excuse to himself as he reached for Lucia's thighs.

"Neh? Mutsuki-kun?"

"Keep going. Oh, or do you not want this?"

"I-I do. I'm glad you'll touch me. ...Ahh, it tickles."

His fingers crawled along the boy's legs and a happy, indulgent, and yet

obscene look came over the boy's innocent features.

Mutsuki ran his fingers along the bottom of the shorts and Lucia's hips fidgeted as he manipulated his penis.

He moved from the outside to the inside, rubbed the warmer base of the thighs, and then moved to the back.

"Nn... Eh heh heh. Now this is getting more adult♥"

Lucia immediately caught on, so he stuck his butt out against Mutsuki's hand. Mutsuki leaned forward and placed his cheek against the chest nameplate that said Satowa Lucia.

"Ah, ah, not so hard...ah."

"But your ass is so soft."

"No, nooo♥ Ahhhhn."

His butt was less fleshy than a girl's, but that made it less elastic, allowing Mutsuki to better feel the pure softness.

Mutsuki excused his sadistic desires in the name of helping the boy play with himself. He followed his arousal by digging his fingers into the boy like he was kneading dough. He pushed inwards and outwards and even pulled.

"C-c'mon...that's a little rough."

"You don't like it?"

"I love it rough, so mess with my body even more."

Lucia clung limply to Mutsuki and wrapped his arms around the back of Mutsuki's head.

"And I've always dreamed of doing this...and having this done to me. I've always masturbated while dreaming of you violating me like this."

His eyebrows bent into a look of longing.

"A-ahh... From the day I first met you...I've done it thinking about you... every single day... And...and...ah, ahhhhhhh!"

Unable to complete his indecent confession, his spine arched back as if an electrical current were running through it. His hips began twitching up and down as if jumping up from the bed.

"Ahhhh... I'm cumming, I'm cumming, I'm cumming! My butt...my butt feels so good...that my sticky dick juices are cumming!"

White bullets shot out with tremendous force, leaving sticky threads behind them.

"Agh..."

A smooth, deep pink fruit was visible inside the gathered wrinkles of the tip and the fluids spraying from there soaked Mutsuki's throat, chin, and face.

"Pant...♥ Pant...♥"

"Well, that was a surprise. ...Wah, wah. That wasn't very nice."

The substance running in strings from his cheek to his chin dripped onto his mouth.

He accidentally inhaled the smell and he started choking from the raw sweetness that felt like it was rotting his lungs.

But when he looked up, he used his thumb to wipe it off before it got in his mouth.

"I'm going to have to punish you for that."

He licked it off so Lucia could see.

Even the demon boy found the look on his face shockingly bewitching.

Lucia sat on and spread his legs with the front of his pants open.

His exposed penis was still standing tall after cumming so many times.

Now that he felt no disgust towards semen, Mutsuki felt no aversion toward that object. He wrapped his fingers around it, squeezed the soft foreskin, and massaged the contents.

"Nnauh, Mutsuki...-kunn. If you do that...I'll...I'll..."

"Go ahead and cum as much as you want. Give into the pleasure as many times as you want."

He lowered his fingers toward the balls that were twitching as their contents grew more active. With no pubic hair to speak of, the sensation was passed directly to the testicles.

"Nyaaahhh. N-noooo! M-my balls... My balls♥"

"They sure are hot. I don't touch mine much, so I'd never noticed."

"Nyaaahh. No, no! Don't fondle them!"

As a fellow boy, he of course knew not to be too rough here. He squeezed at them enough to not hurt the contents.

He lifted them up from below and dug his fingers into the base the

balls grew from.

"Fgh...hhhh... I-if you tease me there...my cum...my cum! It's going to be so thick. So thick it hurts coming out!"

Lucia grew teary-eyed from a combination of fear and masochistic ecstasy, but that only filled Mutsuki with sadistic pleasure as he moved his entire hand.

He knew what to do here after being teased by Micha so often.

He toyed with the testicles using just enough force to lift them up and he moved his fingertips along. He moved them further back while tickling at Lucia.

This technique had brought him to climax quite suddenly when it had been used on him.

"Hh...hhh...hhh..."

Lucia reacted quite sensitively. Some fear remained on his face, but ecstasy could be seen in the wiggling hips that caused his erect shaft to shake back and forth.

"Ahhhhh! So hard. You're fondling my balls so hard. If you do that... ahhhh. I won't be able stop cumming. I'll shoot out every last drop!"

Lucia sobbed and spread his legs so far that his calves tensed up.

He was pressing his balls against Mutsuki's palm while also guiding Mutsuki's fingers further back.

This was of course Mutsuki's first time caressing another boy like this, but he felt no disgust. In fact, he laughed cruelly with a desire to make Lucia moan even more.

"You like it here too, don't you?"

"Nyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh♥"

He traced his middle finger along the base of the soft cliffs that formed a valley. The overwhelming sense of expectation was enough for Lucia to cry out in joy.

"Ah ha ha. That's right. Everyone loves it here."

With a bitter laugh, the boy did as the demon was hoping.

He had been pathetically brought to climax when Micha fingered him there the night before. He perfectly remembered the pleasurable way she had used her fingers.

Lucia was sitting on his legs, so his heels were digging into his butt, making the deeper hole easier to reach. Mutsuki brought his middle and index fingers there and traced them along it while only just barely touching him.

But he made sure to avoid the hottest indentation.

"Nn, nnnhh, hhh, khhn... C-c'mon, touch it..."

Mutsuki was targeting that unbelievably sensitive area, but the stimulation never reached the most crucial spot. The pleasurable yet teasing sensation caused Lucia to seductively wiggle his hips.

The demon boy looked more adorable than any girl and the hot hole right next to Mutsuki's fingertips was longingly pulsating, so the corners of Mutsuki's mouth twisted upwards.

He then realized another area had swollen even larger than before.

"Ha ha. I haven't even touched your asshole yet and your dick is already rock hard."

Mostly just to tease the boy, Mutsuki used his other hand to grab the tip of the small stake that was swaying back and forth like a metronome.

It was only the size of a child's, but it almost seemed to burn Mutsuki's hand after the increased blood flow from having his rear flesh teased.

A single touch made it twitch intensely like a living creature all its own. It acted like the contents were squeezed painfully inside.

"I'll give you some relief♪"

"Eh!? N-nooo. Not...not the foreskin...not inside the foreskiiiiinnn!"

"No complaining. This is supposed to be your punishment, remember?"

That flesh had likely never before been exposed to the outside air. Lucia grew much more obedient and quickly began squeezing his body.

But that apparent displeasure only tickled at Mutsuki's sadism. He formed a ring with his fingers, pinched at the foreskin, and slowly pressed down.

"Ah...ahhh... No, not the foreskin. Not the foreskin..."

Lucia must have been afraid because the film of tears around his wide eyes was wavering.

Mutsuki lowered his hand regardless.

He had learned in health class that forcibly peeling back the foreskin was dangerous for someone with true phimosis, but that did not seem to be an issue here. The hard contents pressed up against the wrinkled tip and it readily spread open.

All the semen helped it slip down and the deep pink fruit inside gradually revealed itself.

Mutsuki gradually gathered more and more strength.

At the same time, the fingers around back approached the anus that was wet with anal fluids.

"Ahh...no♥ My dick...my dick... I'm cumming. My ass is...making my dick cum... It feels so good♥"

Lucia gave a look of deep intoxication at the anticipation from that small hole.

But that extreme sweetness coincided with the fear of having his flower bud exposed for the very first time. Was he supposed to feel pleasure or fear? At the edge of his limit, he could only lose himself in the masochistic pleasure as those two hands ruled the entirety of his body.

Mutsuki observed every last change in his expression.

"You're so cute, Lucia-kun."

As a final consolation, he brought his lips to the demon boy's.

Lucia was lost in a world of perversion, but his surprise brought his unfocused eyes back toward Mutsuki.

"Ee...♥"

First, he felt a melting sensation of obscene pleasure in his strained nerves. The fingertip probing through his soft butt had arrived at the

sticky hole.

That flesh swamp sank down and pecked at the visiting finger.

"Ahh...ahhhhhh. Ah♥ Ah♥ My butt...my butt. Nyaaah. It's spreading from my asshole to the rest of my body. The pleasure is spreading to my dick♥"

The pleasure rebounded in his tensed sphincter and the depths of his anus.

His sperm tank had been full to the brim all day and now he felt pressure on it from the back. He was unable to control himself as the desire to ejaculate was forcibly drawn out of him.

"Hyaaah! From my ass to my dick...to my diiiiiiick! Ah...!?"

His hips hopped up.

The head was already about halfway exposed, so when it shifted up, it left the foreskin behind in Mutsuki's hand.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh♥♥♥ It's out! The tip is out! The foreskin was...was peeled back! Ah, ah, ah..."

That flesh was so fresh and hot that it seemed steam would rise from it as the air touched it for the first time.

The surprise nearly held back the pulse of ejaculation, but the way his anus squeezed at the finger only sent more sperm toward the tingling and throbbing head.

Lucia bent his body forward. He took on a dog-like pose while rubbing his butt against Mutsuki's finger. And then...

"Oh...oh...ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh♥♥♥♥♥"

Who could say how many times this was, but the milky liquid surged out with the force and quantity of a dog urinating.

Now that the foreskin was peeled back, it caught on the bottom of the head and did not move back up. With nothing in the way, the tip's opening swelled out and plastered its fluids on the sheets.

"Wow. Look at all that cum."

"Ahhhhh. No, nooo! It's your fault, Mutsuki-kuuuuun♥ My dick...my ass...and my balls feel so good. I can't stop cumminnnnnngggg♥♥"

The pleasure was entirely different when someone else was drawing it out, so Lucia's eyes even rolled back in his head.

After about twenty seconds of ejaculation, he finally went limp.

He curled up like a turtle, but the sensitive tip must have touched the sheet because he quickly raised just his butt.

The extreme pleasure continued for a while after that, so he breathed heavily through his nose for about a minute afterwards.

"H-hey, Mutsuki-kun... More♥♥ Punish me more...♥♥"

He was still coping with the ecstasy, yet the next wave was apparently already beginning. His shorts dug into his white butt as he stuck it out toward his ruler.

The masochistic enticement worked up Mutsuki's sadistic side more than anything else, so his eyes began glittering.

"Fine. But from here on..."

He roughly grabbed at the lovely sensation of the demon boy's butt, gathered the surrounding flesh, and massaged the sensitive opening at the center.

"This is a reward, not punishment."

"Okay♥♥"

"Ah...hnnnaahhhh♥♥ My butt...y-you're widening...my butt."

"The hole is so soft. I can spread it open so easily."

Lucia's shorts were pulled down to the base of his thighs, revealing his thin hips. Mutsuki shoved two fingers inside as Micha had done to him the night before.

The light brown anus was made of modest wrinkles like normal, but the more Mutsuki teased it, the more the surrounding area rose up in a ring shape.

That sexual flower bud seemed to invite in all who saw it and it robbed Mutsuki of all rational thought. The fact that this was a boy no longer felt like a restriction, so he rubbed and relaxed that small and melting opening from within and without.

"Hiiin♥ I-it's opening up. My...my butt...my asshole is opening up♥ So...so much♥♥"

Lucia rubbed his face against the sheets, lifted only his hips up from the bed, and sobbed in obscene pleasure.

The two fingers inside spread to either side.

The sphincter sucked sensitively in around them, but it was quite flexible and the pink walls could be seen inside.

"Wow. Can you feel a draft inside you, Lucia-kun?"

"Y-yes. I can...♥ My ass...my ass is wide open♥"

The pleasure of having his anus opened and the shame of having his insides on display both aroused his masochistic side. He could no longer think straight and his voice was growing hoarse.

His anus alone grew more active. After the hole was widened much as possible, it would try to return to normal, but Mutsuki had his fingers inside.

Sometimes the flesh inside would press together between his two fingers. All that accomplished was forcing the air out in an embarrassing noise.

"Hey, um, Mutsuki-kun... What do you think of my butt?"

"It's cute. And really lewd. When I open it up, the area around it swells out. Also some frothy juices are leaking out. ...The sexual smell is reaching me even here."

"Noooo♥ You didn't have to be that specific♥♥♥"

The embarrassment and the sense of being dominated by Fujita Mutsuki mixed together, so the intoxicated demon boy rubbed his face against the sheets.

Seeing that adorable face melting like that seemed oddly arousing to Mutsuki, so he began intensely wiggling his fingertips around inside.

"Eyahhh♥ No...no. I'm going to break♥ My ass is going to break♥"

"Just relax. With the way it's sucking at my fingers, you'll be feeling too good to think about anything but your anus before long."

Mutsuki rubbed the sphincter with a high-speed piston movement and used his bent second joint to tap at the tailbone.

This inevitably caused his fingertip to poke at the internal wall on the penis side.

"This spot right by the entrance is great, isn't it? You can feel the rubbing reaching into your penis, can't you?"

"Hyah♥ Hyahh♥ Amazing... I'm going to die. I'm going to die it feels so good♥"

Messing with his excretory organ so much was causing his stomach to rumble. His sweaty butt bounced up and down in a sea of pleasure so great he nearly lost consciousness.

He squeezed the sheets and cried out while releasing equal amounts of tears and drool.

Mutsuki noticed the pleasure was about to turn into suffering, so...

"No, no. You can't end this yet. I can make you feel even better. Yes..."

Mutsuki gave a smile very unlike his normal self.

"It's my duty to guide all living creatures to joy."

"Eh?"

Something Lucia sensed nearly brought him back to his senses, but then...

"♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥!?"

Mutsuki's fingertip gently reached a certain spot and a flash of light filled Lucia's mind.

Lucia's internal flesh wrapped around Mutsuki's fingers like a slime, but he still accurately found that spot.

He lightly poked at it as if sweeping with a broom.

The amount of pleasure was off the charts, so Lucia's back arched in what nearly amounted to a spasm.

Mutsuki at least did not know the word prostate. Nor did he know that was a dangerous spot directly linked to ejaculation.

"Heh heh. Looks like your dick is feeling good."

sensitiiiiive♥♥”

Mutsuki grabbed the sensitive flesh, rubbed it, and massaged the urethral entrance, so Lucia’s eyes widened from the intense shock.

Normally, he would only have felt pain. The stimulation of the massage drew more fluids from his testicles even in the middle of ejaculating. It continued without end like milk.

“Why should I stop when it’s making you feel so good?”

Mutsuki gave a cruelly bewitching smile and placed the boy’s leg on his shoulder to milk him more easily.

Lucia was positioned like a urinating dog and Mutsuki mercilessly stroked the demon boy’s penis.

“Heeeeeeeee! I’m...I’m gonna die. I’m cumming...too much♥♥”

Without even noticing his embarrassing position, the boy writhed in the agony of consecutive ejaculations that scorched his mind red.

A boy’s orgasm was only meant to last a few seconds. He had experienced one for about two dozen seconds before, but this one had no end.

Mutsuki laughed and spread the boy’s anus once more. This time, he added his ring finger for a total of three fingers. The swollen flesh hole

sank in like a crater and pleaded that it was at its limit.

"Well, Lucia-kun? It feels good, doesn't it? You can't survive without me, can you?"

"A-ah...heeee...♥"

"Say it. Say you can't live without me. Say you love me."

"I-I love you...Ahhhh, I...I...I belong to you. I'll be your slave...your lover... or whatever you want me to beeeee!"

An index finger poked at his urethra while his anus was spread to the limit.

It felt like having a hole straight through his crotch. A mixture of pain, itchiness, and pleasure pulsed from the base of his penis to his butt.

"I-I...heeeeeeeee♥ Yes, yes♥ I-I-I'm going...going crazy♥ Amazing... amazing♥ Nyaaaaahhh♥♥♥♥♥"

He had already soaked half the sheets, but he released even more this time.



A human's heart would likely have stopped long ago, but Lucia simply sobbed in the never-ending tempest of pleasure. Even then, the hand rubbing the head of his penis did not let up and the torrent seemingly spewing from his anus and through his urethra continued.

"Oh...♥ Oh...♥ Oh...♥"

His brain was finally losing its oxygen supply and his mind was switching off.

"Mutsuki...-kuuuuuuuuuuun♥
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh♥♥♥♥♥♥♥"

An extra-large burst of fluids spewed out with enough force to widen his urethra.

His eyes rolled back in his head and he collapsed to the bed.

He must have experienced a full-body orgasm because the flesh above the urethra was convulsing as if from an electric current and his cute flat butt was bouncing at the same tempo.

"Heh heh..."

Soaked in pleasure, he seemed to be savoring the ecstasy in a dream. Mutsuki looked down at him with his eyes bent in satisfaction.

Anyone who was watching would have noticed that expression was much like Lucia's normal expression.

However, it was far more bewitching, fearless, and wickedly devilish than Lucia's.

What am I doing?

Mutsuki suddenly realized he was sitting on the bed with Lucia straddling him on all fours in an irregular sixty-nine position.

The repeated ejaculations had shorted out Lucia's mind. With a look of blank happiness, he held Mutsuki's erection in his mouth and was wrapping his wriggling tongue around it.

Mutsuki did not hesitate to bring his mouth to the butt in front of his eyes.

He had fingered it so much it easily opened up and he brought his tongue to the dark red wrinkles that had sunken in. He licked around until it only tasted of sweat and stuck his tongue in as deeply as he could.

(What a lewd ass. The flesh inside is sucking at my tongue. ...Ah...ah ha ha. He just slapped me with his ass.)

The passionate caress was enough for Lucia to subconsciously wiggle his slender hips and rub his butt against Mutsuki's face.

"Ahahn♥ Wow, your tongue is so gentle... My anus is never going to close up again♥"

For a change of pace from the intense pleasure that felt like a drill to his testicles, this skillful tongue technique caused him to sob like a baby with drool around his mouth.

"..."

Mutsuki had managed to calm down, so he realized he had gone too far. He knew he had to stop, but...

(What a cute ass♪ Maybe just one more time.)

He placed his lips on the sphincter that tightened from the heat.

"Ahaaahhhhn. D-don't suck on it."

Instead of forcing it open, he urged it to open on its own. The soft pleasure was the complete opposite from before and the boy let out sweet cries.

The milky liquid sprayed out weakly this time and it was quite thin.

"Nnn."

Mutsuki's trigger was pulled at the same time.

Rather than reaching his limit, it felt like he had timed it. Lucia's intense blowjob technique usually milked him in no time at all, but today he felt like he had held back until Lucia's pleasure came too.

"Ha ha♥"

The semen of that beloved boy rained down on Lucia's face like it had a mind of its own. Lucia's expression was dyed with a different sort of pleasure from the previous climax.

"You really are the one."

That final blow of happiness captured his body and mind in the bonds of happiness.

I may have been subconsciously, but Fujita Mutsuki had used his power.

"You're...my...♥"

For a while afterwards, the two of them soaked in the lethargy of their simultaneous orgasms.

Lucia lovingly cleaned up Mutsuki's shrinking item with his tongue. Mutsuki came back to his senses first, so he tilted his head and sat up.

He wiped off both their bodies and changed the bedsheets.

After most of that was done, Lucia came back to his senses as well. He sat in a daze for a while, but then he faced Mutsuki with a troubled frown.

"Were you okay?" asked Mutsuki "I don't really remember what

happened for most of that."

"I'm fine. It felt good and that's all that matters. But..."

An awkward silence fell as Lucia thought for a moment.

"I really shouldn't have gone near you today."

"Hm?"

Lucia beckoned him over.

"Be released, seal. I grant you five seconds of freedom."

"Eh? ...Wah!"

A familiar itchiness filled Mutsuki's right eye and the eye grew dully black like polished obsidian.

His Serpent's Eye power to rule all women had activated.

It would force any woman into a state of arousal at a glance. Having it opened at school would cause a panic, but...

"Lucia...-kun?"

He faced the boy to have it closed, but what he saw was so shocking that he forgot all about his concern.

Something was off about Lucia's body. The familiar milky color of his skin was rapidly changing and growing brown.

And more importantly, his chest was...swelling out. His shoulders grew a little more slender. His face did not change, but the lines of his cheeks grew a little plumper.

His penis was sucked into his body.

His balls were also drawn in, attached to his crotch, and finally became a mound of flesh with a vertical line running down it.

"Eh? Eh? A girl's...ahh!"

Then the five seconds passed. Mutsuki's right eye itched again and he reflexively closed both eyes.

When he opened them again, he saw the normal Lucia in front of him. He saw white skin, a cute but boyish face, a completely flat chest, and the penis he had toyed with so much earlier.

"Heh heh♥ I can counteract her power with your Serpent's Eye. Sorry. I knew I could do that this whole time, but masturbating felt so good."

Lucia winked at the dumbfounded boy and hopped energetically down

from the bed. He readily put on the PE uniform despite the yellowish fluids staining it and he made his way toward the exit.

"I'll get you a change of clothes."

"Th-thanks."

He left before Mutsuki could ask anything.

Almost like he wanted to get away from Mutsuki.

Adolescent Adam 3: Chapter 5 - Surprise Attack

"I'll see you in thirty minutes then."

"Okay."

Mutsuki's meeting began at past five in the evening, so the school had already grown quite empty.

As his bodyguard, Ange had to wait for him to finish, so they agreed to meet up once he was done.

She had been acting odd today (or since the previous evening?), but she took her work seriously. She had found a place where they could quickly meet back up.

Mutsuki did not feel much like he was a target anymore, so he cheerfully started toward the classroom. But as they parted...

"Mutsuki."

"Yeah?"

"...Sorry."

Ange gave him a quiet look as she said that, but it did not catch his attention.

A lot had happened with Lucia on top of being sleep-deprived, so he suppressed a yawn as he stepped inside the classroom.

He sat in the seat across from Katsue-sensei who looked a little tired herself since this was her twelfth meeting today.

"Now, Student #12, Fujita Mutsuki. Let's discuss your plans for the future."

"Yes, ma'am."

After Mutsuki left, Ange quickly checked on her surroundings.

Most of the classrooms had finished their meetings, so the school was nearly empty. She saw no one in the hallway awash with the red of the sunset.

But when she looked out to the window, she saw someone nonhuman sitting on the minute hand of the clock tower. Satowa Lucia was monitoring Mutsuki's actions.

That was convenient, so Ange pulled out her cellphone.

She still could not figure out what that demon was up to, but based on his recent actions, he was not showing any sign of abducting Mutsuki

right away.

She was pretty sure she could use him.

She would have him protect Mutsuki in her stead for the short time she neglected her bodyguard duties. With him there, FeTUS would be unable to touch the boy.

"Hello, Nii-san? Yes. He's on top of the clock tower, so take care of that."

She contacted Rapha who she had called to the school.

With someone to keep an eye on Lucia, she could ensure Mutsuki's safety for the time being.

The three-way stalemate between angels, humans, and demons was normally an annoyance, but it came in handy here.

She had something to do in the gap that opened up.

She had been planning to do this for two weeks now, but her bodyguard duties had prevented her from doing so. Bringing him in front of the enemy was too dangerous. And more importantly, he was too kind.

Seeing her turn her blade on a classmate would be a shock.

She left the school building and walked out onto the schoolyard. The

different sports teams had started practice at midday and were finishing up at this time.

Ange arrived at the club building. The large academy included an elementary, middle, and high school, so it had a lot of club activities and thus needed a lot of club rooms. She moved to the back of the D-shaped structures arranged like a labyrinth.

That created a perfect blind spot.

"Ange-chan? What're you doing here?"

She had planned to call this girl here, but she had conveniently found Ange instead. Barely anyone ever came here, so they were alone together.

She was alone with Kurikara Saya, her classmate.

"You aren't part of a club, right? Are you here to see someone? Oh, could it be me?"

She laughed and gave her usual bright smile. Her sporty softball practice uniform made her look all the more cheerful.

"It's about the volleyball, isn't it? I am worried since we haven't been able to practice much. I want to do it right if we can."

She talked on and on even though Ange said nothing.

Kurikara Saya was always like this. She was a natural eternal optimist and her mere presence could cheer up her surroundings. She had even approached the unsociable Ange and made friends with her.

Ange hated humans, but she did not hate that girl's personality.

But...

"Shut up."

The bright smile froze over at that cold phrase.

Ange's threateningly chilly atmosphere was enough to wipe that look from that eternal optimist of a classmate's face.

"There's something I want to ask you. Do you remember this email?"

"Eh? Y-yes."

Ange pulled out her cellphone and displayed the chain email sent to the entire class a little over a month before.

"I spotted Fujita-kun and Jiyuuni Ange-chan on a date! Something smells fishy about them."

A few random emoji were thrown in and it was sent by Saya.

A little over a month before, Saya had seen Mutsuki and Ange playing at the arcade.

She had immediately told everyone else and the class had started teasing them over their relationship.

"Oh, that. Ah ha ha. Sorry. I've already apologized a ton, haven't I? It was just a little joke, so I never thought it would get that serious."

"That isn't what I want to ask about."

She pointed to the "on a date" part.

"This doesn't say where the date was, so only you know where you saw us."

"Y-yeah. It was at the SeeDWalk arcade, right? Although it's closed now after that gas explosion."

"Did you tell anyone else?"

"No. The email spread further than I thought and it got way out of hand. Our teacher was really mad too."

"Yes, that's right. You told me that before."

She put away the phone.

Instead, she pulled out her pendant and removed the wing-shaped top. That was Ange's weapon. It manifested into Prominence, the divine sword created from an angel's flames.

"In other words, only you could have set a trap at that arcade."

She took a step forward.

Overpowered by the defender of the holy law, Saya took a step back.

"It's a shame, Kurikara Saya. I actually liked you better than Stupid Mutsuki at least."

"..."

"I will fulfill my duty. I will do what I must as an angel."

Bluish-white flames burst from her back like wings and she took another step forward. Saya was frozen in place by the sudden development.

"Reveal yourself, Black Cat!"

"..."

When the flames enveloped her, the thread of tension seemed to snap.

Her widened eyes softened.

Almost like she was grinning.

"...?"

Mutsuki suddenly raised his head.

"Fujita? What is it?"

"Oh, nothing."

When his teacher spoke up, he looked back to the desk. She was giving him some simple guidance on his grades this term and on studying for the entrance exams starting the following year.

He thought he had heard Ange's voice, so he smiled bitterly.

He had been a little worried about what she was doing. He was pretty sure she would be fine if an enemy showed up, but still.

"Now, Fujita. There are no problems with your grades or your records, so I think you should stay at the academy for high school."

"Yes, I intend to. My parents suggested the same thing."

"Very good. Oh, but what was with that last test? You scored far below your average. I know you're living with Jiyuuni now, but is that why?"

"Um... Ah ha ha. I was having some difficulties and couldn't focus. Sorry. I'll work harder next time."

He had been a little worried, but it looked like the meeting would be over before long.

"This shouldn't be much of a problem, but if it interferes with your schoolwork, let me know. The school will do what it can to support you."

"Yes, ma'am."

Katsue Subaru was not the friendliest person, but she took her work seriously. She made sure to meet one-on-one with every single student for these meetings.

Her long black hair was worn up and she had a cold, businesslike appearance. The girls often said she wore too much makeup, but that was clearly out of jealousy. She was beautiful enough to set

Mutsuki's heart racing if he focused on her looks.

He liked having her for a teacher. She did not show her feelings much, but he thought she was a good person.

"...Mh."

Suddenly, her expression stiffened.

She turned in a seemingly random direction and placed a hand to her ear. It was a lot like someone who was having trouble hearing someone over the phone. She was not holding a receiver, but she was definitely listening to something.

"Sensei? What is it?"

"...Nothing."

After briefly seeming to hear something, she turned back to Mutsuki.

He was shocked when he saw her face.

She was smiling. He realized it was the first time he had seen that clever and militarily strict teacher smile.

Just like Ibekusa Machina, she had been the type to keep her emotions hidden.

"Fnyah."

"Eh?"

Meanwhile, Ange was confused.

She had confronted Kurikara Saya alone so they could clash. The girl had been confused at first, but the look of confusion had vanished once she saw the proof that Ange was an angel.

But instead of growing tense, she had grown utterly relaxed.

She had collapsed. Ange was briefly dumbfounded, but she quickly ran over.

"Eh? Eh? Wait. Saya?"

The girl was lying defenselessly on her back and it did not seem to be a trick to draw Ange over. Ange tried slapping at her cheek, but she only muttered incoherently.

She seemed to have passed out, as if the sight of the angel's flame wings had caused her to faint.

That was the natural reaction for a normal person, but it was unthinkable for a FeTUS member.

Was it an act? She was far too defenseless for that.

"Wh-what does this mean?"

Was that girl not with FeTUS? Was she not Black Cat?

Given the location and the situation, it had to have been her. But then...

"Our teacher was really mad too."

She recalled what the girl had said.

"I hadn't actually planned this out, but I got lucky."

Katsue-sensei stood up and reached for her hair.

"I had Kurikara Saya tell me where you were likely to visit and then laid a trap. I failed then, but it seems Jiyuuni Ange mistakenly concluded that girl was me. Who would have thought this would happen?"

She laughed in delight. Her lips were covered in thick lipstick and bent into a charming crescent moon.

She let down her knee-length hair.

A few golden threads were mixed into her hair and they wriggled around to split her hair into three strands that braided together.

It was an impossible sight and it left Mutsuki speechless.

He recognized that thick black braid that swayed like a tail.

"Leaving you until the end today, though? That was planned."

She reached for her suit and it began moving like a fluid as its material, color, and shape all changed. It transformed into a dark suit perfectly fit to her body.

She straightened her spine and her swollen chest visibly bounced through the outfit and the large bell at her neck rang.

Mutsuki recognized the outfit, including the out-of-place fancy cat helmet.

"Knowing Jiyuuni's personality, I knew she would question Kurikara before long. And I knew she would do it away from you, Fujita. So I placed an observation Springloaded on Kurikara. It seems the trap worked."

She scratched at the area between her throat and chin to peel off a thin film. It looked like some thick makeup, but when she removed it, her true skin was revealed below.

Her skin was a deep milk color. This was the skin of a white person, not an Asian.

"I can finally say goodbye to this disguise. I had no choice but to hide my race and age, but I don't like having anything on my face. This is such a relief."

"Hyah..."

The true identity below that thin film was someone he could never forget.

He saw sadistic eyes and a face too young to call a teacher. Her dress accentuated the curves of her body, she emitted a steel-like aura of intimidation, and she was surrounded by the exotic sexuality of a wild animal.

Mutsuki's hips gave out and he fell from his chair.

FeTUS Witches Miss C, aka Black Cat, smiled thinly.

"I have recorded Jiyuuni Ange's attack. I may be on standby, but I have determined she intends to attack me. I will counterattack by capturing Fujita Mutsuki."

"Ange! Help-...gh!"

The boy tried to run for the exit, but she appeared before his eyes.

Not even he knew why he was unable to get out the word "me". He simply found his throat would no longer move.

He felt a sticky heat in his stomach and realized he had a hole there.

"Auf jeden Regen folgt auch Sonnenschein. These were two very long weeks, but they were necessary to bring about this perfect moment."

Black Cat laughed deep in her throat. A claw had grown from the back of her hand at the base of her middle finger and it had stabbed through the boy's stomach and out his back. The color red soaked the beautiful silver.



"Gh..."

He had been exposed to danger for a month and a half now, but he realized this was the first real injury he had received.

Who would have thought the first one would something so fatal? He could not even struggle and his face stiffened. His groans tasted of rusty iron.

Lucia had been slowed down by the sudden turn of events, but he kicked through the window and into the classroom.

"I'll kill you."

He attacked with his voice trembling with an intense rage one would never have imagined he was capable of.

Black Cat had likely known he was on the clock tower. The corners of her mouth bent in a grin and she pulled the claw from the boy's stomach, but the demon had already arrived right in front of her.

She swayed back from the blow with frightening reaction speed.

However, it was impossible for a human to match a demon. A moment later, a slash arrived from an impossible angle.

Red metal had grown from the blackboard behind her. It wrapped around her neck and tightened in the form of a scythe.

Black Cut quickly used her steel claws as a shield to escape

decapitation, but she was still slammed into the blackboard. The scythe continued approaching, so she was unable to move.

After dealing with his opponent in an instant, the boy lost interest and ran over to Mutsuki.

"Yeah, I can deal with a wound like this right away."

He must have really been worried. He was usually full of emotion, but all he did was give a simple statement and open Mutsuki's uniform.

There would not have been much damage to the organs, so he breathed a sigh of relief and placed a hand over the hole.

His hand immediately melted like a sugar sculpture in water and it fused with Mutsuki's stomach. The bleeding stopped. He pressed deeper, reached the boy's back, and filled that hole as well.

Just as FeTUS had trouble with demons, demons were nearly almighty when it came to the human body. He used his hand to supplement Mutsuki's flesh and blood.

Black Cat of course knew he could do this.

"Heh heh heh..."

She smiled thinly with the tip of the scythe digging into her throat.

"The power of demons is the miracle of the Fruit of Life. It sounds lovely, doesn't it? I always have to wonder how many lives you could save if you used that power to serve the world of man."

"Keep your dirty mouth shut. I'll kill you once I'm done, so sit tight."

"At the same time, Satowa Lucia, you were my biggest fear these past two weeks. I hate to admit it, but I have yet to find a simulation where I defeat you."

She kicked at the wall behind her. The blackboard bent, creating a gap between the scythe and wall. She used that to escape.

Lucia did not even look back. Even with a hand dealing with Mutsuki, he was confident he could kill the woman with his other hand if she approached.

"...? What is this?"

But more importantly, something about Mutsuki required his attention.

Something was not right. The boy was unconscious, but he was too calm. He did not react in pain when Lucia touched the wound. Even his breathing was perfectly calm.

Lucia's eyebrows twitched from a sense of foreboding and then his face paled.

"You...! What did you do!?"

The skin of the arm on the wound tore like paper and blood spirted out. Mutsuki's stomach was the same. The skin was falling apart as if it were melting.

"That's a neuro-contamination program based on cobra venom. Once it spreads to his entire body, he will die."

"Dammit!"

The skin necrosis was visibly spreading. One hand was not going to be enough, so he also placed his other hand on the boy. Both arms sank down and the necrosis finally stopped spreading.

"Gh..."

But that was suicidal. He had sealed off use of both hands in front of the enemy and he was being quickly worn down as he induced regeneration quickly enough to fight the toxin. Sweat poured from his entire body.

"Heh heh... Ha ha ha... Ka ha ha ha ha ha ha! The trick was getting that inside him. That was why I drew Jiyuuni away from him. If she had been here, she could have bought enough time for you to show up!"

Black Cut could not suppress her laughter and her vertical-pupil eyes opened as wide as possible.

"But it's over now. Once you're suppressed, I have nothing to fear! I can-
..."

The door opposite the previous window was opened and a new intruder cut her off.

"..."

This time, it was FeTUS Witches Miss E. She was Black Cat's colleague, so Lucia grimaced.

But Machina understood the situation, so she ran over to Mutsuki and looked down at the stomach fused with Lucia's arms.

"A chain-reaction ion channel interference program. Miss C. Use of this on humans was banned as inhumane."

"It was necessary as a countermeasure against a demon."

"Tell me the cancelation key. The burden on his mind and body is immeasurable. This could harm the progress of our plans."

"The program does not rearrange his DNA. ...It must hurt like a bitch, though."

Black Cat laughed sadistically in her throat.

He would not die, but he would constantly experience the pain of his organs melting away. A normal mind could never endure that. He had only lost consciousness for the time being due to the demon's healing, but that would not last forever.

Machina's expression was cloudy for once. She quietly muttered "I'm sorry", looked to Lucia, and wordlessly confirmed something.

Then she turned a sharp look in Black Cat's direction.

"Tell me the cancelation key."

"I don't think so."

"Tell me the cancelation key."

"I. Don't. Think. So."

"..."

Silence fell.

Next, a golden circle raced out from Machina's feet and Black Cat laughed in her throat.

After that, the school building's roof was blown away with a deafening roar.

"Keh heh heh. Kee hee hee hee hee hee! Let me be honest, Miss E!"

It was 5:30 PM at fifty meters above the school building which was lit by the red setting sun of midsummer. Two figures faced each other from high enough to look down at the clock tower.

"I planned for this as well! I'd wanted to do this with you for a long, long time! Not just a simulation! I wanted to throw my full strength your wayyyyyyyyyyy! Zaaaaaaahhhh!!"

Machina turned her body around to sidestep Black Cat's claws, but the following headbutt struck her head and knocked her away.

She slammed into the clock tower and then fell onto the spherical planetarium roof below it.

Black Cat landed on the "12" of the large clock face. She was curled up just like a kitten that loved climbing trees.

"Nyahaaaahhh♡ Where's Miss D? Call her here. I want to do it with her too. I'm even up for both of you at once."

She unsteadily rose to her feet.

"Let me enjoy this even more!"

Then she jumped forward as if she wanted to be a target. She spread her arms wide and fell toward defenseless Machina.

The girl looked quietly up and dodged by leaping back up to the clock tower. The cat flipped around in midair to bend the direction of her fall.

"There are still quite a few people in the school. A battle would violate our obligation to secrecy. That would negatively affect your inquiry, so you should avoid it."

"Enough nonsense!"

They both dropped down from the tower into the courtyard.

"Tell me the cancelation key. Do it now and I will not report this."

"By this point, I'm sure Miss A is already watching!"

Machina tried to keep some distance between them, but Black Cat recklessly charged straight in. Their speeds were the same, but Black Cat's lack of hesitation allowed her to win out. The girl avoided the sharp cat claws by a hair's breadth and continued trying to persuade her opponent.

"Then I will recommend she keep quiet about this incident. Tell me the cancelation key."

"Why are you so insistent on the key!? We can secure Fujita Mutsuki for ourselves like this. You can spend as much time with him as you want underground! What do you gain by removing the toxin!?"

"..."

Machina fell silent and Black Cat grabbed her.

She grabbed the girl's collar and kept her forward momentum going.

"Be honest! Why do you really want the cancelation key!?"

Her slender body slammed against the stone wall with enough force to shake the entire tower.

"..."

Her expression bent a little from the shock and she bit her lower lip as if hesitating to speak.

After a few seconds of hesitation, the ends of her eyebrows rose sharply and she glared at Black Cat.

"Don't be cruel to Fujita-kun."

"Kh...ah..."

Black Cat's face twisted even worse.

Machina had grabbed her collar as well.

While the impact against the wall had been distributed across Machina's entire back, the same blow was concentrated on the single fist pressed against Black Cat's chest.

The woman staggered and let go, so the girl gently placed her feet on the ground.

"Miss C – Personal Name: Schwarze Katze – has been judged hostile."

"Gh..."

"Extracting combat tools. Expanding phase variable field up to layer 32 and opening within Euclidean space."

The glowing magic circle that opened at her feet was large enough to encompass the entire courtyard.

Machina remained expressionless, but deep anger filled her eyes that were as transparent as the surface of a clear lake.

She was overwhelmed by intense rage.

She moved her neatly lined-up fingers and golden threads that glowed like firefly light danced from them. The ground's magic circle moved at the same time.

The entire ground swelled up and attacked Black Cat – Schwarze Katze – in the shape of an arm.

"Tch!"

The woman was still choking from the impact to her chest, but she just barely shifted her body out of the way. The massive stone fist cut through empty air.

But as soon as she dodged it, the stone stripped off the yellowish-green clothing wrapped around its surface. The grass scattered and assaulted Schwarze. It filled the lenses of her glasses, robbing her of her vision.

Black Cat realized her opponent had control of the ground. She had no chance of victory on the surface, so she jumped twenty meters into the air.

But as soon as she cleared the grass from her glasses, she realized this was exactly what Machina had wanted.

The girl had run up the wall ahead of her, faced her from the same height, and kicked off the face of the large clock.

"Why you-...!"

In midair, Machina pinned Black Cat's arms behind her back.

"Applying molecular distortion to spatial composition data. Antimatter creation complete. Converting all mass into heat energy."

Black Cat was only thinking of freeing herself, so she could only fall defenselessly when Machina herself let go.

She fell toward the top of the planetarium roof of the library building.

A golden circle was drawn on the spherical roof, so Machina must have set this up earlier.

"Beginning reaction."

Machina held her hand out toward the circle. An identical circle appeared in the air. It was curved in the opposite direction of the dome.

Black Cat was falling in the center spot where the dual magic circles arrived closest together.

"Annihilation."

Without a sound, the hill dyed by the sunset grew as bright as midday for just a moment.

"...!"

A cylinder of sun-like light appeared in only the shoulder-width space where Schwarze was. There was nothing the woman could do.

"Complete."

An annihilation reaction filled that limited space. Instantly, heat energy rivalling the center of the sun was sealed in that round space.

In order to combat angels, Black Cat was equipped with a Kühler Krallen tool to diffuse heat, but the damage had to be unfathomable regardless.

Once the cylinder filled with enough brightness, the curved circles reversed direction. They drew an ellipse and closed together to match the speed of Machina's fall.

The sealed light vanished as if it were being crushed into nonexistence, but...

"Compleeeete?"

"!"

"Do you nyot know how to finish what you've started♡?"

Before it could fully close, something crawled out from the light.

A black form charged out with smoke rising from its entire body.

It rushed straight toward the girl in freefall and thrust up its burned fist since the metal claws had melted.

"Hh..."

Even without the claws, the blow sank into her solar plexus and nearly broke into her stomach.

By the time they landed on the roof, Schwarze's eyes were sparkling despite her injuries and she held Machina's nearly unconscious form by the neck.

"What good is it if you're not trying to kill me, hmm? This is what happens when you hold back because you only want to hurt me a little."

Black Cat laughed in delight as her body gave off the smell of a well-done steak.

"Gh..."

"But you did pretty good. Keh heh. It definitely hurt. It hurt like hell. I thought I was gonna cry. Nyee hee♡ Hee hee hee. Nya ha ha ha heh heh heh hee hee hee!"

Her face melted in madness as if she was enjoying the pain and she clenched her fist once more. She faced Machina whose consciousness was fading after the blow to the gut.

"Here's some advice, so make sure to thank me. Beat down your enemy until they're utterly defeated. If you don't, you nyever know what they'll do when you lose. For example..."

"Uuh..."

"Something like this!!"

Machina's cloudy mind cleared up after she fell and hit the ground.

She quickly got up, but something was wrong. She did not feel any pain besides the punch to the stomach.

After that, she noticed what was going on around her.

It was dark. The setting sun had vanished at some point and she was surrounded by stars.

She looked up and saw the red sky. Only then did she realize a hole had opened in the roof and she had fallen into the planetarium.

She quickly realized why: just before being punched, someone had interfered. A redheaded girl with a giant hunk of metal on her back stood there.

"What's this, infighting? If I could have found Black Cat's identity this easily, I feel like an idiot trying to figure it out my way."

Ange pouted her lips, but her expression was otherwise composed.

Schwarze had been hit with enough force to break through the roof, so she was a little dazed.

"Heh. I forgot there was another one of you left."

"I may have guessed wrong, but it's all the same in the end. Prepare yourself, Black Cat. I'll pay you back for that humiliation."

"You guessed wrong, did you? What happened to Kurikara?"

"I carried her to the infirmary. The place stank, so I made sure to air it out. ...Wait, you know about Saya!?"

Ange blushed and shouted in anger that someone knew about her mistaken deduction.

Machina sighed and stepped up alongside her.

"Fujita-kun is in a dangerous situation after being infected with a neurotoxin program."

"Mutsuki is? What happened to Satowa? Wasn't he there?"

"He is having trouble returning to the fight, so the two of us must retrieve the program's cancellation key code from Miss C. I request we work together."

"Work together? Are you stupid?"

"Then I request mutual noninterference."

"...Hmph."

Mutual noninterference referred to the promise not to fight that Mutsuki had forcibly made her agree to.

They would both take on Black Cat, but they would not attack each other. That was the same thing as working together.

"Well, it is true I don't think I would have it in me to deal with you at the same time."

Ange clearly did not like it, but she turned her sword toward Black Cat as a sign of acceptance.

Schwarze brushed the dust off of herself with a delighted grin that showed off her canine teeth.

"Shaaaaaahhhhhhhh!"

"Loop!!"

She charged in while covered in wounds and Ange intercepted her with her double divine sword.

It was an equal exchange of swords and fists.

Black Cat had the greater speed, but Ange's weapon gave her more reach, she had incredible reflexes, and Black Cat's movements were not too fast for her to see. Plus...

"Corona!"

"Like that'll work on-...gh!?"

The blue flames emitted from Ange's back struck the woman as she tried to take up the optimal striking distance.

Schwarze tried to defend, but her melted clothes only released white sparks. A moment later, flames of two thousand degrees struck her and blew her away.

Machina narrowed her eyes.

"Her Kühler Kralle is broken. Use your flames. I will support you."

"What!? Wh-what are you talking about?"

Ange did not understand, but she scattered Helios, small balls of heat that pursued her opponent beyond sword range. They became bullets and targeted the woman collapsed in the planetarium seats.

"Prepare heat-bending fibers. Sine boost."

Machina's magic circle provided support. Each of the dozens of glowing spheres bent into an ellipse as if being squeezed from above and below.

"Gwah!"

They became spears of light and struck Black Cat just as she finally got up.

She was knocked away again and broke through the wall that had grown as weak as tofu from the heat. Machina immediately followed.

"What was that!?"

Black Cat was supposed to be a formidable foe, but she was not putting up much of a fight thanks to all her previous damage. Ange did not like

that or how Machina seemed to be manipulating her, so she too pursued with a lopsided frown on her face.

They jumped down to the courtyard below the clock tower that's grass had been torn up.

Black Cat was collapsed by the shrubbery surrounding the courtyard.

Her breathing was stable and she seemed to be conscious. She could get up if she wanted to, but she was badly damaged and almost seemed to be sleeping on the grass.

"Miss C. Let me reiterate: you should tell me the cancelation key."

"I don't think so."

Her throat must have been burned because her voice was scratchy.

"In fact, I don't know it. The program is changing within a data range of 128 exabytes per second and the cancelation key is included in that. The only way to cancel it is to calculate out the fluctuating number field in less than a second, but the only supercomputer currently capable of that is the O'clock at FeTUS headquarters. The only way to cancel it is to take him there."

"Taking him to our headquarters is the same as declaring war on the angels."

"Most likely. But that isn't a problem."

Black Cat got up.

Machina's eyes widened when she saw her and Ange grew pale.

"At the very least, Fujita's guardian angel will die here and now."

Her cat helmet's white fangs had stabbed into her temples.

They extended further and further, invading her brain.

"Release final safety device. Abandon avoidance recommendation code.
Y Device: activate."

"Oh, no."

"Eh?"

Machina raised her defenses, but Ange was wide open as she grimaced at the grotesque sight.

"Gah!?"

"Gah!?"

The result was the same either way. By the time they felt fear towards the bloodshot bestial eyes, they both had a fist sinking into their gut.

They were both sent flying through the library's wall.

"Cough... Wh-what was that?"

They even broke through the bookshelf on the other side of the wall.

Ange shoved the fallen books aside to get up and she searched for Machina. The studying students were dumbfounded by the sudden destruction of the wall, but the two girls were hidden from their view.

The two of them had only just gotten up when Black Cat reached them, grabbed their necks, and pulled them up.

It was like the difference between adult and child. Black Cat's arm strength was clearly greater than before and the two were helpless as they dangled from her hands. Machina had taken two blows to the solar plexus now, so even breathing caused her body to ache.



"Corona! ...Huh? C'mon, burn! I said Corona!"

"Keh heh heh heh heh... What's this? Are you trying to do something? But nyothing's happening."

Ange had lost her sword, but she still fought back with her wings of flame. However, the enemy ignored it altogether. Not even her hair burned from a direct hit of two thousand degree fire.

No matter how much Ange struggled, she could not remove the hand on her neck digging into her carotid artery. At this rate, she would suffocate without accomplishing anything at all.

"Stop this, Miss C... You should...cancel this... You will...never return...to being human..."

"Was man sich eingebrockt hat, Das muss man auch auslöffeln. And it feels great. Such an abnormal amount of adrenaline. The grim reaper is so close and it feels wonderful."

The woman's slender arms remained motionless as if they were machines built for this task.

"Nyagh!? Pkh."

When they finally relaxed, it was at the woman's own convenience.

She thought she was going to vomit and she fell to her knees while holding her head. Once they could breathe, the two girls coughed violently.

Ange was confused, but Machina took action immediately. She grabbed her short classmate's body and began running up the clock tower.

"Cough, cough. Wait, wait, Ibekusa. What was that!?"

"The Y Device. It is the ultimate attack circuit left behind by Miss Y, the

legendary witch who constructed the Springloaded system. Each of the Witches has been given one."

"Springloaded? You mean she embedded a Springloaded device in her own body?"

"Technically, she let it invade her body. ...Knowing that the process is irreversible."

Machina kicked off the wall to leap out below the darkening sky. She landed in the classroom through the hole in the roof.

Mutsuki was still unconscious and Lucia seemed to be headed in that direction due to the stamina being sapped by using his body as a catalyst.

Machina faced Ange again.

"Take those two and hide. With her brain mechanized, Miss C will not even be able to play around with us. She will prioritize her mission to secure Adam above all else, so-..."

Machina was trying to get Ange and the others to escape, but the two of them were both blown away again. The entire school building was hit.

Half the building vanished and the two girls were buried in the rubble.

Lucia was dumbfounded as a black form landed in front of him.

"Capture of Fujita Mutsuki...positive."

Black Cat approached without her usual battle-crazed smile and her voice sounded mechanically flat.

Their work must have been complete because the fangs had removed themselves from her temples. The cat-shaped helmet fell away and her head was exposed.

Two isosceles triangle-shaped devices were embedded directly into her skull like cat ears.

"Kh... What the hell is this!?"

Lucia had no idea what was going on, but he knew this was no normal enemy and tried to fight back. But the toxin was too powerful and Mutsuki's skin began melting as soon as he diverted his attention away from it. He could not fight like this.

Schwarze would no longer listen to anything beyond the absolutely necessary and she mechanically reached out her hand.

Adolescent Adam 3: Chapter 6 - Chance Meeting of the Twin Serpents

"It's lonely...with no one else around."

Mutsuki woke up when he thought he heard someone's voice.

Woke up? No, he was still dreaming. It was a deep dream, but his mind was clear.

It was too dark to see anything and he could not tell which direction the voice was coming from.

"Sob...sob...uuh. I don't want to feel so lonely..."

The somehow sensual voice sounded a little out of breath.

Who was it? He strained his eyes and spotted someone in the darkness. A woman with nearly transparent platinum blonde hair was sitting there.

"I don't want to be alone... Please come here...and...and..."

Her hair was twice her height and it spread around her like a carpet as she crouched on the ground.

She was beautiful. In fact, she seemed inhumanly beautiful.

Her skin was so white it seemed to melt into the darkness. The corners of her eyes rose sharply and she had a slender nose and modest lips. She was perfect enough to look like a standard for human beauty.

But that sculpture-like beauty also gave no sense of individuality.

She wore nothing, so only her hair hid her perfectly developed body. And...

"Nnah...ah, ah, ahh... Adam...please...hurry up and..."

Her fingertips were so slender and smooth they looked polished and they crawled across her crotch to stickily stir up the raw red flower petals there.

Mutsuki shuddered.

"This is no longer enough. I am sick of masturbation."

She noticed him and looked at him with eyes as cold as glass.

"Hurry up and make love to me."

"Fill me with your cock."

"Adam."

"Adam."

The number of voices quickly grew. The next thing he knew, his surroundings were filled with flesh and golden hair. Beautiful and flexible hands wrapped around his arms, legs, and torso.

There were dozens if not hundreds of women. They ranged from kindergarten aged to young women. They were all beautiful.

And they were all her. Depending on the age, her body was undeveloped, budding, or mature, but they all shared the long hair and inhuman aura.

"Wah...ah..."

He suddenly realized he too was naked. The women's hands competed to crawl across his skin. When one sucked at him, lips and tongues reached his mouth, face, and every other part of his body.

He felt more like he was being pecked at than kissed. He felt more like they were marking him as theirs than caressing him.

The original woman stopped masturbating, stood up, and brought her face close.

"Who are you?" he asked while writhing from ticklishness and the fear of being licked away to nothingness.

The woman laughed quietly.

"Lilith."

Her double eyelids opened wide.

Her left eye resembled a black mirror.

Almost like a snake's eye.

"Your wife Lilith."

"Mutsuki-kun?"

When Mutsuki opened his eyes, they did not immediately focus on Lucia who was right in front of him.

He was not looking at anything. He seemed to have simply opened his eyes without coming to.

But the Serpent's Eye power gleaming in his right eye was overwhelming. Black Cat's hand stopped in confusion. Lucia also froze up in confusion.

Mutsuki's eye had opened without warning and activated the Serpent's

Eye that he could not control himself.

"Is it that woman?"

Lucia grew pale.

"Kh...gah..."

Black Cat stopped moving altogether.

The parasitic Springloaded in her brain was negating her arousal as a woman, but she still could not move in the face of that power to rule all women.

And she was not the only one affected.

"Wah, wah, wah, wah. Too far, too far!"

Two people burst out from the rubble of the collapsed school building.

The one shining with a golden light had sent herself too far with a mere jump, so she flew in a long arc and landed behind Black Cat.

Ange's blue eyes now contained golden flames. Machina stood calmly next to her as if she had taken no damage from the two punches.

They were both confused by their own bodies.

"Is this the same as back then?"

"This is most likely the power to protect Adam."

At the same time, they looked to Mutsuki.

When the boy's Serpent's Eye saw them, his eyes closed again as if to fall asleep.

"Mission progress...stalled. Requesting greater fusion."

Black Cat muttered something below her breath and a noise came from the triangular devices that received the command.

"Grr...gh...fshaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhh!"

Once she broke free of the Serpent's Eye's bonds and got down on the ground, she was no longer human.

All four limbs were tensed and she faced the two girls while leaning forward with shoulders rigid.

The way she lifted her upper lip to expose her fangs and hissed at her opponents was just like a carnivorous beast in a human body. She was a ferocious wildcat.

"She's willing to go this far?"

"That is the type of person she is. She will use any means necessary to achieve her objective. Whether that means destroying the city, destroying the school, or destroying herself."

The two girls exchanged a glance.

A moment later, they blocked the fists that had arrived right in front of their faces.

"Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh!"

"Grrrraaaahhhh! Shaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh!!!!"

Night had fallen as three figures crossed paths in the sky above the school building.

One was a black beast that attacked from the darkness.

Another was an angel with golden wings.

The final one was a witch scattering golden threads like rain.

The beast demonstrated dreadful ferocity as she attacked with no

concern for her own safety.

But Ange could block those attacks now and she had both the power and speed to parry or dodge.

That was just how light her body had grown. Her heavenly battle sense allowed her to perceive Black Cat's movements.

Meanwhile, Machina had fallen back to support Ange's battle.

She would interfere when it looked like a lethal blow was going to get through. She did so with both Schwarze's and Ange's attacks. She was making sure neither of them was given a deadly injury.

Before long, it became clear that Ange no longer needed her help.

"I need to save Fujita-kun, so I would like to leave this to you."

"..."

She made the suggestion in a gap between intense blows.

The bodyguard girl's eyebrows twisted.

Ibekusa Machina was technically an enemy and leaving her with that boy was suicidal.

But after some thought...

"Mutual noninterference. Don't forget that!"

"Positive."

When the beast tried to grab at her, Ange kicked her down from the school building. She pursued and Machina remained in the classroom.

Machina could hear the ground and school building being blown away. She could also hear the burning of golden plasma flames, but she approached Mutsuki.

Lucia had been using his own body as a catalyst to combat the toxin, so his stamina was near the limit. His entire body had grown pale.

Still, he was more worried about Mutsuki and he asked an immediate question when Machina returned.

"Do you have the cancelation key?"

"No, but I do not need the key in my current state."

With that brief statement, Machina placed her palm on the spot with two pale arms embedded in it.

"What are you planning to do? It isn't anything dangerous, is it?"

"According to Miss C, this toxin is a program that changes at a rate of 1021 binary digits per second. I only need to reverse the formula within a single second. Move your hands."

"Don't be stupid. If you mess up, the wound will grow."

"Trust me."

"..."

Lucia fell silent when Machina looked him straight in the eye.

His eyes wandered down to Mutsuki, back to her, and then back down to Mutsuki.

"I'll give you three seconds."

"Not a problem."

He pulled his arms out.

Mutsuki's skin immediately began tearing and splitting like wheel tracks.

During the first second, Machina placed her lips on the wound.

During the second second, the toxin spread to her lips and began splitting her cheeks and chin.

During the third second, the spread of the wound stopped.



Machina raised her head.

She spat some fresh blood and something black from her mouth. It wriggled around for a bit, but it finally melted into a red pool as if

nothing had happened.

"Heal his wound. You should not have any trouble now."

"S-sure."

It had stopped spreading, but Mutsuki's stomach had been torn to shreds during those three seconds. Lucia placed his hand there and the wound easily closed now that no new wounds were being made.

They both breathed a simultaneous sigh of relief.

The boy seemed to be having trouble accepting this and he looked at the girl's face.

"What is it?"

He stroked her cheek with a displeased look on his face. The skin around her mouth had necrotized and grown bloody during that one second, but he returned it to normal.

"Thank you."

"Now I don't owe you a damn thing."

"Of course."

"What do you think you're doing!?"

In the middle of her battle with Ange, Schwarze jumped down onto the edge of the half-destroyed classroom.

The angel was gaining the upper hand in their wild battle, but she was not used to fighting without a weapon. She could not seem to deliver a finishing blow and could not bring the battle to a close.

Meanwhile, the monster who had remade herself for the sole purpose of fulfilling her duty had begun focusing on Mutsuki. She was trying to take him away even if she could not defeat Ange.

As Black Cat charged in, Lucia picked up Mutsuki's unconscious form and jumped out of the school building.

Even if his demonic powers gave him an edge against her, fighting in his exhausted state would not have been wise.

"Miss C. You should stop this."

Machina forcibly stopped the black monster's charge.

"Don't you run! Deryaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh!!"

"Gzh...gyabh!?"

As soon as Black Cat slowed, Ange flew in and got in a solid roundhouse kick to the head.

The angel grabbed her out of midair and sent plasma flames bursting from her back. The air current producing the flames acted like a jet engine, so it created a downward-pointing star as she ascended into the heavens.

The two of them grappled in the sky.

Machina glanced over at Lucia who had descended to the courtyard with Mutsuki in his arms.

He seemed to consider running off with Mutsuki, but he finally grabbed something from the ground with a look of resignation on his face.

"Ibekusa!"

He threw it toward the girl.

The silver accessory glittered even in the darkness enveloping the school. It was Ange's pendant.

Machina realized what it was, opened a magic circle to catch it, gave it some extra momentum, and directed it toward the sky. The fighters were rapidly exchanging positions, but Machina launched it with machine-like

accuracy.

"Jiyuuni-san."

It flew right into Ange's hand like a shooting star. A moment later, it became a divine sword wrapped in golden flames.

Black Cat did not even flinch. She intended to fulfill her mission even if it meant her life.

"You said before that you sensed something similar inside me."

Ange faced her head on.

"I won't deny that."

"You're just watching while the children do all the fighting?"

"I don't really have a choice. I'm a noncombatant. I would probably have trouble with that demon named Lucia, not to mention FeTUS. I would only get in the way there."

"Well, I won't say anything since you did lead the evacuation of the normal students and faculty to make sure no one got hurt."

"Thank you."

Mutsuki came to because he heard that conversation between Micha and Rapha.

The grass was surprisingly comfortable to lie on and his mind and body both felt completely refreshed. He felt like he had caught up with the sleep he had missed and he tried to follow his jumbled memories as he sat up.

"Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhh!? What is this!?"

"Oh, are you awake?"

He screamed when he saw the school building with the top chopped off.

"What!? The school...eh? How did this-...oh, right. Black Cat! Micha-san, it's an emergency! Black Cat is... Our teacher is Black Cat! And she stabbed me!"

"Yes, yes. Calm down. It's already over."

The boy patted his stomach to see if there was a hole there and the young woman rubbed his head to calm him down.

He looked around but did not see Black Cat anywhere. He only saw Micha and Rapha. The sky had grown dark and the clock tower up above

told him quite a long time had passed.

"It sounds like you had a tough time of it. How are you feeling? I did a quick examination and didn't see any real problem, but does anything hurt or do you feel sick?"

"Eh? Eh? I feel great, actually."

"I see. Lucia-kun left when we showed up, but make sure to thank him tomorrow. You would have been in trouble without him."

"Really? Um..."

"Same for Ange. I already had her go home, but thank her when you get back. Of course, she was only doing her job, but still. Also..."

After waiting for the boy to calm down, Micha looked over to the school building.

"You need to thank her too, of course."

The half-destroyed building was being restored with unbelievable speed. He saw a golden circle floating in the center, so Machina seemed to be fixing it.

He had no memories of anything after being stabbed, but...

(Did they all save me? ...All three of them worked together for me?)

He let out a sigh of both relief and happiness.

Rapha had been watching, but...

"I will be leaving now since I have work to do."

He gave an unreadable smile as usual and left.

"Now, then. Everyone who might get in the way has left."

Micha seemed to have been waiting for this. She got up, grabbed Mutsuki's hand, and pulled him to his feet.

His legs were a little unsteady, but he still felt in great shape. The hole in his stomach was gone, but he could only assume he had been given some powerful nutrients when it was closed up.

Micha laughed.

"The last remaining job is for you."

The classroom had been fully repaired and Mutsuki faced the person who had tried to kill him in the exact same location as that attempt on

his life.

"Kgh...ghh...gh...ghh..."

Katsue-sensei, aka Black Cat, was still writhing on the floor after being defeated by Ange.

She had been thoroughly beaten and Mutsuki grimaced when he saw the machines growing from her skull.

They had looked like cat ears from a distance, but they were quite grotesque from close up.

They also worried him. The mechanical ears were still making noise and doing something. Each time, the woman's body would twitch and jerk around. She was suffering.

"The Y Device is the perfect attack circuit, so it does not have the concept of 'losing' built in. It is still trying to remake her body."

"So she can't move, but her brain is still filled with the tension and excitement of battle? Talk about a living hell."

"Her body will not last much longer like this. I know this is selfish, but..."

After finishing her work, Machina spoke in a calm but clear voice.

“Fujita-kun, I have a request.”

Adolescent Adam 3: Chapter 7 - Lonely Crying Kitten

Schwarze Katze was born three days before the fall of the Berlin Wall.

She was the product of research meant to create the ultimate soldier, yet she had been born just as the country escaped conflict. Exhausted from the many human experiments, the researchers of the Schwarze Laboratory welcomed their very first success with a complex mixture of feelings.

She had several dozen times the nerves and muscle density of a normal person.

She biologically qualified as human, but she was clearly inhuman. She ended up living a life worthy of her origins.

Afraid of being questioned on ethical grounds, the Schwarze Laboratory had shut down before she reached the age of one. With nowhere to go, she had been left with the military where she had been a target of research until the age of five.

The research had been officially known as "an investigation the habits of cats" and very few people had known she even existed.

The military had taught her morals, but they also never gave her a normal life no matter how old she grew. The mix of conscience and calculation surrounding her then may very well have formed the basis for her current personality.

By the time she was seven, she had become a superhuman who would do anything she was told and do it perfectly. She acted as a bodyguard, a spy, and an assassin. No one was more suited for carrying out the jobs the military and police did not want reaching the public eye.

It was much later than a normal person, but at past nine, a sense of self began to grow within her and she gradually became less useful of a tool.

On a bodyguard job, she would make a bloodbath out of a thug who got too close. When infiltrating a drug ring, she would torture the buyers for information and send every last one of the dealers to the police. When given an assassination job, she would slaughter everyone, not just her target.

She had been taught morals, but she had likely begun to interpret them in her own way. She had settled on living the life of a black cat.

For a just cause, anything was permissible.

She interpreted her powerful conscience through a lens of cold calculation. She had become a girl made of steel.

That excessive sense of justice was not what those using her wanted. She was dismissed from that secret work, so she joined the military as a normal person named Schwarze Katze.

At the time, she was only ten. A full decade after her birth, she was finally allowed some semblance of a human life.

Every day in the military had been fun.

She had spent her days training to protect her country. She had gotten along with her comrades, sometimes competed with them, sometimes played with them, and generally lived a fulfilling life. It was her first time experiencing normal happiness.

But she was a born warrior. She had eventually grown sick of only training and had found life with her comrades dull.

That was when a man calling himself Doctor Strangelove had appeared to her. He had once been the Board Chairman of the Schwarze Laboratory.

Later, that man had introduced her to someone known as Miss A.

"A world-changing incident will eventually occur. When that time comes, use your power to help."

Miss A's uncommon presence had told her animalistic instincts not to defy her. The cat instinctually detected an even greater master. She had naturally nodded.

Thus, Schwarze joined FeTUS at the age of fifteen. Afterwards, she had enjoyed simulated battles with Springloaded, remade her body each time a new combat tool was made, and had waited for the inevitable world-changing incident.

Once that time came, she had moved to Japan, hidden her identity, and infiltrated Megutono Academy as a teacher, but she had been told to wait once more.

She had only monitored the Serpent's Eye boy. That was all.

No, waiting alone would have been fine. She had enough self-restraint for that.

But even as the angels and demons approached him, Miss A had not allowed her to do anything more than watch. She was only ever told to wait until he made a move himself.

It seemed strange to her. If all one did was calmly investigate, they would never be given a dealer's list of customers. If one did not force it out of them – sometimes by torture – they would never be able to destroy the entire drug ring. She had understood that since she was nine years old.

So she had taken action.

She could not defy her superior officer, but she had been given some small permission. She would capture Fujita Mutsuki and do what she had to. She did not care what happened to him in the process. She did not even care what happened to herself.

Even if the Y Device fully consumed her body, she would have no regrets.

It was, though, unfortunate that she had lost to Jiyuuni Ange, that girl who had the same scent as her.

She had acted on her conscience.

At the very least, she knew she had done the right thing.

"Ugh...?"

She remembered something else.

She recalled the most enjoyable and most embarrassing memory in her life. She had been thirteen at the time.

She had woken up in the night feeling like this. The barracks were cold at night and she had not wanted to leave the blanket, so she had forced told herself to go back to sleep.

Black Cat had very few experiences while young, so she had not gained a habit of waking up when she had to pee.

She had wet the bed and all of her comrades had laughed at her.

She had of course gained that habit by this point in her life. When she felt like this while asleep, she knew she had to get up and relieve herself.

(I need to...get to the bathroom.)

The area below her navel tickled, so she tried to get up.

"Ah?"

She found she could not move.

Was that due to the Y Device? Even lifting her eyelids was difficult, but she somehow managed to open her eyes and looked around.

She seemed to be in the classroom. She saw the familiar blackboard. The chalk tray was at eye level and everything was upside-down. She realized she was lying face-up on the teacher's desk.

She wondered what was going on.

"Oh, you're up. Her personality really could be restored."

"The Y Device only erodes the target's thoughts. It does not destroy their mind. Raising the target's vitality as a living creature will reduce the erosion effect."

She could see someone on either side of her. She looked over and saw one of them was Miss E, Ibekusa Machina. And the other..

"An angel!? ...Gwah."

It was Jiyuuni Ange's partner named Micha. Black Cat frantically tried to get up because this was an enemy, but then she realized why she could not move: Her arms and legs were tied to the desk's legs.

She looked to Miss E for an explanation.

"Currently, I am performing a physical salvage of your mind after the Y Device's infection," said Machina quietly. "The work is going well and we should be able to remove those before long."

Machina touched Black Cat's hair where the devices shaped like cat ears still grew from her head.

But they were no longer producing any noise and had stopped running.

Removing that ultimate circuit after its parasitism had progressed so far should have taken several days even at FeTUS headquarters. How had she stopped it in such a short time? Black Cat's eyes widened.

"The Serpent's Eye is incredibly powerful," said Micha. "Especially for women."

"The Serpent's Eye...? ...Wah!"

"It's going to violate you far deeper than that machine."

A disturbingly strange sensation traced across her crotch. It made her bladder tense, so she let out a cry and looked down to the base of her spread and bound legs.

She saw a familiar face there.

"Fujita! You..."

"I-I'm sorry, sensei."

Mutsuki awkwardly tried to escape her field of vision. She was still dressed but her panties had been removed, so she trembled in embarrassment.

Micha watched the two of them with a teasing look on her face.

"Keep going, Mutsuki-kun. She might be mad, but it's for her own good."

"...Okay."

"Stop! Wh-what are you-...? Nnah...you...ah, ahhh..."

The boy pressed his lips against the fully-exposed layers of flesh and thoroughly stirred up the contents.

Even if she was a few years too young to call herself a teacher, she had

the scent of a fully-mature adult. Her vagina created a deep contrast with her pure white thighs. It had few folds, so the hole deeper inside and the largely swollen clitoris were both easily visible.

The thick hidden hair that seemed at odds with her youthful face stimulated the young boy's animalistic side, so he used his tongue awfully persistently.

"Heh heh. We don't plan to take your life. This way, FeTUS will owe us one. And once you experience Mutsuki-kun's power, you'll never be able to put him in danger again. It's two birds with one stone."

"Wh-what are you...?"

"We're going to do exactly what I'm sure you're imagining. Oh, you get the sexiest look on your face when you're horny."

"Shut up, you-...ahhhh."

Black Cat had the milky white skin of Northern Europe, but it grew flushed and pink as she writhed on the desk.

"His tongue is pretty amazing, isn't it? I taught him how to do that. He's my loyal pup Mutsu-chan."

Micha's proud comment elicited a displeased twitch of the eyebrows from...Machina rather than Schwarze.

"He's the best at sniffing out your weak points. He's great at this, he's realllly thorough, and lately even I almost cum the second I let my guard own."

"Kh...khh..."

"You look pretty sensitive. You'll be hooked by the time the night's over."

"Shut your-...khhhhhhh."

She clenched her teeth, but she could not hold back her voice.

Micha was exactly right. The boy had been licking her since before she came to, so her crevice had grown extremely sensitive. The tongue thoroughly crawling across it filled her with a shockingly strange feeling.

The tongue would crawl across her inner thighs and then kiss the base of the thighs once her arousal was worked up.

He bit softly at the mound of flesh that had loosened into a diamond shape. When he stuck his tongue inside her crevice, he would stretch it out, move it in circles, and scoop up the folds inside.

She had experienced sexual intercourse a few times in the military and she had even received cunnilingus.

But she reluctantly had to admit she had never before experienced such skill. When the occasional kiss reached her swollen clitoris, her hips

would hop up from the desk. She shamelessly spread her legs and offered her most embarrassing place to him.

(Wh-what is this...? Curse you. Ahhh, h-how long is his tongue?)

This boy had shamed her once before, but that was because she had tested his power for fun.

That power was not in effect now, so she should not have been affected by the Serpent's Eye.

Black Cat bit her lip like mad and her excessive saliva caught in her throat.

"Heh heh heh♡ How's the pussy's pussy taste, Mutsuki-kun?"

"Well, um, it seems a little different. Maybe because she's white. I'm not sure how to describe it..."

Mutsuki pulled his tongue from the loosened layers of flesh and began kissing around the outside.

He kissed at her thighs, the boundary of her vagina, and her small tightened urethra. He rubbed his saliva between her butt cheeks and everywhere else that tended to get sweaty.

"So this is my teacher's smell."

"Nn... Kh...hyaaaah!"

Black Cat could not hold back her voice and she sensitively twisted her bound body around. The legs of the desk creaked like they were going to break.

But after grasping her situation, she clenched her teeth and...

(Hmph. Fine then.)

She forced the trembling to stop and calmed the slight convulsions running through her body.

She glared at Micha with the vertical pupils of her eyes.

"Do as you wish," she said in a low growl. "But don't think you can break me just by raping me."

That steel woman was a born warrior and she had been prepared to place herself on the battlefield since the age of ten. If she lost, she could not complain if she was violated. She was prepared for whatever might happen, including her own death.

Micha's eyes widened at this woman's resolute willingness to destroy herself, both here and in not hesitating to use the Y Device on herself.

But then the angel's sadistic smile deepened.

"Okay, Mutsuki-kun. You can give her the finishing blow now."

She cut the bonds on Black Cat's arms and legs and then flipped her over.

The very fact that Schwarze had been unable to break those vinyl ropes taken from the school was proof that she was still badly injured. She could not escape even without the bonds.

Her feet were lowered to the floor and her body was turned over, so she was leaning face-down onto the desk.

"Kh..."

The bottom of her gut trembled from a woman's instinctual fear of being raped.

But she suppressed that fear. She was prepared to be raped if she lost and she was not childish enough to fear a fucking or two.

"...!"

She stuck her hips out herself, as if to tell him to get started.

Her skirt was caught on her hips, so the boy would have been able to see everything from his position behind her. It was embarrassing, but she squeezed her eyes shut to bear with it.

Her action seemed to have overwhelmed Mutsuki instead.

Earlier this very day, he had seen this woman as his homeroom teacher and now he had a view of even her asshole and was about to fuck her. Even if she was not resisting, he still thought this sort of thing had to be done with both parties' consent, so he was having difficulty getting in the mood.

Micha noticed, so she walked over and opened the front of his pants.

"Do it. It's to save her, remember?"

"...Yes."

She knew what to say given his personality, so he pulled out his half-erect item, gathered his resolve, and grabbed Black Cat's hips.

Her legs were longer, so he had to stretch up to get his erection in position. He started to move his hips forward...but stopped and leaned forward. He brought his mouth to her ear.

"I'm sorry, sensei. Um..."

He stuck his fingers into the shapely mounds.

"You can scold me after we get those ears off of you."

He was not yet fully erect, but he forced it into her fleshy opening.

“Kh...ah!”

Because it was still a little soft, it felt all the more indecent as it invaded the tightly closed flesh.

Black Cat gasped and arched her back. Her tail-like braid bounced behind her.

She had experienced this back in the military. She was not a virgin, but it had been years since she had last slept with someone. Her slit had forgotten what it was like to be parted, so her eyes widened behind her glasses.

Mutsuki deepened their union regardless, and...

“Wah... Ahh, it’s really bumpy...inside you, sensei.”

As far as he remembered, this was his third vagina, but it was unimaginably aggressive. His modest erection was rapidly transformed into a formidable weapon.

Her vagina was flat, with few folds, but each pointy bump covered a wide area. However, the flesh itself melted like cream, so it did not hurt and in fact molded itself to perfectly match the shape of his penis.

When she noticed the boy’s arousal, Micha whispered in his ear.

"How does it feel to fuck your teacher in the classroom♡?"

"Oh..."

Because she had changed her appearance with makeup, he had not been thinking much about the fact that Black Cat was Katsue-sensei.

The weak-willed student was overcome by intense guilt, but that guilt brought a sense of immorality that increased the pleasure from their union. A powerful tingling ran through his hips and his erection grew.

"Don't hold back. You like your teacher, don't you? Then you need to pleasure her as much as you can."

"Uuh..."

The boy gulped as a wicked laugh reached his ears.

He did like Katsue-sensei. He had of course never imagined being in this sort of relationship with her, but...

(Th-that's...too much...inside me... Ow... D-dammit.)

As their union was slowly, slowly deepened, Schwarze squeezed the edge of the desk to bear with it.

She had seen Fujita Mutsuki's penis before and it had not been cruelly large, but his erection had a youthful vigor to it and the head had a habit of swelling out quite thickly.

The umbrella-shape was reminiscent of a bullet, so it sank in easily yet was hard to pull out. It almost seemed made to penetrate deep into the female body and stay there.

(I won't lose. Of course I won't. I can put up with this.)

She had not had sex in a long while and her first taste of rape was far more agonizing than she had imagined, but Schwarze kept her pride intact by not screaming.

She tensed her unmoving legs and waited for the invasive storm to pass.

To her, Fujita Mutsuki was the target of her observation, not a student. That weakened the sense of immorality inside her to a bearable level. She panicked a little, but mostly maintained her calm despite the sizable penis inside her.

(He's...only a child. He'll cum after a few thrusts. This won't affect me.)

She closed up her mind to separate it from her body. She only had to wait for the storm to pass.

But...

"Sensei."

The boy bent his upper body while breathing heavily.

(...? What? ...!)

She panicked as a sensation reached her in a truly unexpected place.

"Nn... This really is your smell, sensei. ...It smells good."

He had pressed his nose to her glossy black hair that had the cat-like ears growing from it.

His breaths reached her ear, so a trembling chill ran down her spine.

The makeup had changed her looks considerably, but the adult smell much like hot milk was definitely the homeroom teacher he had taken classes from since spring. After awakening to the immorality of doing it with his teacher, he was truly indulging in it.

His face melted as he grabbed at her body.

"Eh...? Nnn!? Nn...hh...!"

Her skintight suit had melted a little in the battle, so it was now thin enough to perfectly see the shape of her nipples. He grabbed at her bust

through it.

He continued thrusting his hips toward the flesh pot full of bumps and elasticity. That obscene pace and the sudden caress left Black Cat in a state of confusion.

"Sensei...I'm guessing you don't want this. But..."

He would only meet a handful of homeroom teachers in his life and treating one like a woman filled him with a different arousal than with Micha, his first, or Machina, his crush.

He was still a little reluctant to violate "Katsue-sensei", but he grew gradually bolder thanks to the pleasure of their fleshy union and thanks to the excuse that she would be in danger otherwise. He squeezed her bouncing breasts and sent his shaft inside her.

"I'll make sure you feel really good."

"Ahhhhh!"

The rough ridges of her internal flesh were caught and flattened by the swollen head of his penis. The sensation brought out the scream Schwarze had been holding in.

(I-it's so deep... Kh, khhh... B-but more than that...)

The object rampaging inside her body was far fiercer than she would

have expected of that boy. Her slender body hopped up as if from a jolt of electricity.

But all of this had been relatively kind. She could still bear with it.

"You're still stiff... Please relax. Don't tense up like that."

With an intoxicated look in his eyes, the boy slowly moved his hips back and forth to loosen up her tight insides. He also sent his hands across every part of her body.

They moved from her skinny waist to her navel, shoulders, and armpits. Her slim build made her breasts stand out even more and he rubbed them with a focus on the nipples visible through the thin material.

All the while, his heavy breathing tickled her scalp, earlobes, and neck that all gave off an adult aroma.

(Wh-what is this? What is he...ah...)

Even as the center of her body tightened, his gentle caress loosened up her tensed muscles. She was confused and unable to figure out why he was doing this.

She failed to notice how her breathing had started to match the rhythm of the boy's.

"It's begun♡"

Micha narrowed her damp eyes and Machina rubbed her thighs together.

(What is this...? M-my body is so hot. It feels like it's going to melt...)

Her mind was being invaded by a horribly pleasant intoxication very different from the Y Device's control. The steel woman grew puzzled as a strange itching sensation filled her lower stomach.

The pulse of friction had grown incredibly sticky. As the massage reached her hands, upper arms, and thighs, her tensed inner flesh was loosening up.

(O-oh, no... My vagina is loosening on its own... Ahhh, my entire body is relaxing.)

She suddenly realized her hidden hole had plentiful lubrication and the penis was sliding much more easily in and out. It frustrated her how strength left her body with each thrust of the thick, curved rod.

"Fujita...Fujita, wait. Wa-...ah, ahhhn. Nhaaan."

She was overcome with a fear that the inside of her body was being remade, but when she opened her mouth, she could not believe how sweet her voice had become.

The feline eyes behind her glasses widened in surprise.

"Heh heh. You can tell, can't you? If Mutsuki-kun makes love to you even once, you'll never be able to attack him again."

Micha saw through Black Cat's concern and peered at the woman's face.

"He tries from the bottom of his heart to pleasure his partner. The deepest layer of your mind will be dyed in his colors."

"Ah...ahhhh."

"You might have been better off just being raped."

Black Cat recalled two weeks before when she had toyed with Jiyuuni Ange.

The guardian angel had endured her torture, but she had lost all pride as a warrior once that boy went on the offensive.

Black Cat finally realized that she was currently in the same state.

This was nothing as kind as torturing the loser.

"Nn... You're sucking at me now, sensei. It's starting to feel good, isn't it?"

Mutsuki embraced her slender back and started wearing her down with more serious thrusts of his hips.

He reached her deepest depths and massaged her stiff and elastic cervix. The shallower layers of flesh squeezed in response, but that only provided him with a trembling massage that was nearly a vibration.

"Ah, ah, st-stop... That's...nnn."

Pleasure reverberated through the core of her body. She could not help but extend her legs from the toes to the thighs. She was pushing her nectar hole toward him.

"You like it here, don't you? You enjoy that while I find some other spots."

He attacked kindly deep inside and carefully at the entrance for two points of attack at once. He provided a rhythm of sexual pleasure that none of her previous partners had noticed and that she herself had not known of. Then he blew onto her earlobe.

"Nyahan♡"

He never let up on rubbing at her nectary flesh while transforming even her ear into an erogenous zone. She could not hold in her sweet voice and she closed her eyes in embarrassment.

But she could not stop her body now that it knew of this pleasure. The boy grabbed her breasts again and harshly shook up her carnal side.

"Ahhnn, ahn, no, stop, Fujita, that's enou...nyaaaaaaaah! Nooo!"

She could not hold back her embarrassing voice as he fondled her bust. Her spine wiggled back and forth with that male stake still growing from the center of her ass.

(Wh-why am I...ahh, nhahhn, whyyyy?)

She repeatedly shook her head in frustration and embarrassment. Her long braid whipped sharply behind her.

(I...can't believe this. Is this...really sex? I've never felt anything like this. It's like, ah, he's fucking my mind too...)

If it was only pain and pleasure, she might have been able to seal off her heart and cut herself off from it.

But this boy was giving her something else. The strange pleasant sensation seemed to easily soak through the seal on her heart. She did not know how to defend against it.

If not for her rational mind, she would have given into it almost immediately. And even with her rational mind, she could only put up a vain resistance as her body and mind were made into his slave.

"Ahhn, hneee. N-no. Ah, ah, that's...too good."

He controlled the pace of her lower body and her breathing matched his. Her vaginal flesh was even more obedient. She was filled with a hot sensation of oneness as the bumps inside dug into his erection.

At the very least, none of her previous sexual experiences had ended up like this. The pleasure seemed to reach her heart as well as her body. Her feelings seemed full of openings. That was how powerfully and deeply the pleasure filled her.

"Nyah♡ Nyah♡"

She could no longer fight it. She began pushing her hips out to meet him.

This was the behavior of a female cat in heat. It was the proof that she had given even her heart to the male currently penetrating her.

"Ha ha. What a lewd ass. Are you about to cum?"

Mutsuki knew her ear was sensitive, so he whispered to her while licking along the small hole.

"U-uuh..."

Black Cat looked accusatorily back at him over her shoulder.

The corners of her eyes angled upwards in agony at first, but as her vaginal layers were shaken up from the entrance to the deepest depths, she nodded as if hypnotized.

Mutsuki smiled in satisfaction and began an even more serious rhythm.

"Nn...ah! Ahh, fnyaaah. S-so rough...♡"

The precise and gentle movements of his hips suddenly grew much more intense. Sensing masculinity in those movements, her moans rose in tone.

Mutsuki continued thrusting his hips with his erection swollen to the limit. When he saw it entering below the valley of her white butt, the smile on his face grew wilder than anyone would have expected of him.

He seemed to understand the supposedly cold woman's body better than she did. He sent his hips forward and pulled them back with the head catching at the many folds.

"Ha ha. You're really squeezing on me in there. It's okay, sensei. You can cum whenever you want. And as often as you want."

"N-no... Ahh, you're kidding... I'm being raped...I'm being raped, but... nyaah."

Despite how rough he was being, her internal flesh clung to his penis with surprising obedience.

Only Schwarze's pride and willpower held back the sexual particles preparing to explode inside her.

"You can really put up a fight."

Micha gave a scornful bitter smile as she watched and Machina's eyes widened in admiration.

Their reactions were different, but their opinions were the same: her efforts were futile.

"Don't hold back, sensei," whispered Mustuki while massaging the deepest part of her body. "Do you hate me?"

"Eh?"

"Because I love you, sensei."

"...!"

It was not so thoroughly stirring up her nectary flesh or digging into her womb's entrance that did it. It was those words that melted her pride as a born warrior.

It remade her heart like magic. Serving and enslaving herself to this male who would love her became more important than her pride or any mission.

Her bumpy layers of flesh squeezed tight and sucked in at his item.

"Nnah... Ah, ahn, ahhhhn, no, no..."

"It's fine. Cum again and again."

"Hic...U-unyaaaaaahhhhhhhh♡"

Schwarze squeezed her eyes shut as a film of tears appeared on them. Countless white flashes ran through the underside of her eyelids.

She had sexual experience and she had experienced orgasm before, but as if this was her first time, she was filled with confusion and hesitation as she gave herself over to the torrent of pleasure.

She had never felt such a great surge before. Her cheeks naturally loosened.

For the first time in her life, she smiled from something other than combat.

"I'm cumming...I'm cumming... I'm cumming cumming cumming cumming cumming cumming!"

Her cry of pleasure was as shrill as an alarm.

Light scorched her mind as her body tensed and bounced up and down on the desk. The intensity of her movements tore her dress in places and her white flesh bulged out from below.

"Kah hah...nyah hee...ha...♡"

When the wave finally receded, her slender body rested limply on the desk while on the verge of passing out.

The cat ears growing from her head stood cutely erect.

That seemed to indicate the intensity of her arousal, but it also seemed to indicate the ears were desperately clinging to their host.

They had sensed that she had submitted to something far greater than a mere machine.

Over an hour had passed since their carnal relations had begun.

The classroom's windows were closed, so it had filled with enough sexuality that they could smell it. The temperature was probably a few degrees higher than the hallway.

When Micha noticed sweat on her back, she smiled bitterly. Machina was rubbing her thighs together with her knees knocking against each other.

(Th-this...isn't sex. This can't be sex.)

Black Cat had been taken to climax three times from behind and once from the front and she was now sitting on his cross-legged lap.

Her mind was hazy as she wrapped her arms around his neck and pressed up against him like they were lovers.

"Eh heh heh. This feels wonderfully ticklish, doesn't it?"

To extend the time until he came, he had pulled out a few times to simply caress her for a bit, but not even that explained his lack of exhaustion after about an hour.

"Uuh...ahhhhn♡"

"Good."

Mutsuki's interest was drawn to the upside-down triangle of soft hair that spiraled so passionately.

Machina's had barely grown in and Micha's was not all that thick, so he was fixated on that dark coloration that seemed to stir up a male's arousal.

His own had yet to fully grow in and he moved his hips to rub up against that soft hair. Doing so also rubbed up against his teacher's floral

lips from a variety of angles, driving her to her limit.

Their intercourse was hot enough to melt steel, so her consciousness was about to leave her and she was completely at his mercy. With each thrust a wave seemed to run through her sweaty and flushed milk-colored skin.

(I...can't take any more of this. Wh-why? It's just sex...)

She could barely think straight from the obscene pleasure, so she could only weakly wrinkle her brow.

The sex she had known was more animalistic and instinctual. In the military, she had learned to masturbate to suppress her urge to fight. When the desire to go on a rampage had grown too great, she had slept with members of the opposite sex and sometimes the same sex to experience a thrill and some pleasure.

But what she was experiencing now was entirely different.

"Ha ha. You really react when I poke you here. It feels great the way you rub your tits against me."

"Fnyah? ...Ah, shut up."

"I mean, they're so big for such a slender body, sensei. And when I thrust into you, you press them against me."

Mutsuki seemed to have gotten used to their intercourse and he embraced her with a grin on his face.

The woman on the receiving end pouted her lips but did not brush off his arms. The cat ears looked troubled as they twitched on her head.

Black Cat was taller and she was sitting on his lap, so his face came up to her collarbones. He only needed to lower his head a little to reach her ample cleavage.

The fabric of her dress had grown weak, so more tears appeared with every motion she made. After writhing for an hour, the white of her skin covered more area than the original dress.

After his thorough fondling, over eighty percent of her breasts had spilled out.

"It looks like your nipples are a little big too. Nnn~~♪"

"They are not big...nnah. Stop that. Don't suck on-...hh, nhh♡ Don't suck my nyipples..."

It may have been an illusion caused by her pure white skin, but her areolae and the plump, suckable protrusion in the center both seemed somewhat large. He took one into his mouth and rolled it around with his tongue.

The corners of Schwarze's eyes rose in anger, but her body went limp as he pressed against the sensitive protrusion as if to push it inside. And

more importantly...

(He's so cute♡)

All negative feelings left her when she saw Fujita Mutsuki sucking so happily at it.

She arched her back at the sweet stimulation from the tip of her bust. That pushed her breasts forward, nearly drowning the boy in them.

The corners of his eyes lowered when he felt the unique springiness of a white woman on his face.

(Fujita...looks so happy. Then I should do this some more.)

The look on his face filled her with an unknown throbbing and she strengthened the hands behind his head. She also rubbed her chest against the face buried in her cleavage. And...

"...Pwah. Ah ha ha."

(~~♡)

When she saw the boy's happy look, a bittersweet sense of satisfaction squeezed at her heart.

His penis curved back and applied pressure to the internal flesh that

was sucking at him as if the consecutive orgasms had fused them together. He provided a sticky massage for each and every one of the bumps complexly rubbing against him.

"Hi-h-hiinnnnhnn♡ N-not so...sudden..."

"That's what you get for making a surprise attack like that, sensei."

"Nnn♡ Kyahhh♡ B-but you know...I'm sensitive...there."

"That's why I'm attacking there."

He seemed to know the exact structure of her vagina now, so he kept twisting his hips to press the head of his penis against the most sensitive places.

However, Black Cat was even more bothered by his complete lack of rushing things.

"Ahhn, hey, don't tickle me... Hnyah, nyahhhh."

He stopped his hips and brought his fingers to her body instead. The lines of her hips were easy targets with them so close together, so he rubbed up and down there.

He had not let up on his caress for the entire hour. He had fondled her breasts so much she had a feeling they would grow a size from today alone and they had grown too red to even see their original white. He

had started touching her anus at some point and it had been widened enough to easily take in a finger. When he pulled out his finger, it would longingly spit out some anal juices.

The cat ears twitched on her head as if panicked.

"You're tightening down deep inside. You're about to cum, aren't you? ... Okay."

Deep inside her, his penis was wrapped in what felt like agar with tapioca inside.

This was the fifth time, so the boy knew this was the sign of her approaching orgasm. Used to this by now, he strengthened his piston.

He moved his hips in a circular motion to thrust at all of the ridges inside.

He stopped his hips just before reaching the deepest point, waited for the moment the flesh swelled out as if in protest, and then pushed in with enough pressure to crush her cervix.

"H-heeeeeee! No...not that..."

It was like dealing with a child. In her great pleasure, Schwarze had forgotten her identity as a soldier and let drool carelessly drip from her mouth.

"I'm cumming...I'm cumming again... Ah, ah, I'm cumming from Fujita's...Fujita's thick cock!"

She expressed her ecstasy by his ear, all of her muscles tensed up, and she writhed in convulsions.

(My body...is as horny as it can get... I'll do whatever Fujita wants.)

Sparks flew through her head from the intense pleasure, but a thought passed through one corner of her mind.

(Is this what he wanted?)

He had raped her and made her body his slave. Had Jiyuuni Micha instructed the boy to violate her because she had known that would happen?

(No. That wasn't it. That wasn't why he did this.)

Even if her mind was barely working, she easily found the answer to that question.

She had assumed at first he was soaking her in pleasure to drive her into a state of confusion, but now she realized what that crafty angel was really after and just how frightening Fujita Mutsuki truly was.

"Hmm, they still won't come off."

Mutsuki frowned worriedly as he embraced her in the throes of her fifth climax.

They had stopped moving, but the cat ear devices still grew from within her hair.

"..."

She could plainly sense that he was worried for her.

Their eyes met and she averted her gaze, something she would never have done in the wild.

(Th-this is what Jiyuuni Micha was after.)

She was implanting Black Cat with the emotion that made humans weaker than any other. The point was not to force her to obey through wild pleasure.

It was to rule her heart through love.

But it was too late to realize that now.

"Sensei, can I kiss you?"

Mutsuki brought his face in close.

A seductive tingling stroked her chest. Her cheeks, neck, and earlobes were coated with his saliva by this point, but she realized he had yet to do it on her lips.

She could not let him do this. Warning bells went off in her mind, telling her to shake her head.

But Schwarze actually bent her head back.

(Kh...)

A shock that seemed to open up each and every pore spread from her mouth to her entire body.

The stinging layers of flesh sucked tightly at the boy's body part penetrating them. Only once she felt that reaction did Black Cat realize she had climaxed.

She had skipped straight past the stairway of pleasure and ecstasy dyed her mind white. After reaching her climax, the carnality building up inside her seemed to boil down and her sexy body trembled uncontrollably.

But it was not just her body. She felt like her heart had cum as well. This steel woman had been born into an emotionless life, so this was a first for her.

"Huh? Um, s-sensei?"

Mutsuki panicked when he felt something pressing against the base of his penis. He looked down and saw golden urine bursting from the depths of the thick hair crushed between their crotches.

"Ha ha...ha ha ha. F-Fuji...Fujitaaa♡"

Schwarze's cheeks flushed from the shame and release of wetting herself and light laughter spilled from her lips.

It was a defenseless laugh, almost like a newborn baby's.

"That...that's enough. I...I lose..."

"Eh?"

"You've made me...love you. You've made me love you so much♡"

She sucked at his mouth like a kitten nestling up against its mother.

She felt on the verge of passing out from the muddy light in her mind, so all she could perceive was that boy. The two of them were the only things in her world. Love was all that remained for this woman.

Mutsuki was a little confused with her urine covering his legs, but...

"Y-yes. I love you too, sensei."

"~~ Ha ha♡"

That short phrase elicited an emotional enough moan that she scattered drool around her.

The orgasm of her heart would not end. The mere fact that their bodies were joined together seemed to provide enough joyous pleasure to melt her mind.

She stuck her tongue between his lips and the boy accepted it with a nasal breath.

"..."

The atmosphere was clearly changing. The two of them embraced with the coordination of lovers who had been together for years. For once, Machina looked displeased as she watched from the side.

Mutsuki and Schwarze did not notice. They were licking at each other's tongues and entwining them to the base, so they did not have time to move away from each other's lips. They could only see their partner's face and their own face reflected in their partner's eyes.

"The look on your face is so sexy, sensei."

"I-is...it?"

"You look like a kitty cat that's gotten into some catnip. ...Nn."

The terms "unemotional" and "steel woman" no longer applied. Black Cat's face had loosened up to an obscene extent and the sight sped up the boy's nasal breathing.

"Pwah, puhah. Your tongue is so wonderfully rough, sensei."

"Nph, khh, nphh♡ Fu-Fujita...lick me even more...♡"

He stuck out his tongue and his teacher pecked and sucked at it without saying a word more.

Her tongue was just as bumpy as her vagina, so it was very rough. Rubbing their tongues together gave him an exquisite sensation of friction that seemed to melt his head from the tongue to the brain.

It was a chilly sort of pleasure like having the hole of his ear widened and his shaft gave a roar in response.

"Uuuuuuuuhhh!"

The nectary flesh he had been working at this whole time was sucking at him all the harder.

Black Cat let out a cry as the manly penis swelled even further and forcibly widened the folds of flesh wrapped around it. She arched her back in surprise.

"Kaaaaanyaaaaaaaaahhh♡ It's so biiiiig. You're...you're filling me uuuuuuup! No, that's...that's too much♡ I-it feels...feels so goooooood! Ahhh♡ Ahhh♡"

Her internal flesh had softened up quite a bit and accepted the wild intruder that bent every which way, but Schwarze herself could not last much longer.

Just as she felt the layers of flesh being pushed up toward her womb, the thick head would plow through them and stir her up in every direction imaginable.

"Hee, nhhhh, nyaha♡ Ha ha. You're rubbing me...rubbing me so much inside♡"

They were reaching the hour and a half mark soon. Her sexual flesh seemed to be burning from the long union and he began even more intense strokes.

He dove deep inside, made screw-like motion at the cervix, pulled out, slowly polished the entrance with the head, and then thrust deep inside once more.

"Hneeeee. Yes, there, there, there. That's too good. Hnyaaahh♡ No, no. I can't stop cumming. I can't stoooooooooop♡"

These hip movements had brought her to climax several times already. The obscene pleasure had already been burned deep into her psyche, so

she could not stop the deluge of pleasure from swallowing her up.

The ferociously swollen head rubbed up against the sensitive folds located directly below her urethra.

A rhythmic and obscenely wet sound came from her lower stomach as the pleasure climbed an unending stairway.

Amid the never-ending waves of orgasm, Black Cat shook her head. Her breasts softly shook with a one-tempo delay and her braid swayed a little after that.

(Noooo. Fujita...no fair. It's always me.)

"Wah..."

Schwarze leaned forward and placed her hands and knees on the floor with him still inside her.

She was now on top, so she could move as she wished.

The artistic curves of her hips began bouncing greedily up and down. Each movement was intense enough for her skirt to flutter up and reveal her white butt.

"Nyaha♡ Nyahaaa♡ I love this♡ I love how it rubs deep insiiide♡"

She had been more of a shy cat before, but now that she was enjoying sex with the boy, her true wildness was unleashed. Her braid whipped bewitchingly behind her and she rubbed her folds of flesh along the stake standing skyward.

"Wah, waahhhh. Sensei, sensei. Wait, not so sudden!"

This situation gave more trouble for Mutsuki. He could go on the offensive thanks to the techniques Micha had taught him, but being on the receiving end fit better with his personality.

The weighty breasts that stood out on her slender frame bounced boldly. Since she was leaning forward on top of him, their great volume slapped him on the cheeks.

"Ah, ahh... I can't...!"

His penis moved back and forth from the deepest part of her narrow and wet flesh tunnel. The area near the womb was so rough it felt like she had beads embedded inside and those bumps reached every part of his penis.

He could not hold back his ejaculation like this. The vaginal flesh squeezed at different levels each time and he wrapped his arms around the female body leaning down on him.

"Sensei...I'm going to cum. You're so sexual...that I'm going to cum."

"Nnah...♡"

Despite complaining, he began moving his own hips too. He had started this out of a sense of duty to remove the parasitic cat ear devices, but now he was focused on nothing more than planting his seed inside her body.

Stirring up her milky flesh produced a scent much like vanilla essence and he savored that aroma of an adult woman. He buried his face in her cleavage to bring their bodies even closer and they both shook their bodies.

"Nhan♡ Cum, Fujita. I-I want your cum. Fill me up."

"Sensei...sensei...ahhh."

The two were now animals with nothing on their minds but enjoying sex.

The woman was in charge of moving up and down while the boy was in charge of moving forward, back, left, and right while adding in twisting movements to dig into her soft nectar-filled passageway. Her butt slapped loudly against his thighs.

Her vagina and his erection had been rubbing together for a long time now and they were both fully engorged and throbbing. That nearly painful sensation only helped them enjoy this more in their wild state.

(Hyah...hyeh...♡ Th-this is it. This is true sex...)

Schwarze realized something as she felt enveloped by a bright light.

(This is what it means...to make love to someone...♡)

Her rational mind was melting away in the orgasm, but it gave one last effort to look down at the boy with his face in her chest.

She felt a squeezing in her heart when their eyes met.

The cat had instinctually found a better master. She had realized the boy in front of her was the greatest existence in the world.

They greedily brought their mouths together, stuck their tongues in each other's mouth, and stickily rubbed them together.

"Krrr... Hmhh, hhh! Hhh! Hhh!"

That was the last thing Black Cat felt.

Just like a cat in heat, she filled his mouth with a meaningless cry of pleasure and abandoned herself to the ecstasy that had been so close by all this time.

The erection rubbed in a spiraling pattern along every side of her burning vagina and finally arrived at the deepest part. She felt her womb being lifted up.

This climax was far greater than five times the previous ones.

And this time, it was only the beginning.

"Kah...ah. I'm sorry..."

He briefly seemed to hesitate before cumming inside her, but the way her soft and sticky vagina wriggled in climax overpowered him and pulled his trigger.

A thick and powerful surge was fired deep inside her as if to destroy her womb. It struck the donut-shaped cover, but it was powerful enough to force open the small gap in the center.

She could feel those clumps of extra-thick liquid bursting into the depths of her body.

(Hyaha... I-it's hitting me♡ There's so much it's soaking into my womb... Fujita's cum is marking my womb...♡)

The opposite sex was rubbing in the proof that she was his and that overjoyed Schwarze's feminine instincts. The intoxication was so great that her body formed a habit of orgasming and repeatedly climaxed over and over.

"Hyah...♡"

Her mind was still wandering through a sticky ocean of obscene pleasure, but her brain was at its limit. Everything switched off and she fell limply onto the boy.

Mutsuki caught her and gently rubbed her head.

The cat ears had long since stopped functioning and now they clattered to the floor.

"Wow, you really did fuck her brains out."

Micha slapped Black Cat's cheek to make sure she was unconscious despite the look of ecstasy on her face. Then she shrugged.

"Not a problem. My salvage work is complete."

Machina retrieved the cat ears that had fallen from the woman. They were now as motionless as a headband and there was no sign of injury where they had eaten into Schwarze's skull.

They had successfully saved her, so Mutsuki breathed a sigh of relief. He then realized his lower body was pathetically exposed, so he quickly pulled up his pants.

Micha laughed while rubbing Schwarze's cheek again.

The woman seemed to have risen to a truly deep climax. She would twitch in response to the touch, but she showed no sign of coming to. As an angel, Micha needed to see if this dangerous rampaging cat had calmed down, but that was impossible like this.

She looked Machina in the eye.

"..."

She grinned at the girl's almost conspicuously expressionless look.

She had likely tried to hide it, but Micha had seen through it. The girl had been wrinkling her brow in displeasure and fidgeting her hips while watching Mutsuki's lovemaking.

"Mutsuki-kun. This is an order: restrain this girl."

"What?"

"I still have business with FeTUS, so restrain her before she escapes."

"Eh? Eh? But..."

"Just. Do. It♪"

Mutsuki had no idea why he should do that, but she grabbed his hand and forced him to his feet. He panicked when his pants fell back down,

but Micha pushed him toward Machina regardless.

"S-sorry, Ibekusa-san."

He panicked further when he ran into the motionless girl. Micha winked at Machina and he saw her blush.

"...Oh."

Only then did he notice her damp eyes.

Mutsuki alone knew when she made that expression. While she normally tried to hide her feelings, she was easier to read than anyone else at times like this.

He scratched at his cheek.

"Can I...restrain you?"

"...I do not mind."

He wanted someplace to sit down and it felt wrong using someone else's desk, so he used his own.

His desk had been mysteriously replaced with a new one this morning

and Machina gave a complicated look when they sat at it, but he did not notice.

He was going to “restrain” her, but he grew awkward when he was reminded this was their classroom.

Then something unusual happened.

“...Nn.”

“Wah.”

The girl took the initiative and placed her lips on his.

The soft and smooth lips pressed against him along with her tongue. He was not yet mentally prepared, but she half-forcibly parted his lips.

Her mouth smelled almost like essence of white lilies and the unexpected rush of that scent into his lungs left him feeling dizzy.

His tongue had pulled back in surprise, but she sucked at it and wrapped her own seductively malleable muscle around it.

“Muhm... l-lhekuha-han?”

They had kissed a few times before, but never from her end and certainly not this forcefully. It was half pleasant and half confusing.

She made no attempt to pull back. He was the only one she had ever kissed and thus she was not used to this reverse pattern, but she did her best to lead. She almost seemed to be trying to take something back.

"Npkh...f-fwah..."

As their tongues stimulated each other and their saliva mixed together, the boy cast aside his confusion and grew more aggressive.

He slurped up her pure extract that was as sweet as flower nectar and that he never could get enough of.

The corners of Machina's eyes had been lifted as if she were focused on some kind of mission, but as he tickled at the sensitive underside of her tongue, her eyes softened.

"Ah...nh... Fujita-kun..."

This was different from the jaw-melting kiss from Schwarze's rough tongue, but it was enough to hear wet sounds of friction from within their mouths.

Their coordinated tongue movements led the girl to breathe a sigh of relief. Even that sigh carried a gentle aroma that tickled at the boy's nose.

"Nn..."

He squeezed her plump bust. Their lips were still locked, so he saw her narrow eyebrows bending right in front of his eyes.

Machina had stuck to kissing, but now that Mutsuki was in the mood, he was much more practical. He massaged the weighty sensation in his hand and brought his other hand to her butt over her skirt.

While her breasts were large to the point of being heavy, her butt was much tighter. He started simply by touching it as if brushing it off, but he soon squeezed at it as well.

"Ahn."

"Ha ha. I can feel the heat even from the bottom of your ass."

He brought his fingers down the valley and between her thighs. That area was noticeably wet even through the panties.

Machina ended the kiss to bite her lower lip. Her expression had not changed, but that was an obvious sign of embarrassment. However, she was oddly aggressive today.

'Yes... It's so hot.'

With those words, she undid the hook at her waist. She turned her blushing face aside in embarrassment as she lowered her skirt and leaned back on the desk.

Her lovely legs were tightly toned from the hips to her feet. The slender feet were accented by black socks and the elegant lines of a model wavered in the moonlight.

A fetishistic arousal stirred in Mutsuki's chest.

The classmate he always saw in the classroom now wore only panties on her lower body in that exact same classroom. The unrealistic scene sent a tingling through his body and he reached for the cream-colored polka dot panties that seemed out of place on her adult proportions.

He poked at the soft mound pressing hotly against the bottom of the delta of fabric and found it was swollen enough for juices to immediately seep out.

"Ibekusa-san..."

He had been swept along to this point, but when he felt that wet warmth, his own fleshy organ rose back to the angle of a deadly weapon.

It raised its head in its desire to enter her.

When Machina shifted her panties to the side, Mutsuki obeyed the urge inside him and guided the erection to that holy ground.

The fact that he had just been doing it with another girl brought a tickle of self-loathing to his heart, but...

"Come..."

The girl quietly invited him in.

It may have only been the one word, but he knew perfectly well what it meant and what her eyes were telling him she wanted. The head of his penis sank into that seductively soft garden.

"I'm putting it in, Ibekusa-san."

"Okay... Hh..."

The young passageway was well lubricated, but it was not very soft due to the lack of foreplay. She must have really felt the foreign object because Machina bent her head back, revealing her white throat.

Mutsuki helped her by wrapping his arms around her slender back while moving his hips along. He was trying to make sure she did not fall off the limited space of the desk, but...

"...Nn."

She wrapped her own arms around the neck Black Cat had been clinging to earlier. They had only done this a few times, but she acted like they were a couple who had been together for many long years.

She breathed a somewhat relieved sigh at his body in her arms, his scent, and his somewhat painful masculinity inside her.

"Ha ha. Yours really is...great, Ibekusa-san."

Mutsuki breathed an impressed sigh at the soft flesh that gradually grew stickier and smoothly accepted him.

He felt a thick suction like it was a complex rubber labyrinth and that was something he had not felt in Black Cat. This was more like Micha's, but it stuck to him so much more because it was so much younger.

This sense of oneness with Machina was what Mutsuki loved most of all.

The three vaginas he knew were all different yet all equal. The way Black Cat's provocatively sucked at him with its rough flesh was just as wonderful, as was the way Micha's sensually licked at him like dozens of tongues at once.

But this girl was special. Ibekusa Machina was the girl he had had a crush on since spring.

"It's in... Nn, it's all the way in. Ha ha."

The thick wedge reached her baby pot and the boy's cheeks loosened happily. The girl's cheeks flushed and her eyes narrowed contentedly.

They may have been a perfect match because their flesh fit together so well one would have thought the size and shape had been measured out. The head and curve of his penis fit right into an indented part and a thick

ridge of her vaginal pathway. It felt he was shoving his erection into clay.

Not only did it fit perfectly, but it also tightened better than average. When he put his penis inside, it felt like their bodies were melting into soup and mixing together.

That dangerous sense of oneness was something he could not feel with the other women.

"I'm going to move now."

"O...kay. ...Ah, a-ah...khh..."

They held each other in their arms and started moving their hips a little.

It was not enough to thrust in and out of her, but their perfectly matched genitals were filled with intense friction from the movement they did have.

Her feminine flesh twitched and tightened. Machina gave an embarrassed snort at her body's obscene reaction and the pleasure that seemed to melt the core of her flesh.

"Look at those little lovebirds. Honestly."

Micha did not sound amused as she watched the two of them.

If this FeTUS member adored Mutsuki, her job as a guardian angel would be easier. And she had set up this turn of events because Machina had been so adorable, but it pissed her off now that she was watching the two children loving each other so passionately.

For one, she had made a man out of Fujita Mutsuki, so if anyone had dibs on him, it was her.

"Uuh...?"

"Oh, you're up."

Black Cat got up.

She sat there blankly for a while, but it seemed her brain finally kicked in. She slapped at her head to see if the Y Device had been removed.

Micha had prepared for the danger of the woman going on another rampage, but as expected, that proved unnecessary. When she looked to the boy lovingly embracing Machina, her eyes were filled with longing, not hostility.

It did not look like there would be an issue, so Micha shrugged.

" ... "

And then she gave a spiteful smile.

After Schwarze stared at the two for a while, she seemed to realize something and reached for the nearby desk. The cat helmet Machina had retrieved earlier was sitting there.

A red light was flashing inside. When the woman put the helmet on and did something, a thin plastic rod extended near her ear.

It was a microphone, likely for a phone.

"This is Miss C. ...Yes, I know. Don't yell, Miss D."

She replied in a scratchy and listless voice. The other person must have been speaking loudly because she pulled the speaker from her ear.

"I am prepared for that. I will return right away. Yes."

She quickly dealt with the necessary issues, ended the transmission, and pushed the microphone back up.

She sat in blank exhaustion for a while, but then she gathered her resolve and stood up. She glanced toward Micha and then Mutsuki before straightening her back and walking toward the exit.

"Hey~ Not so fast there."

She was leaving so resolutely that letting her go would have been the polite thing to do, but Micha stopped her regardless.

She smiled cruelly and made a certain suggestion. It was enough for Black Cat to look taken aback when she heard it.

Schwarze hesitated for a moment, but...

"Miss D? Correction," she said into the microphone she had pulled out again. "I will be unable to return for a while longer."

"How about like this?"

" ~ ~ ~ "

Mutsuki freely moved his hips around as he asked that question.

At about ten minutes since the beginning of their union, the two of them were entirely lost in having sex.

The boy thrust his hips without rest and the girl silently professed her ample sexuality while stickily wrapping her nectar-coated flesh around the erection.

The shaft that had brought Schwarze to tears was shaking a little while

slowly moving in and out.

Machina was normally known as expressionless and emotionless, but she was so very sensitive that her arms and legs trembled in response. Satisfied that she seemed to like it, Mutsuki focused on providing even more friction.

"Hh, hh...ah...nnhh..."

The swollen head of the perfectly-matched penis dug into her most sensitive parts.

Every one of his motions shook up that sensitive flesh and a continuous stream of sensual moans escaped Machina's backwards bent throat.

Her intelligent eyes were obscenely damp and her elaborate folds of flesh were sweetly sucking at him, so Mutsuki could tell just how intoxicated she was.

The boy gained even further momentum by the hands that passionately wrapped around his back when he kissed at her neck and enjoyed her sweet and sour scent as a girl.

(Ibekusa-san's being more aggressive than usual.)

Now that he did not need his hands to support her, he rolled her breasts around with them.

(In fact, she invited me to do it today. I wonder why.)

After sleeping with her before, he knew she had a depth of emotion unimaginable from her usually cold behavior, but this was strange even when taking that into account.

(Is she jealous?)

Did she feel a need to fight back after seeing him do it with Black Cat?

That thought made him happy. He had not been lying when he said he loved Katsue-sensei and he also loved Micha, but his feelings for Ibekusa Machina were different from those for anyone else.

" ... "

Could he say it now?

As he saw her filled with ecstasy by the erection he was pounding into her, he thought he might be able to confess to her without feeling too embarrassed.

Even after gaining such an intimate relationship, he had yet to tell her how he felt. Part of that was due to the angels protecting him, but it had more to do with his lack of courage.

But he had a feeling he could do it now."

"Um, Ibekusa-san?"

"...? Ahh, hh, khnnn..."

It was hardly fair and, if he was afraid of hearing her answer, he could always just not ask. But he could say it now, so he persistently thrust his hips and stirred up her soft honey pot with his solid spike.

As he shook and rubbed together their lower bodies, a deep intoxication flushed Machina's lovely face bright red.

Even the butt supporting her was twitching around, so she clearly was in no state of mind to listen to him.

That was why he brought his mouth to her ear.

"Th-the thing is...I've felt this way for a while, but..."

"Nn...nnah..."

"Ibekusa-san, I I-..."

"..."

He had a feeling her moaning briefly stopped. Like she was desperately holding them back.

Like she wanted to hear what he had to say.

"I lo-....nyowaaaahhhh!"

But only a strange yell left his lips.

His eyes widened and his back stiffened. Machina did not seem to know what he meant by "I lonyowah", and...

"Was I interrupting something?"

Someone suddenly leaned over them from the side.

"Ohhh~ So these are Machina-chan's rumored tits. The M-tits, if you will. That must stand for 'monster tits'."

The girl's melted face stiffened as Micha grabbed her breasts without permission. She jealously rolled them around because their sense of size and bounciness was greater than her own F-cups even though the girl was so much shorter.

"What are you...doing? Nn."

Machina looked up in protest while letting out a somewhat nasal breath, but Micha had no trouble ignoring her.

"C'mon, Mutsuki-kun. You're free to lose control of yourself around tits

as nice as these, but don't forget that she's with an enemy organization. Wake up already."

She stole the boy's lips as if showing off. Machina's eyebrows twitched.

As Mutsuki had his mouth licked out by the young woman, he trembled from this different sort of pleasure.

Once his mouth was filled with her saliva, he brushed off the intense kiss.

"Wh-whah are you oing, Micha-hwan!?" he incoherently shouted.

"What exactly are you referring to?"

"M-my butt. Get your hand away from my butt."

His anus was sensitive even though he was a boy and he could feel her teasing at as a continuation of the previous night and the infirmary earlier in the day. It did not hurt, but the strange sensation made him angry. If he did not make himself angry, he would have let out an embarrassing cry in front of Machina.

But Micha only grinned.

"My hand?"

She tilted her head and Mutsuki caught on. One of her hands was on her chin and the other was fondling Machina's breasts.

Besides, the sensation down there was softer than a finger. He hesitantly looked back.

His eyes met those of a fancy cat helmet.

"Nnah...♡ It's so wiggly and cute inside you, Fujita♡"

"S-sensei? What are you doing? ...Wah, wah, wah, wah."

It was a tongue, not a finger. But his misidentification was not surprising given how forcefully she seemingly stabbed it in to widen the sphincter and then licked around like she was trying to eat the inner walls.

"Nya... I never knew I was such a pervert. But here I am violating my student's ass and playing with his balls...heh heh♡ And it's making me so damn horny♡"

Black Cat lovingly rubbed from his inner thighs to the base of his rod and across his entire butt while she also stuck her tongue in and out of the central flower blossom.

"C'mon, FeTUS is taking advantage of you here. But not to worry. I'll protect you."

Micha stole his lips again.

Rather than a kiss, she just happened to touch his lips in the process of sticking her tongue in his mouth. Sweet saliva filled his mouth and she sucked at his tongue like she was giving it a blowjob.

The two adult beauties kissed the entrance and exit of his body and stuck their tongues inside. The bewitching sensation and scent were enough to nearly drive all thought of Machina from his mind even though he was still inside her.

"Uuh... Kah. It's so thick."

The raised angle of his cannon barrel applied pressure to Machina's womb.

Black Cat's tongue was poking at the base of his penis, so precum mixed with some actual cum flowed from the tip sticking into the donut-shaped entrance. Mutsuki trembled from the pleasure of the warm fluids tickling his urethra, so the tingling seemed to spread to the girl too.

"Hurry up and cum already♡ You had some fun with Miss E before, didn't you?"

The previous wave had passed, so Black Cat had regained her provocative personality and she selfishly attacked the boy.

She buried her face in the boiled egg-like resilience of his butt which had a boy's natural lack of fleshiness. She also stickily stuck her tongue in

and out of the indentation in the center.

"Ah, wahh, stop, stop."

As the solid and pointed tip of her tongue assaulted the inner walls, he was overwhelmed by a strange sensation he had never felt before.

It felt like a slug or something was attached to the inside of his penis, but it soon tickled at his rational mind as a sort of intoxication a boy was never meant to feel.

His erection's blood vessels bulged out even further and sank into the vaginal flesh. That alone filled Machina with even more intense carnal pleasure, but...

" ... "

Micha briefly gave her a teasingly apologetic smile and the situation changed.

"Fujita-kun."

Machina's throbbing womb had left her abs limp, but she gathered her strength and forced herself to get up. She wrapped her arms around his neck to steal back his lips from the older woman.

"Nyam..."

The adult sweetness in his mouth was replaced by a girl's aroma reminiscent of a prematurely ripe apple.

The soft sensation around his tongue was not as practiced as with Micha, but it was far more earnest. The kiss seemed to pour her thoughts into him to make up for her few words.

"Heh heh. How very passionate. But..."

Micha remained calm and butted into the children's kiss. She shoved her tongue between their lips and shoved her cheek against Machina's to steal her space.

"Nkh...nnah..."

Two tongues wrapped around his now. He had never before experienced this kind of sensual and tremor-inducing sensation, so he uttered teary-eyed moans.

As the air mixed in, indecently wet sounds came from his mouth as the two of them fought over his mouth and covered it with saliva. It was like whoever licked the greater surface area of his tongue would be the winner.

"Ahh, ah, wait, wait..."

The beautiful woman and girl's nonstop attacks seemed to entirely empty out his brain.

His mind came first and only then did his body start the ejaculation process.

"...♡"

When a tremor ran through the boy's butt, the corners of Black Cat's mouth loosened in satisfaction.

Still, she continued polishing the sphincter from within using her rough tongue and she fondled his balls as they tensed up in her palm. She also wrapped her fingers around the base of the manly erection and began stroking it as if to pump out its contents.

"Hkh...aaaaaahhh."

This was different from rising to or being guided to climax. His semen was milked out by three people at once, so he let out a tearful cry and fiercely wiggled his hips around.

"Ah...nn..."

As the iron stake rampaged inside her, a sexual cry escaped Machina's lips as well. Micha watched with a grin as the two young ones let out urgent moans.

"I'm cumming...ahhh, I'm cumming."

"Fujita...-kun... Fujita-kun..."

The girl gathered strength in her hands to have him to herself for at least the final moment. When the young woman noticed, she casually vacated the spot.

"Ah...ah...♡"

After embracing him more easily than expected, Machina released obscene moans from her nose.

Her wriggling vagina wrapped around the fully-swollen shaft and her hips writhed intensely below her.

"Ah...aahhhhhhh!"

Mutsuki raised his voice, embraced her body, and deepened their union as far as he could.

His teacher used her pointed tongue to target the sensitive inner side at the base of his rod.

A tremor ran to his penis from every part of his body.

The head sticking into the center of the tightly-closed donut-like entrance fired its rounds.

"Ah...ah, ahhh...!"

Even if she had trouble accepting it, the sensation of his children touching her womb had become Machina's orgasm switch ever since she had lost her virginity.

She let out a low groan as she was forcibly invited into ecstasy. Her joyous cries were sent directly into his mouth as she locked onto it so no one else could interfere.

"Ah...♡ Uuh...♡"

An incredible amount of sticky liquid entered her womb and her maiden's cells were brought another step closer to him.

However, there was so very much of it that it could not be contained inside, so it flowed out. The backflow tickling at her complex vaginal flesh provided a new sort of ecstasy as Machina came.

"Heh heh♡"

Black Cat pulled her tongue out behind him and slurped it all up.

Machina's expressionless look was probably one of anger, but...

"Hmm? What is it, Mutsuki-kun?" asked Micha. "Don't tell me you think I was in the way there."

"You said you loved me," said Black Cat. "I'm going to make sure you take responsibility for that."

Ever since he lost his virginity, Mutsuki had trouble with older women, so he was naturally overwhelmed when both the young woman and his teacher approached at once.

He could only lean back in his chair and could not escape.

Even when they both climbed onto his lap, he could only obediently rub his cheeks against their breasts which gave off a sweetly seductive scent.

Micha opened the front of her shirt and Black Cat's clothes were already torn apart, so they stuck their chests out to toy with the boy while rubbing their crotches against the angle of his knees.

Schwarze went without saying, but Micha was also thoroughly wet.

"Well? My tits feel great, don't they?"

"Do what you want with them. These belong to you now."

The equally weighty sensations squished against his right cheek, left cheek, right ear, and left ear.

He was overwhelmed by a softness so great it made his cheekbones itch and his exposed lower body quickly came back to life.

"Whose do you like better? That would be mine, wouldn't it? You love cumming while you suck on these tits, don't you? Sometimes you even fall right asleep afterwards, don't you?"

"You wouldn't want to turn these down, would you? You can use them whenever and however you want from now on. Morning, noon, or night. Even during class if you want."

"Ahh..."

The boy was unsure what to do as they began indirectly arguing with each other. And...

"..."

"Wah, wah, wah. Ibekusa-san!?"

Machina had gone limp in a dreamlike state of intense afterglow from being cummed inside, but even she sat up, opened the front of her blouse, pulled up her bra, and pushed her chest forward.

A total of six splendid breasts pressed against Mutsuki's face. It felt so good that he simply froze up.

"C'mon, c'mon. You love it when I do this, don't you?"

Micha suggestively shook her body and pressed her bust against his face while slowly stroking his defenseless flesh spear.

He did indeed like this. A feminine aroma surrounded him while his penis was milked by a hand that felt very different from vaginal flesh. The pleasure of the handjob was a step greater than masturbation and it caused him to grow painfully erect.

"You like this too, don't you? This must be your first time for this, but don't worry. Your teacher will tell you everything you need to know."

Black Cat bounced her milk-colored breasts and poked at his lips with her nipples while reaching a finger toward his saliva-covered anus.

When he reflexively sucked at her nipple, he grew as defenseless as a baby and obediently accepted the abnormal pleasure coming from his butt.

"They've gone up a size because you touch them so much, so my bras are too tight. You should take responsibility."

Machina wrapped her arms around his head and pulled him close.

Their busts were all quite large, but they were also quite different from each other.

Micha's chocolate-covered mounds were covered in a sweaty smell and would springily suck in at him when he touched them. There was a bewitching contrast between her wild brown skin and the deep color of her nipple and they were the perfectly seductive shape to set a male's blood pumping.

Black Cat's were milky white and they felt as delicate as whipped cream. They were soft enough that they would lose their shape when treated roughly. The slight sag that smoothly lowered the upper half made them a perfect for being called a "baby's pillow". He instinctually wanted to indulge in the cleavage filled with the scent of a kind adult woman.

Machina's looked larger than the other two's, partially due to the way they youthfully pointed a little upwards, as if defying gravity. They were a delicate snowy white, but he loved how they grew a faintly flushed pink when he touched them. Their softness contained a hint of springiness and he felt like he could fondle them for hours without growing tired of it.

"Eu...euhh..."

Meeting just one of these sexy women or the sexy girl in a lifetime would have made a boy rejoice, so Mutsuki did not know what to do with all three approaching at once.

He simply accepted their advances and let them toy with his crotch from the front and back.

"Heh heh♪"

As if that troubled look was exactly what she had wanted to see, Micha suddenly moved back and kneeled on the floor.

Realizing what she was doing, Machina and Schwarze boldly got down on their knees as well. They all stuck their chest forward and pressed the six breasts against the penis that was pointing toward heaven.

"Wah..."

His crotch was pinned between three different varieties of softness.



It felt like his penis had been devoured by a pleasant creature. It was more thrilling than pleasurable, so a tremor ran through his shoulders.

The three of them fought over the best spot, bumping and rubbing their breasts together, and brought their faces to the tip poking up out from the center.

"Nn..."

"Nn..."

"Nn..."

"Ah..."

The sticky sensation of a tongue reached the head of his penis in triplicate.

There was a wide variety of individual differences here. Micha was quite aggressive as she dug her tongue into his urethra and licked at the sensitive inner side.

Machina was more reserved due to lack of experience, but she passionately licked across the underside lest she be outdone by the two women.

The surprise was Black Cat. Just as he thought she was going to kiss the shaft from the side, she placed plenty of saliva on it with her rough tongue and lovingly wrapped her tongue around the lines of the head without being too rough.

It may have been the same as a cat being cold to its surroundings yet thoroughly pouring love into its relatives. She pleased him with such devotion and kindness that it felt maternal.

"Ah...hh. Sensei..."

He called out her title because the soft kiss was so unexpected and pleasant on the sensitive flesh that had ejaculated a few times already.

He may not have meant it that way, but the competing women and girl heard it as a declaration of the victor.

Machina frowned and Black Cat grinned while getting up.

"Neh heh heh heh. You're such a naughty boy, Fujita. You're just a little kid and you've already made pets out of three women."

She returned her breasts to his face.

"I-I haven't..."

"No excuses."

She wiggled the finger still sticking into his butt and the penis still held between two sets of breasts gave a twitch.

The boy's lips opened to let out a moan and Black Cat lovingly stole them.

(Ah...ah. Her kisses...are amazing.)

He was still nervous with all three of them attacking at once, but he could no longer maintain his rational mind with her tongue intertwined

with his.

Her sweet saliva acted like a hypnotizing drug as she rubbed the characteristic soft bumps of her tongue along his tongue. It felt like she was licking directly at his brain, so his mind went blank.

"Peh heh. A naughty boy like this is going to have some troubling notes on his student records. ...Nn."

"Nn, nmh..."

"If you're worried about your report card...why not bribe your teacher?"

She whispered to him without ending the kiss and she guided his hand to her hips.

As her finger moved inside his anus, he realized what she was asking for. He could not refuse with the way she sucked at his tongue, so he embraced her slender waist, pulled up her skirt, and brought his fingers underneath it.

"Nyaha♡"

He gently placed a finger on the warm indentation at the center of her butt.

During the thorough sex that had destroyed her view of life, he had teased her here a few times, so the hot, hot anus easily swallowed the

finger.

"Hyah...ha heh... Fuji...Fujita... My...ass...my ass feels amazing...♡"

That area had been sensitive in the first place, but it had been truly remade into an erogenous zone after absorbing the pleasure of her vaginal orgasms. As he fingered that hole, anal fluids coated his finger.

"I...can't believe this. Y-you turned even my ass into such a horny slut in just one night."

She could likely tell how bewitchingly her anal walls were twitching and pulling back to reveal everything inside. The former warrior cat smiled bitterly at having been tamed like this.

As the other two continued passionately sucking at his erection, they must have been imagining themselves in Black Cat's position which only deepened their arousal.

Machina had one half of the head in her mouth as if kissing it and she lovingly sucked at it.

"M-Mutsuki-kun... Don't ignore me."

Micha was enjoying the stuffy cum-smell coming from the urethra that had also soaked up Black Cat and Machina's sexual juices.

As if she could not bear it any longer, she raised her head and opened

the front of his sweaty uniform.

She brought her mouth to the boy's unreliable-looking chest and placed her lips around one of the pink nipples that looked just like a girl's. She also rubbed her other hand along his hip.

Mutsuki responded by sticking a hand directly up her micro-miniskirt. He placed a thumb on her anus for support and stuck his index and middle fingers into her crevice.

"Ahh, nnnn, n-not so sudden...♡"

She had asked for it herself, but Micha had not expected him to go for both holes at once.

However, she had been overwhelmed by the perverted sexuality swirling around the classroom. As he massaged the thin flesh between the inside of her anus and vagina, her chocolate hips quickly began wiggling back and forth.

"H-hkh...pfh..."

With his mouth full of saliva, Mutsuki's breathing grew more and more animalistic.

Katsue-sensei had been in charge of him in the classroom since spring, but now she was tearfully moaning from a single fingertip yet still asking to kiss him some more. She may have been a little strict, but she was the beautiful homeroom teacher everyone had looked up to.

Meanwhile, the young woman who had taught him the wonders of the female body was messing up her blonde hair and moaning while licking at his nipple and rubbing all over his stomach and chest.

Finally, Ibekusa Machina, who he had had a crush on, was absorbed in sucking him off.

She recalled when he had previously taught her how to give a titjob and began rubbing her breasts along the penis between them while fully bringing the head into her mouth now that she had it to herself.

She was also unable to contain her arousal, so she straddled his foot and rubbed her crotch against the toes.

"Ahahhhh♡"

"Ahahhhh♡"

Moving his fingers even a little produced cries of joy from the two beautiful women. They wiggled their plump adult butts back and forth, intoxicated by even the slightest of movements. Moving his toes caused Machina to wrinkle her brow longingly.

The beautiful women and beautiful girl were his now.

At the same time, he realized something strange: his urge to ejaculate was weak.

However, the pleasure had not faded. In her oral caress, Machina devotedly took his penis in deep enough to nearly reach her throat and it felt so good he was trembling.

But that did not lead to ejaculation. He felt like he could hold back as long as it took to satisfy the three of them.

It was almost as if he had gained the body needed to rule over women.

Glittering with two varieties of sex nectar and three varieties of saliva, his flesh organ had grown in intensity.

Micha and Black Cat both let out impressed gasps when he presented it to them. Machina's expression did not change, but the corners of her eyes flushed as she recalled the depths of pleasure it could bring.

Mutsuki narrowed his eyes in pleasant excitement and leaned over Schwarze who was lying on the floor.

"Ahh... Hurry, Fujita."

She held her own knees and took the same pose as a baby having its diaper changed.

The woman who had been targeting his life just a few hours before was

now raising her twitching genitals up toward him so he could penetrate her. Mutsuki and Micha both smiled bitterly.

They were closer to the window than the teacher's desk, so the moonlight illuminated the dark bush and white mound. The thick gelatin-like coating of nectar made the bamboo leaf shape of the hidden slit all the more noticeable.

As he slid his spear along that roundness, she shook her round hips as if she could not wait a second longer. The motion made her cream-colored breasts bounce quite lewdly.

"Quite teasing me... Please, hurry..."

He had only been enjoying the view, but she was unable to wait and lifted her hips to press her pubis against his tip.

The moonlight glittered in her thick damp bush.

"Don't worry. I will."

He pushed his hips into the mound of flesh.

Sucking at the erection's tip was enough for the flesh to open its dripping-wet mouth.

The honey pot had tightened up a good bit in the time since their last union, but she was pushing her hips up toward him and her lovely flesh

was as melted as could be.

"Ha ha...♡ Ah, ah..."

Black Cat's slender body bounced a little with the rhythm of his insertion. She seemed hesitant at first, but as he obscenely stirred up her insides, the swollen bumps in her depths came to meet him.

"Ha...ah ha ha. The roughness is moving like crazy. Well, sensei? Do you like my bribe?"

When he felt her welcoming him in by tightly wrapping around him, he moved his hips with even more strength. Her ample breasts bounced seductively on her chest.

"Kh... B-bribe...? But I'll do anything you tell me♡ Ahn, nhaaah. It really is different when you do it. G-getting fucked by you is going to drive me insane...♡"

She had been more than prepared for him, but the owner of that soaking flesh was already in tears.

She naturally pressed her body against his and exposed her white throat. She could barely breathe through her wide-open mouth as her saliva-covered tongue stuck out.

"In that case..."

The sweet kiss of the bumps reaching him from every direction was something only she could provide. While enjoying the hot fluids soaking his penis, Mutsuki gathered strength in his stomach.

"Here I go."

"Nnaaaaaaaaaaaaaah~~!"

He began a youthful rhythm.

He rubbed at her insides from every direction. He thrust his hips in the way he knew she liked the best and she almost appeared to be writhing in agony rather than pleasure.

He grabbed her bouncing breasts and mercilessly pleased his half-crazed teacher.

The makeup had changed a lot, but when looking at Schwarze Katze head on, he could see the resemblance to the Katsue-sensei he saw every day.

That mature and elegant face was twisting in bewitching pleasure each time he thrust his hips.

He had insisted on doing her from behind before because this felt wrong, but now...

"Well, sensei? You're perfectly fitted to my size now, aren't you?"

"Nyahya...hya...hyaahn. O-of...course. You keep rubbing...against all the sensitive parts...and made this...your personal pussy♡"

He actually bent his body down to get a better look and brought their faces together while pressing his body weight on the layers of flesh sucking at him.

He kissed her lips and cheeks. The impacts shaking her cervix and the friction of the head roughly rubbing against her folds and bumps caused her mouth to flap wordlessly.

"Nn. Is this part extra sensitive? ...How about this?"

"Fnyaaah♡ I love it...I love it♡ I love having your cock pressing on my woooooomb♡"

Black Cat pressed her hips upwards.

"...Ahh."

"..."

Micha and Machina both gasped in longing as they had to watch this.

It was all the worse for them because they knew exactly how much pleasure Schwarze was feeling, exactly how full her most precious part felt, and exactly how happy she felt.

But this time...

"Fwah!?"

"?"

Black Cat's raised lower body trembled as she soaked in the pleasure of approaching climax, but the boy calmly looked around.

He pulled the forlorn lovers close. Caught off guard, Micha and Machina kneeled on either side of Schwarze and the boy kissed them both on the cheek.

"Micha-san, I haven't done you yet today, have I? Sorry, Ibekusa-san, wait a little longer."

He pulled his hips back and removed his thick stalk from the nectar hole that had been driven right up to the edge. After being filled so thoroughly, the hole remained open for a while before finally closing up.

"Ah...nyah..."

Black Cat stared into empty space with her chest rising and falling from the sorrow of being left alone on the verge of climax and the relief of gaining a break from the pleasure that did not even give her a chance to breathe.

The boy pointed the dark reddish erection in a different direction. He pushed Micha onto her side, held one of her legs up in his arms and pressed his body weight down on her that way.

"Wait... W-w-w-w-wait... Not so-...ahn, hey."

When he quickly invaded her vagina which was as sticky as melted chocolate, she let out a flustered voice for once.

"Ha ha... This might be a weird thing to say, but yours is really relaxing."

His expression softened. He was most used to her body, so he did not feel overly enthusiastic about the insertion and just calmly moved his hips forward. He felt the stiffer internal walls deeper in.

"C-c'mon, don't go that deep right away. Do that and the hole will loosen up and make you feel all the harder in there♡"

"Sorry."

Even as he apologized, he added a screwing motion to target the area she had said was sensitive.

"Ahn...♡ Hey...nnah♡"

As seen in Machina's earlier horniness, the time they had to weight acted as a powerful aphrodisiac.

Thanks to her pride as the older one, Micha did not like to be entirely on the receiving end, but she could not help but move her hips back and forth.

Mutsuki continued sliding his spear to polish her nectary passageway.

"Ahh..."

And he reached over toward Machina.

He massaged her resilient marshmallow butt while bringing his middle finger to the indecent bottom of her crotch. She looked conflicted, but her body went limp when he touched the groove of flesh that had loosened up after having so much semen poured inside.

She naturally placed her hands on the floor. Meanwhile, Mutsuki waited until Micha looked at her limit and pulled his hips back once more.

He thoroughly fingered the beautiful woman and girl on either side as foreplay or afterplay and he returned to the melting flesh of his teacher lying blankly in the center.

"Nkh. Uuhhhhh♡"

He buried the thick tip inside her.

However, he only gave her a greeting. He teased her entrance before moving to Machina who had fallen to all fours. He grabbed her heart-

shaped butt as she impatiently rubbed her thighs together.

"Hyah...kh♡ So...deep♡"

He drove his stake deep into that tunnel that was still not used to being penetrated. The inside was still worked up from the last time, so their union grew smooth in just a few thrusts.

"It's a little tight inside you, Ibekusa-san. Does it hurt?"

"Uuh...ahh... D-don't ask...that."

Each layer of young flesh was small and surprisingly detailed.

The soft pressure reaching every contour of his penis provided pleasure itself for the boy, but it still worried him a little since she was still as tight as a virgin.

Fortunately, when she looked back his way, she showed no sign of pain. He brushed a hand through her messy hair and began doing it from behind in earnest.

He brought his face in to her ear.

"Doing it from the front was better, wasn't it?"

"~~"

The cold beauty of her face melted as she nodded.

When facing each other, they both seemed to fit together perfectly, like a sword in a scabbard, but from behind it seemed somehow off.

However, that unbalanced aspect provided a fresh sort of pleasure and he could feel the upper and lower walls growing accustomed to the thrilling pleasure it brought her.

"Ahh...ahhhn."

As the flesh stuck more closely to him, she herself grew accustomed to the heat of the flesh rod. Her slender back twisted back and forth as he rhythmically thrust his hips.

He also grabbed the breasts bouncing quite weightily and dynamically below her.

"Ah...ahn. Fujita...-kun. That's..."

"Your butt is so hot. I can feel it from here."

He brought his fingers to the valley of the heart-shaped butt he had yet to stimulate today.

"N-not there... Ahh, don't twist your finger around...it's going to open up..."

Machina's messy hair shook around as she writhed about.

He had teased her here before, but she still had trouble with the filthy humiliation.

However, her body betrayed her and the wrinkles slowly spread open. It was only a matter of time before her look of slight displeasure changed to a bewitching flush.

Mutsuki then pulled his hips back again and returned to Black Cat and then Micha.

He was attacking all three of them at once with just the one body.

Each of their vaginas was unbelievably pleasurable in its own way. Normally, he would have blown his load at some point and left all three unsatisfied.

But he was different now. He was thoroughly pleasuring all three and he felt no sign of cumming prematurely.

He was confident he could make all three of them his.

"Ahhn... What a naughty boy. And it wasn't that long ago that just rubbing you with the slit was enough to make you tearfully cling to me as you came."

"You're the one that made me this way, Micha-san."

"Hyaaaaaaahhhhhh♡ Hey, heyyyy!"

Micha was supposed to be the one to take the lead, but she melted after just a third of a thrust. She did not seem to like it, but her body had already accepted its fate.

The head of his penis was thick enough already, so the changed angle when lying on her side made it all the more intense. It dug into different parts of her flesh than usual and the friction was enough to burn her entire lower body.

Unable to withstand it, she shook her breasts and looked up at the boy with a sticky look in her eyes.

"Kwah...nyah... D-don't pull out... let me cum...♡"

As if performing a bridge, the other woman lifted her fleshy mound to beg.

"Heh heh. You're getting a little too excited there, sensei. Wait a little longer."

He wanted to time all their climaxes together, so he only kissed Black Cat who was already on the edge.

"F-Fujita-kun. Um...not from...behind."

"Why not, Ibekusa-san? Your ass has completely melted. Whenever I tease it, it squeezes down on my finger in pleasure."

"Uuh... Ah,ahhhn♡ No...my butt will grow addicted to this..."

Machina complained but could not resist the anal masochism.

When he buried his entire thumb inside, her sweaty body twisted around. He could tell her hips were wiggling back and forth.

He cycled between them again and again to drive all three of them mad. He ruled over them.

"Uuh...uuhhhhh!"

The first one to lose her patience was the center one. Schwarze was his slave most of all because she was the first one he had penetrated that day, and she wrapped her legs behind his waist.

"No... No pulling out. M-make me cum."

A film of tears covered her eyes behind her glasses and her eyebrows bent.

She apparently could not wait any longer, so he smiled bitterly and pressed his hips down on her.

"Nyahaaaaaaaaaaaaa♡"

Overcome by the sensation of him finally plunging deep inside again, his teacher arched her back with her milky white breasts bouncing.

Perhaps due to the loop of teasing at the edge, her nectar tunnel was even tighter than before.

All of her inner flesh was lost in pleasure. As proof, the bumpy ridges seemed to swirl around and suck at Mutsuki even though he had yet to move.

"Ah ha ha. Sorry, sensei. To make up for having you wait, I'll make you cum again and again."

"Nn, nnn...fnyah♡"

She lifted her hips from the floor to take in as much of the flesh rod as possible and Mutsuki obliged by pushing it in.

He reached his hands toward the most heated portions of the other two. He grabbed their melted anus and crotch and stuck his index and middle fingers into their nectar tunnels.

"Y-you...nkh, honestly...♡ What a greedy boy."

"Ah...ahh, uuhh."

Micha and Machina winkled their brows a little, but they could not hide the perverted pleasure brought by the fingers accurately scraping at their swollen inner flesh.

"Nyah...nyahhhh♡ I'm...melting♡ Your cock...is melting...my insiiides♡"

He powerfully thrust straight into Black Cat. It was so rough that the bumpy ridge near her womb seemed to pull all the way back to the entrance.

"Ahh♡ Ah, ahhh♡ I'm melting... I'm...I'm melting♡"

After having to wait so long, her reaction was incredible. She formed a bridge and already began the trembling convulsions of climax.

Mutsuki continued rubbing at the seductive sticky layers and sending a screwing motion toward the donut shape in the deepest part.

When he began gently massaging the shallow area with the base of the penis, his teacher's writhing grew even more intense.

He had not forgotten about Micha and Machina either. He skillfully bent the two fingers inside them and pumped them in and out to stimulate the layers wrapping stickily around the fingers.

"Uuh...nn♡ Nn♡"

They also reacted intensely. Machina had complained about having her anal flesh violated, but she could no longer hide her carnal pleasure as she pressed her wiggling butt against his palm.

"Ah♡"

As she lay on her side, Micha must have been jealous of Black Cat because she reached a hand out to the woman lying next to her. She stroked the woman's slender waist and rolled her soft breasts around.

They brought their faces close and they kissed each other. It was a deep kiss that seemed to fuse the two adult's mouths together.

The sight further aroused the boy who sped up the piston motion of his hips, as if trying to break free of the flesh wrapping around it.

"Ah, kwaaaah♡ I can't♡ This is too much♡ You're going to break my pussy. You're going to break my pussyyyyyy!"

"Nnhh...♡ Oh...honestly♡ Honestly♡ Mutsuki-kun, you're getting carried away here♡"

"No♡ No...♡"

He brought the three of them even further under his rule. They seemed to be led by a single conductor as their moans rose an octave and their hips stiffened at about the same moment.

"Nn... Go head. Cum as much as you want."

Drawn by the sight of the smooth white and black skin rubbing together, the boy leaned forward. He joined the two women's kiss and instructed Machina with his fingers.

She seemed reluctant, but she obediently joined the ring of kissing as her climax approached.

She had linked her orgasm with kissing during her first time, so she reflexively desired the boy's lips.

Four tongues collided in the center. The four grew intoxicated on the indecent sensation and the sexual aroma of their blended saliva. The three women's faces melted like they were sharing the pleasure as well.

"You three..."

Mutsuki smiled in satisfaction as their breasts pressed together, their mouths grew soaked in drool, sticky bumps pressed against his penis, and detailed folds pressed against his fingers.

"...belong to me."

"Hyah~~~~~!"

"Hyah~~~~~!"

“Hyah~~~~~!”

Just as he gave into the urge to ejaculate, he gathered strength in his fingertips. The swollen head of his penis rubbed at Black Cat’s womb and his bent fingertips rubbed at Micha’s and Machina’s, so all three of them gasped at about the same moment.

“Ah...♡ Ah, ahhh!”

The first to arrive at the peak was Micha. Her wild brown body twitched violently as she lay on her side and she clung to Black Cat for support.

“Nkhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

Her slender, sexy, and lithe body convulsed and her stickily soft inner flesh squeezed on his fingers.

As if dragged along by that immodest cry, intense pressure reached his other hand.

“~~~”

Machina restrained her voice as much as possible, but she was washed away by waves of sexuality while sticking her butt out toward him.

Her soft anus squeezed on his thumb so much it cut off the circulation. Her vagina not only squeezed at his fingers but a wave ran through the complex layers of flesh.

It seemed to be pulling his fingers further inside.

"Ah♡"

Finally, it released hot juices mixed with a milky liquid that dirtied his hand.

"Heh heh."

Mutsuki had intentionally let them finish first and he gave a cold laugh as if to say he was only now getting serious. He began obscenely moving his fingers inside the two of them.

"Khhhh, ah, ahyah♡ There...yes, there, Mutsuki-kun!"

"Hh♡ Hh♡ W-wait...let me rest first..."

He created a gentle vibration that seemed to match the convulsion of their wombs.

He softly shook the sensitive nerves to extend their orgasm. Not even Micha had experienced this prelude to unending pleasure before, so of course neither had Machina.

"Ah...nyah...."

Even as he mercilessly attacked those two, the boy focused on the final one.

Black Cat had an empty look in her eyes as she wandered the region on the edge of climax.

Her consciousness seemed to be fading in and out, but her tight vaginal flesh begged in her stead. As it roughly wrapped around, squeezed at, and rubbed him, he frowned.

“I’m cumming.”

He gave into the urge rising within him. He had been calmly pumping his hips before, but now he trembled and felt like a moment of carelessness would allow the pleasure built up in all three of them to spread to his entire body.

“_____♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡”

Black Cat arched her back from the movements of his flesh cannon.

The member of the opposite sex who had utterly conquered her and also loved her was about to release his fluids inside her once more. The simple pleasure mixed with the feminine bliss as a woman.

“Nyah...♡ Ahhh, ahhhhhhhhh!”

It was coming.

The moment of bliss she was willing to throw her entire life away for was rising within her nectar-soaked flesh.

Magma burst out within that rough bumpy zone.

It forced its way through her vaginal flesh and pierced her throbbing womb.

"Ah...ah♡ Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh♡♡♡"

Her throat had grown scratchy from all the moaning, but she squeezed out a joyous scream as her body convulsed.

"Ahhhhh, Mutsuki-kuuun. What an amazing boy... How can...how can a few fingers...make me cum so hard?"

"Fujita...-kun. This is...too much. I can't think of...anything but you..."

Micha and Machina only had his fingertips, but they too were his in body and soul as they descended into unending orgasm.

"Khahhhh♡ Ahh♡ Ahhhhh♡"

Schwarze nearly screamed as the surging waves of pleasure washed over her.



She stuck her hips out against him, squeezing her urethra until something warm passed through it.

Confused by the almost painful pleasure, she sprayed lukewarm juices on his hips with an obscene sound.

Schwarze had some past experience, but she had never squirted like that before. A childish bitter smile appeared on her melted face as she realized she had wet herself again.

"Nnah...♡"

"...♡"

Micha and Machina must have longed for the great pleasure she was hogging to herself because they began twisting their hips again.

"...Heh."

Mutsuki trembled from the orgasm brought on by indulging in three people's worth of flesh and from the satisfaction of dominating three people so beautiful.

"..."

But his penis had become a tool to rule over women and it showed no sign of satisfaction as it continued pointing toward heaven.

Black Cat had passed out, but Micha and Machina looked up at it with intoxicated looks.

Afterwards, the four of them continued their sexual paradise until dawn.

Ange woke up to an awful feeling.

She sat up in the dark. Wondering where she was, she looked around and realized it was their apartment's bathroom.

It all came back to her. She had been exhausted after defeating Black Cat, so she had left the rest to Micha and gone home.

She held her head because of the horrible dream she had had.

She did not know who the woman was and had never met her, but the woman in her dream had seemed strangely familiar.

The woman had hated her and had constantly slapped her, strangled her, and burned her with the tip of the smoky paper cylinder she always held in her mouth.

Ange had only cried pathetically, but the shrill cries had only irritated the woman further.

"Ugh..."

Remembering it was enough to make her sick.

Her red hair was damp and the concrete dust and dirt from the battle had all been washed out.

Her clothes were of course removed since this was the bathroom, but none of the wounds and filth on her skin remained.

Had she washed her body? She searched her muddy memories. She had dealt with Black Cat, been taken home by Rapha, and...

"Yes. There is no mistaking it."

She heard a young man's voice from outside.

"There is a large cave below the school the boy attends. Based on their movements, the change in those movements since the boy's appearance, and the distribution of Springloaded, we can assume the transgressors' base is below the school."

He seemed to be speaking with someone over the phone.

"Yes, we will continue as planned. Although I'm sure Micha will protest."

She could not quite make out what he was saying. Even if he was also an angel sent to the earth, he had been given a job other than protecting Fujita Mutsuki, so she may not have understood even if she had heard him.

"FeTUS will soon be annihilated."

"Eh?"

She looked up when she thought she had heard a familiar term: FeTUS.

The young man's voice grew closer and then the door opened.

"Oh, are you up?"

"Um, yes. ...Hyahhh! Why are you coming in here!?"

Her reaction was delayed by how casually he walked in, but she frantically hid her naked body with her arms.

He ignored her reaction, put away the cellphone, and switched on the lights.

"Why? I can't just leave my sleeping little sister in here, can I? I finished cleaning up your body, but I haven't done the most important part yet."

"Eh? Eh? ...Ehhh!? You were the one that washed me!?"

"Yes. You must have been quite tired. You feel asleep on the way home, but you were too dirty to just place in your bed. Is there a problem with that?"

"~~~"

Ange blushed and no words came out.

The young man simply smiled calmly.

"Is there any reason to be bothered that I saw you naked? I've known you since you were this little."

"Well...that's true."

She had trouble accepting that, but she swallowed her complaints behind a lopsided frown.

The young man kneeled down behind the girl and grabbed a bottle of aromatic oil.

"Let's finish this up. You pushed yourself too hard today, so we need to take care of your body."

"Eh? Um, I'm fine. You don't have to."

"Yes, I do. Even if the damage from Black Cat isn't a problem, the power drawn out by the Serpent's Eye has placed an unfathomable burden on your astral body. You were so exhausted you fell asleep on the way home, remember? Accept this treatment. That is an order."

"...Okay."

She was still embarrassed, but she did as she was told and bent her back. She hid only her crotch with a nearby towel.

The young man spread the oil in his hands and rubbed it onto her back.

She was tense at first, but she quickly relaxed thanks to his warm, gentle hands. The oil contained an ingredient that regenerated an angel's mana, so she could feel the exhaustion of her battle with Black Cat fading away.

"Phew..."

She gave a pleasant sigh as his hands spread the oil from her shoulder, down her upper arm, and to her elbow.

Rapha laughed quietly as he watched her.

"This really takes me back," he said in a low, calm voice. "We used to do this a lot, didn't we? You were quite the tomboy and you would always end up injured after playing around or training. I'm sure it's thanks to you that I'm so good at curing people despite that not being my specialty."

"Uuh... Don't say that. Everyone was a kid once."

"Heh heh. We went through spiritual oil and band-aids faster than anything else."

"Oh, honestly!"

The teasing elder brother laughed and the little sister puffed out her cheeks.

That looked so cute that the brother laughed even harder. The sister fumed for a while, but she finally relaxed her lopsided frown.

This was a peaceful time allowed only to those who shared the same past. So...

"Nn..."

Even when the young man's hands reached the front of her body, she did not brush them away.

"This will be over soon."

Rapha spoke quietly as he brushed his hands along her stomach, but Ange was not listening as she blushed at the ticklish sensation.

"Your job will be over soon too. Yes..."

He continued.

"You need to say goodbye to Fujita Mutsuki-kun."

Adolescent Adam 3: Chapter 8 - An Important Number for Volleyball

The end-of-term game tournament had arrived.

It was a sunny day and everyone was excited enough to forget the rumors from a few days before about seeing an incredible light, feeling an earthquake, or seeing people flying through the sky.

The biggest crowds gathered for the teacher team's games. Whether they wanted to see a self-important teacher get beaten or a normally plain teacher's unexpected skills, more students than normal showed up for those games.

Currently, spectators were surrounding the volleyball court's fence.

The teacher team's game began in fifteen minutes. The anticipation was hardly surprising when the game would include Daima-sensei, known as the Demon God and the most well-known of the school's teachers due to her appearance.

This placed a lot of pressure on the opposing team.

"Phew."

Mutsuki took a deep breath on the bench as he watched the previous team raking the court.

He had grown accustomed to dangerous incidents lately, but he was a

coward at heart.

"C'mon, Mutsuki-kun. It'll be okay. I'll make sure we win♥♥"

Lucia clung to him from behind and rubbed his chin against Mutsuki's back.

The embrace only gathered more attention, so Mutsuki smiled bitterly and moved away while realizing that had distracted him from his nerves a little.

"Thanks."

"Eh heh heh."

Lucia grinned back.

The demon boy had only acted oddly for that one day a few days before. Afterwards, he had been back to normal. Being with him was fun and a little troublesome, but...

"Uuh..."

Mutsuki looked away when the boy smiled right at him.

Ever since that day, Mutsuki was the one not acting his usual self. The cute boy seemed even cuter now and it tended to set his heart racing

when the boy approached him like this.

"I have heard..."

Suddenly, Machina walked up next to him.

"You can calm your nerves by writing the character for 'person' on your hand and swallowing it."

"Wah, wah... Y-yeah. Thanks."

She took his hand and traced the two lines of the character.

The unexpected touch from her soft hands caused his heart to beat even faster.

He was now nervous in a different way and he brought his palm to his mouth as instructed. He sensed a feminine floral scent mixed in with his own sweat.

While that day had not created a sudden change, he still felt like the distance between him and Machina was shrinking every day. She had never been interested in others, but that attitude was clearly different when it came to him. They had already had sex several times, but he felt like they were finally getting along.

And...

"Ange."

"..."

"Ange?"

"! Wh-what is it?"

Ange was zoning out while stretching.

She had been acting odd since that day. She seemed to have trouble focusing on anything and often zoned out like this.

However, he did not remember anything happening in the battle with Black Cat and she had also acted weird for a while after Black Cat's attack two weeks before, so he decided not to worry too much about it.

He had regained his normal life, but the relationships between the four of them were gradually changing.

"Sigh..."

One other person had undergone a change that day, but Mutsuki was unaware of that one.

A short distance away, Kurikara Saya was staring intently at the four of them.

Sakae noticed.

"What is it? The match is gonna start soon, so don't you need to get ready?"

"Oh, right. I'm about to."

Her response was noticeably low in energy.

The two of them were the biggest eternal optimists in their class, so this bothered Sakae and he tilted his head.

"Is something the matter?"

Saya paused for a moment before hesitantly opening her mouth.

"Tomono-kun...what do you think about homosexuality?"

Sakae's vision seemed to blur and his mind briefly went blank, but he finally held his head with a grim look on his face.

"Um...is this what they call a fujoshi? Are you the kind of girl that enjoys imagining her male friends and classmates as couples?"

"Yup."

"Well, as long as it's all in your head. You're free to pair up Mutsuki and Satowa if you want. You're free to get so lost in your delusions you barely get any sleep for days on end if you want. But. Don't expect me to understand."

"Oh, c'mon! Fujita-kun and Satowa-kun is great! They're both boys, so it's simply beautiful!"

"You've already lost me on that one."

"And in my mind it isn't Fujita-kun x Satowa-kun, it's Satowa-kun x Fujita-kun. The order is important, so don't get it wrong."

"I don't care. Can you just get to the point?"

"...Ange-chan confessed to me."

"What!?"

Thanks to this unexpected shift in the conversation, his mind went blank a second time.

"For real?"

"For real."

Both of them looked over at the other four. Specifically, at Ange who did not seem to have much energy.

"She confessed to me a few days ago. She was mad I had made Fujita-kun and her look like a couple and then she said she likes me better than him."

"W-w-w-w-w-w-wait, wait, wait. Um, are you serious? So Jiyuuni is a l-l-lesbian?"

"Definitely. She even attacked me while saying she's an angel and that I'm actually a cat. She looked so serious too."

"An angel? A cat?"

"They're slang for futanari and uke!"

Saya seemed mad he did not know that, but Sakae's mind went blank a third time because he did not know what futanari meant either.

"What do I do~? I love homosexuality in my fantasies, but I'm not so sure about it in the real world~"

She held her head in her hands and really did seem troubled, but...

"But, but. If Ange-chan really does have one of those... Ahhh, ahhh! I just imagined it! I just imagined it!"

She seemed somewhat happy.

"So how did you respond?"

"I didn't. I was so shocked and sleep-deprived that I fainted. ...Oh, right. I think I saw the flames of love just before I passed out. They were blue, though."

Talking about it must have only increased her worries because she blushed and somewhat happily turned a heated look Ange's way.

Oblivious, Ange continued her stretches.

The volleyball game betrayed most everyone's expectations.

"Ibekusa!"

"Angle of incidence and speed are both excellent. ...Jiyuuni-san."

"Teyah!"



Ange made a perfect spike right into the center of the opposite court. She had been worried about it touching the net, but the whistle did not blow and the score changed to 20-17.

In a betrayal of expectations, it was a close match and the teacher team as actually behind a bit.

"Yes!! Great combo play!"

"All right!"

Sakae and Mutsuki had not done anything, but they both jumped for joy.

Lucia had beautifully received a powerful spike and Machina had accurately passed it along. Mutsuki looked especially delighted and satisfied.

As for Ange, their attacker...

"Eh heh heh. You can just go for it, Ange-chan. If you think you're going to miss, I'll help you out."

"O-okay. Thanks, Saya."

"Eh heh heh heh heh heh."

Ange looked troubled by how Saya creepily followed her around with a smile.

Ange had mistakenly questioned the girl a few days before, but she had concluded the girl did not remember since she had said nothing about it. However, she had grown even more attached to Ange since that day.

Ange also glanced over at Machina and Lucia.

They did not exchange high fives or smiles. They were enemies, after all. But...

"Leave the next one to me too."

"Positive."

"Sure, sure. You really are full of yourself."

Lucia would catch the ball, Machina would accurately pass it along, and Ange would send it back. At least in that series of actions, they were the ultimate combo.

They had synchronized their timing while fighting with their lives on the line, so of course they could apply that to mere sports.

And while Mutsuki's team was in top form...

"Honestly! How could you miss that one, Katsue-sensei!? You should have had that!"

"Kh..."

It had fallen right in the center of the court, so the blame fell squarely on the receiver. The angry attacker was Daima-sensei. Receiver Katsue Subaru was frustrated, but there was nothing she could say.

The teacher team was doing poorly. The other five were fine, but Katsue-sensei, the setter, was moving poorly. She was the key to their defense, so they could not shift to offense and could not make use of Daima-sensei's great height.

"Yes! It's working! Everyone! Let's kick the Demon God team's ass!"

Sakae was great at working up excitement, so even the spectators cheered.

Daima-sensei's face stiffened as she was called the Demon God in front of the entire student body.

She glared at Katsue-sensei, telling her to do her job this time, and then returned to her position.

However, the setter's problem was not one of motivation.

"Here goes."

Mutsuki, the server, gently sent the ball in from outside the court.

It had no speed and its path was straight. The serve was only meant to get inside the enemy court, but...

"How did that do?"

After finishing his serve, Mutsuki looked to where the ball was falling. Katsue-sensei happened to be there and their eyes met.

"Uuh..."

His teacher blushed and looked away.

The ball fell right next to her.

"Gyaaaaaaaaahhhh! I can't believe
youuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu!"

Daima shouted because there was no excuse for that one. The other woman could only avert her gaze.

But even as she looked down, she kept glancing over to the other team's court.

"Yesss! An ace!"

She saw Mutsuki celebrating by high-fiving Sakae and Lucia.

"~~"

Her mouth relaxed in gentle happiness.

"Okay, time for the next one, Ange, Ibekusa-san, Lucia-kun."

Mutsuki seemed to have grown a little cocky after scoring that point. He spun the next ball in his fingertips and gave instructions.

"Sure, sure."

"Understood."

"Ready when you are♪"

Ange shrugged, Machina's face tensed, and Lucia looked delighted to be ordered around.

They were all working together. They were nothing more than perfectly normal teammates.

"Doryaaaahhh! Don't-Call-Me-Demon-God Attaaaaaaaaaaaaaack!!"

"Is that all you've got-...wah, wah, wah!! That one's strong! Ibekusa!"

"Leave it to me. ...Jiyuuni-san."

"Okay."

Then they all raised their voices in unison.

“Ready, set, go!”

Adolescent Adam 3: Afterword

Hello. I checked through some materials on the Bible for this one and really was surprised at how little there was on Genesis. This is Sakakikasa.

What did you think? This was Adolescent Adam 3: Lonely Crying Kitten. As the name suggested, the story was focused on Black Cat aka Schwarze Katze who was crying all on her own.

If you read 2 as well, you noticed I misled the readers, which is unusual for a porn novel, but did you fall for it? I bet there was so little information that most people didn't even think there could even be a trick coming up. Hooray.

But one person I know, Ibuki Yasurou-sensei, saw right through it. Curse that mystery lover. You need to get caught by these things.

Also, Lucia got a real scene of his own this time. That restriction has been released, so maybe he too can have some sex next time.

See you in Volume 4.

Novel Introduction: Adolescent Adam 4

Next up is Adolescent Adam 4: Fall of a Sanctuary (思春期なアダム4 聖域の崩壊).



As hinted at the end of the last one, this volume is about the angels attacking FeTUS.

Author: Sakakikasa (さかき傘) Illustrator: Amagai Yukino (天海雪乃)

Label: Atomic Bunko (あとみっく文庫)

Table of Contents:

Prologue

Chapter 1: The Usual Scene Chapter 2: Unending Rain Chapter 3: Arrival
of Darkness

Chapter 4: End of the Balance

Chapter 5: Clash of Heaven, Earth, and Hell Chapter 6: Fall of a Sanctuary Chapter 7: Mutsuki and Ange

Chapter 8: Song of Songs

Chapter 9: That Which is Visible Out the Window Afterword

Adolescent Adam 4: Prologue





Kagari Enju had the misfortune of not being born into a loving family.

Her mother had not known which of the many men she had slept around with was the father and she had hated the daughter even before she was born.

Her mother had lacked the courage to leave her with an institution. In a way, that was only more bad luck. A child was less happy being raised by an irresponsible parent than being separated from their parent. From her earliest memories, Enju had been verbally and physically abused by her mother and even burned all over her body by cigarettes.

"I'm hungry."

That was the most common phrase she had uttered. Her mother would grow angry if she so much as spoke to her, but if she said that, her mother would give her some bread or a snack while yelling at her. She had only gotten one meager meal a day, but it was enough to survive.

However, her last moments had also come from those words.

Not long after turning four, her mother had been more irritated than usual when returning from work. Informing her mother of her empty stomach must have gotten on her nerves because she had suddenly slapped her.

Her mother had hit her plenty of times before, but this one had been especially strong and her feet had given out below her. When she had toppled backwards, the girl's head had struck the corner of the table.

After realizing her daughter had stopped moving, the mother had panicked, but only for a few minutes. After calling out to her a few times and realizing her breathing was shallow, the woman had gathered her bankbook and her favorite lipstick from the dresser and some expensive-looking clothes from the closet. She had done it so quickly she had almost looked gleeful.

When Enju had come to, the woman was no longer in the room.

The front door's lock had been broken and the malnourished girl had not been strong enough to open the rain shutter.

It had taken her a while to realize she was trapped inside. It had taken her much longer to realize her mother had abandoned her.

"I'm hungry..."

Before long, she had found herself unable to move or speak properly.

The long, long wait for death had taught the dying girl one thing: her mother had hated her.

"Everyone... I hate...everyone..."

Adolescent Adam 4: Chapter 1 - The Usual Scene

"Ange?"

"!"

Ange seemed to have been napping for once, so she opened her drowsy eyes.

"It's lunchtime. Aren't you going to eat?"

Mutsuki smiled bitterly at the girl's sleepy look and handed her today's lunchbox.

Only then did she realize their lunch break had started.

It was midsummer and they only had two days until summer break. Her window-side seat was not exactly comfortable with the sunlight falling directly on it, but it was cool enough even without the air conditioning because a typhoon was approaching.

With the sound of the rain and the chilly wind reaching her through the opened window, it was hardly surprising she had dozed off.

"You have some sleep in your eye."

Mutsuki chuckled and pulled out a handkerchief.

Without taking the handkerchief, Ange sullenly wiped her eye with the back of her hand and turned away with a lopsided frown on her face.

This was the usual for her, so he returned to his seat.

"Okay, time to eat, time to eat. We're in the middle of the period of growth that has to support our futures, so this is another way to enjoy our school life to its fullest."

His childhood friend Sakae walked over with a ton of bread in his arms.

"Let's push our desks together~ Outta the way, Sakae. Mutsuki-kun, over here, over here♪"

"Sure."

"Deh heh heh heh heh. Ange-chaaan. Let's eat together."

"Th-that's fine."

Lucia moved his desk behind Mutsuki and Saya moved over to Ange's desk.

"..."

As usual, Machina remained in the neighboring seat. On her own, she pulled a water bottle and a single apple from her bag.

Mutsuki and Ange ate together, Lucia, Sakae, and Saya wanted to eat with them, and Machina sat nearby.

Recently, the six of them spent most of their lunch breaks together like this.

They all pulled out their lunches.

Saya's was quite girly, Sakae lined up the bread he had bought at the school store, Lucia had a lot of portable foods like dried meats and seeds, and Machina had her single apple.

Mutsuki and Ange's lunches were the same since they lived together.

"Once again, it at least looks normal enough."

Ange sighed when she opened the lunchbox she had been given.

It contained sakura denbu on rice, pickled cucumbers, rolled omelets, bacon soaked in chili oil, and spinach salad. The main dish was pork dumplings.

The sakura denbu was shaped like the Lazy Bear character the girl liked and the pork dumplings were star-shaped, so it had a real focus on presentation. It did indeed look like a delicious lunch.

"Okay, let's get started."

Mutsuki clapped his hands together.

On that signal, they all started eating. Machina was not even looking in their direction, but he had a feeling she brought the apple to her mouth after he clapped.

With six of them there, they naturally split between boys and girls.

Mutsuki, Sakae, and Lucia formed one group and Ange and Saya formed another. Machina did not speak with anyone.

The three boys discussed class, which girl (or boy) the most recent love letter Lucia had gotten was from, and generally wandered from topic to topic.

As for the two girls...

"Ange-chan, Ange-chan. I have some fried chicken today too."

"Again?"

"Say 'ah'."

"Saya, are you bringing this everyday just to feed it to me?"

"Of course not. It's just a coincidence. Or do you not want it?"

"I didn't say that."

"Say 'ahhh♡'."

Ange hesitated but gave in because she liked meat.

This classmate seemed to have gotten quite clingy lately. Ange had attacked her before after mistaking her for an enemy, so she had been worried about how to treat her afterwards. However, Saya did not seem to mind and did not seem to have realized who Ange really was. In the end, they were still just classmates.

Except that the girl was giving her a lot of heated looks that seemed to surpass the level of classmate.

"A-ahhh."

"Here you go. Heh heh heh~ You're so cute with your mouth open, Ange-chan."

"Am I?"

"Yeah. Oh, I just can't stand it!"

For some reason, Saya blushed and grinned.

Ange was a little worried the girl had indeed realized she was an angel, but there was nothing she could do if the girl did not bring it up first.

"Here. This one's ankake-style. Say 'ahhh'."

"Ahhh."

"Deh heh heh heh heh♡"



As a result, she could only do as the girl asked.

While the fried chicken flavor lingered in her mouth, she gulped down the spinach salad she did not like. She disguised the aftertaste with the rice and pickled vegetables before starting on the pork dumplings.

"..." (Munch munch)

She had a bad feeling about them, but they were normal pork dumplings. After breathing a sigh of relief, she washed them down with a sip of tea and ate the spicy bacon she liked with some rice.

Finally, she took a bite of the rolled omelets.

"Gwoh!!"

She spat it back out.

The other five and everyone else in the class turned her way.

"Ahhh~ So it was these, not the dumplings~ Saya! Tea, tea, tea!"

"Here you go."

She chugged down the 500 mL bottle of tea.

The omelets had something sweet and yet bitter inside.

After clenching her teeth, she glared at the boy with tears in her eyes.

"Mutsuki!"

"U-um, to make sure you could stand the summer heat, I added in some garlic chives, grated ginger, garlic, and cacao beans that are full of polyphenols. You like cocoa, don't you?"

"Why would you put that in an omelet!?"

She shouted in anger.

Of the classmate's watching them, half were giving lukewarm looks and the other half had already cooled as if to say, "Oh, it's this again."

"But it's highly nutritious."

"It may be good for you physically, but it's bad for you mentally! Enough to stop my heart! Oh, honestly! How many times do I have to tell you not to add in your original dishes!?"

"S-sorry. And sorry to you too, Ibekusa-san."

"Not a problem."

The boy apologized to Ange whose anger was like a blazing fire and to Machina who was sitting in front of Ange and thus was hit in the back of the head when the angel girl spat out the food.

"Honestly."

Once she was done yelling, the girl returned to her seat.

And...

"How spoiled do you have to be to complain when someone makes food for you?"

"...What?"

She wrinkled her brow again when Lucia spoke up next to her.

The demon boy looked cute, but he could be truly malicious to people he did not like. And as an angel, Ange was his natural enemy.

"Beggars can't be choosers. Who does she think she is? Right, Mutsuki-kun?"

"I-I do the cooking because I like it."

Mutsuki quickly intervened when he saw the frightening look on the already short-tempered girl's face.

Lucia generally never did anything that would cause him trouble and Ange did not bite at the obvious provocation, so nothing came of it. They both returned to their lunches.

"Speaking of that, Mutsuki."

Noticing the tense atmosphere, Sakae immediately changed the subject.

"You've always loved cooking, haven't you?"

"Yeah. I've been doing it since before elementary school, so it's more of a habit than anything." Mutsuki narrowed his eyes as he easily ate the highly nutritious omelets. "And Ange might complain, but she always eats everything but the one thing."

The girl shoved the omelets to the side and gulped down the rest of the pork dumplings and rice. He laughed happily when he saw it.

"I do like making lunches for Ange."

"Ha ha. You're a total house-husband."

His best friend Sakae laughed too, but Lucia gave a sullen look next to him.

The three boys naturally turned toward Ange.

When their eyes gathered on her, the girl blushed in surprise and faced the window with her usual lopsided frown.

Mutsuki, Lucia, and Sakae had all realized that was just how she hid her embarrassment, so they all burst out laughing.

Ange ignored them and turned her back on them.

"..."

And that was why none of them noticed the hint of loneliness on her face.

"That was delicious!"

A woman loudly clapped her hands together and set down her chopsticks.

Mutsuki made a total of three lunches every day: one for himself, one for Ange, and one for their other roommate Micha.

Even though she lay around the apartment drinking all day, she had a lunch prepared neatly inside a lunchbox instead of stuffed inside some tupperware. She had already eaten it, but the sakura denbu on the rice had spelled out "No Alcohol".

She laughed as she walked to the fridge.

She winked and said “sorry” to the sticky note that said “Only two beers a day!” in Mutsuki’s handwriting and pulled two cans out. Incidentally, there were already four empty cans in the trash from that morning alone.

She opened one with a nice “ksh” sound.

“...”

But before drinking any, she set them down on the table.

“What?”

She looked out the window toward the balcony.

This was the top floor of the apartment building and it was pouring rain thanks to the typhoon.

However, the sound of the rain had suddenly died down.

Four figures were visible out the window. Three were girls and one was a young man. They all had an otherworldly beauty as they smiled softly at her.

The falling raindrops veered unnaturally away from the balcony as if

they disliked the people standing there.

"The preparations for the guiding chant are complete. The location of FeTUS headquarters has been confirmed. We are prepared to bring judgment."

"I see."

"Now we must only wait for Metatron."

Micha's expression stiffened when the young man – Rapha – said that.

She instantly forgot all about the intoxication brought on by the four beers.

"Please hurry this up, Micha. The higher ups seem irritated that the current situation is making the humans look better than us."

"I am well aware."

Her voice was rough. The young man quietly closed his eyes, said "please" once more, and then left. The three girls followed suit.

Micha sighed quietly as she watched them leave.

Her eyes stopped on the lunchbox she had just finished eating from.

That lunch had been filled with Fujita Mutsuki's love.

"I wonder if this will be the least time he makes one of those for me," she quietly pondered.

She reached for a nearby shelf instead of the beers she had set down. It contained a few drinks with higher alcohol content, like whisky and brandy.

It also contained a photo of Mutsuki, Ange, and Micha that they had taken a while back.

She closed her eyes when she saw the smiling boy in the photo. She carelessly grabbed a bottle of whisky and began drinking it straight from the bottle.

Adolescent Adam 4: Chapter 2 - Unending Rain

It was the end of the term, so the afternoon classes were shortened. By two, it was already time to leave.

"Fujita, do you have a moment?"

"What is it?"

Just as he was about to leave, his homeroom teacher called out to him.

Both Mutsuki and Ange turned around as they were leaving together. When she realized who it was, the look in Ange's eyes sharpened.

They both knew their homeroom teacher Katsue Subaru was actually Schwarze Katze, an agent of FeTUS which was opposed to the angels like Ange. It was only natural for her to grow tense.

Schwarze responded to the blatant hostility with a look of pure belligerence, but...

"There was simply a problem with your future plans form."

She shook her head to show she had no intention of fighting today.

Mutsuki trusted her and said "understood", so Ange reluctantly ended her hostile glare.

And...

"I'm going on ahead."

"Eh?"

She stomped off.

Mutsuki and Schwarze both watched in shock as she left.

The issue really was nothing much. He had failed to fill out part of the form based on their previous meeting about his future plans. Once they reached the counseling room, they were done in only ten seconds.

After that, their focus naturally turned to their previous surprise.

"I'm shocked Jiyuuni would leave you behind like that. Did you get into a fight?"

"No. Or rather, she always goes back with me even if we do."

Ange had gone back home on her own.

A bitter look came over both of them as they sat across the desk from each other.

Fujita Mutsuki possessed the Serpent's Eye and Ange had been sent as his bodyguard. She had always been with him for the two months since she had appeared.

She had stayed by his side day in and day out, even when they got into fights and no matter how awkward it was.

And today she knew a member of an organization after the Serpent's Eye had contacted him, yet she left him behind.

She almost seemed to have abandoned her duties as bodyguard.

"Ange has been acting weird lately. She zones out a lot and sometimes looks really lonely."

"Hm. ...Maybe there's something to this."

Schwarze was mostly just confused that she had suddenly been handed the perfect opportunity to abduct him.

"Jiyuuni is a lot like me. She finds purpose in the duties given to her and pours her entire life into that. I find it hard to believe she would abandon those duties like this."

"I know."

Mutsuki felt "her entire life" was going a bit far, but he knew better than anyone how diligent she was after being protected by her for the past two months.

The teacher spoke to her confused student.

"Then again, it is possible she found something else to live for, like I did."

Her tone dropped and she gave him a damp look.

These were not the eyes of a teacher. They were the eyes of a woman and they sent his heart racing.

"We're all alone nyow♡"

After making sure no one else was watching, she hopped onto the desk with inhuman speed.

As her eyes moved right in front of him, the slightly unnatural coloration of the irises revealed them to be contact lenses.

"Ah, wait... Sensei, stop."

"Stop? But you haven't shown me any love since that time. Are you the type that doesn't feed his pet kitty?"

She licked his mouth.

Mutsuki could act confidently when it came to Black Cat, but he was hopelessly weak when it came to Katsue-sensei. The obedient student simply let his teacher suck at his lips.

Ange leaving had not been completely irresponsible.

She already knew Schwarze would not abduct Mutsuki or do anything else he would not like.

She had attempted to abduct him before, but when she failed, he had fucked her for a full night. She now adored him to the point of abandoning the duty she had previously seen as her meaning in life. Even if she did abduct him, she would likely return him if he so much as kissed her.

"S-something else to live for? But Ange doesn't have any hobbies outside of fighting."

Mutsuki smiled bitterly as he freed his lips.

Schwarze was entirely intoxicated now and she shrugged in displeasure.

"It doesn't have to be a hobby. Maybe it's a guy."

"A guy? But there aren't any guys around her.."

The boy gasped at his own words.

He could think of one man near her: Rapha.

She viewed that angel like an older brother and Mutsuki did not like being around him.

" ... "

An unpleasant feeling squeezed at his chest and he could find nothing more to say.

With their business complete, he bowed and left the counseling room.

He made his way to the main entrance and found that Ange really had left. She was nowhere to be seen and her shoes were gone. He had been hoping she was waiting for him, so he sighed.

The faces of Ange and Rapha spiraled around and around in his mind.

(It doesn't matter to me if she likes Rapha-san.)

He shook his head.

Machina, Micha, Schwarze, and even Lucia.

Whether angel, FeTUS, or demon, he had a variety of relationships with people who had reason to target him and he had even slept with them, but he had no such experience with Ange (as far as he remembered).

So in his mind, they were only friends. There should not have been any problem if she had feelings for someone else.

But even that reasoning failed to suppress the feelings roiling in his chest.

"I need to get home."

He sighed again and changed into his outdoor shoes.

And...

"Huh?"

He filled with a different sort of anger when he looked to the umbrella stand.

An unfamiliar umbrella with a broken frame was sitting in his spot.

"Oh, honestly."

He could have used his cellphone to call for someone to get him, but he could not bear to do that when it might be Ange who came.

He gave up on the stolen umbrella issue and decided to run home.

He realized it must have been the night that the typhoon was supposed to arrive. The rain and wind were so strong he thought he would be blown away.

He began cursing the school's location atop a hill as he held his bag over his head and ran down the slope while making sure not to slip.

The waterproof bag worked as an umbrella, but it was almost meaningless in this heavy rain and he was quickly soaked from head to toe.

"Ha ha..."

He gave up on avoiding the rain and stopped running.

That was when he remembered that rain and heartbreak always went together in old dramas and manga. It always started raining right when the protagonist's heart was broken.

He felt like he was in one of those scenes.

" "

He realized the feelings in his heart concerning Ange and Rapha were an awful lot like what they called heartbreak.

"Fujita-kun?"

He heard a voice so quiet the rain almost drowned it out. He blinked his eyes to get the water out of them and turned toward the voice.

He saw Machina looking puzzled with an umbrella in hand.

"Are you sure this is where you want to go?"

"Yeah. Thanks, Ibekusa-san."

He was soaking wet, but he had moved under her umbrella until finding a place to get out the rain.

It was a run-down little house that Mutsuki and his roommates had used as a hideout before. They had since moved back to the apartment, but the gas and water were still on and the roof did not leak.

"Ah ha ha. Thanks for taking me here. You got pretty wet too, didn't

you?"

He had spent a few days here, so he stepped inside like it was home.

Even after moving, the bare minimum like towels was still there. He grabbed two, kept one for himself, and handed the other to Machina.

She had stepped into the living room too and she took the towel, but she used it to help dry off Mutsuki who had gotten far wetter than her.

He smiled bitterly as the girl patted at his neck and upper arms.

Sharing an umbrella on the way here had made him blush, so he was glad the stuffy warmth after being so wet gave him an excuse for his red face.

"...Ah."

A sudden thought occurred to him, so he searched through his breast pocket.

The handkerchief, home key, and cellphone inside were all a little wet, but that did not really matter.

It was when he pulled out his student handbook that he frowned.

The rainwater had soaked the inside, including the photo booth stickers

on the inside of the waterproof cover.

"Ahh, now I've done it."

He sighed.

He was not the type to throw out any photos he had taken, so he still had all of the ones he had taken with friends since elementary school. When they came out especially well or were with an especially good friend, he would carry it around inside his student handbook.

The ones with his sisters and with Sakae or his other friends since elementary school were starting to come off.

As was the one with Ange.

In it, he looked nervous and her eyes were sparkling at getting her first picture taken.

Most anyone who saw it would assume they were a couple.

Mutsuki frowned.

"Did something happen with Jiyuuni-san?"

Machina peered at the handbook while holding both soaked towels.

"N-no. Nothing happened."

He tried to get by with a bitter smile, but he was clearly shaken by the photo with Ange. Machina also would have noticed that his bodyguard was unnaturally absent today.

His smile froze over before he could say anything else.

"..."

Machina frowned as she looked at the boy and girl smiling on the photo.

The rain grew even stronger and sounded so loud Mutsuki thought the raindrops would break the window.

This drove the two of them even quieter. Mutsuki fell silent and Machina was her usual silent self. The silence was far more unpleasant than the rain was loud.

Machina was the first to move.

"Fujita-kun."

She lifted his head and stole his lips.

The poorly ventilated living room was horribly stuffy and filled the scent of damp tatami mats.

The two intertwined bodies only increased the humidity. Seemingly driven onward by the unpleasant heat, the young boy and girl pressed their lips, skin, and entire bodies together.

They were both soaked with sweat and what remained of the rain, so they had difficulty removing their clothes. Before removing their necktie or ribbon, Mutsuki pulled out his fully erect item. He slid her striped panties aside and lowered his hips.

Lips sought lips and penis sought vagina. It was incredibly selfish sex. It could hardly be called "making love". It was sexual intercourse void of all enjoyment or happiness.

That said, it was not a pointless endeavor. Machina's body was the ideal. Her breasts were too large to fit in his hands and her waist was notably slender below them. Her body tickled at his male desires whenever he saw it.

Some slight sweat seeped from her fine skin. The unique sweet and sour scent of a girl rose from her and the boy naturally lost himself in the intercourse.

"Kh..."

Finally, he indulged in the kind pleasure by releasing his magma inside

her magnificent tightness. The flow was weak, but he still pumped a large quantity of sticky fluid inside of her.

"Pant...pant...pant..."

The boy trembled as the pleasure of ejaculation slowly spread through his body.

A somewhat dark feeling had led to this sex, but his body was honest. Once he released what needed releasing, he felt emotionally refreshed. The two of them kissed while lying in the missionary position.

"Sorry, Ibekusa-san."

She had offered her body to him when he was feeling down. He felt a mixture of gratefulness and guilt, so he could not look her in the eye.

Half to distract her and half to indulge in her, he embraced her warm and nice-smelling body.

She said nothing and simply accepted him while rubbing his head.

(Ibekusa-san...)

The awful feelings in his heart were clearing up.

He had confirmed once more that Ibekusa Machina loved him.

He had been interested in her since spring. At the time, he had simply thought of her as a vaguely mysterious person, but that had changed to definite love.

He was relieved and he had reconfirmed even his own feelings, but a different worry welled up inside him.

He loved her and she would comfort him so kindly, and yet his thoughts were still focused on Ange.

He hated himself for that.

"Sorry," he repeated quietly. "Sorry."

That was all he could say. No other words would leave his mouth.

As the boy made sure not to let her see his face even though they were close enough to rub their cheeks together, the girl remained as expressionless as always.

She never let any expression show.

"Please don't apologize."

She simply rubbed his head.

"This is what I want. I am doing this because I want to."

Even if he could not read her emotions, Mutsuki alone could tell whether she meant that or was simply comforting him.

And the fact that she really meant it made it all the more painful.

"But that's not why I'm doing it. I just wanted someone to comfort me."

He felt pathetic even as he said it, but he forced out the words as if confessing his sins.

"I just wanted someone to comfort me because I was in pain. I used you like you were a tool."

"That's fine," calmly replied the girl. "If that is what you need, I am fine being a tool."

"Eh?"

Mutsuki looked up with a slight dampness in his eyes.

"I have always existed for your sake. So..."

She closed her eyes.

"I am fine being a tool. No, I want to be a tool."

This girl had few expressions and had trouble speaking, so she expressed her emotions in the best way she knew how.

She begged him to kiss her.

"As long as you are the one that owns me."

"Nn..."

He did as she asked.

She had said it before, but he still did not know what she meant when she said she existed for his sake.

The rain showed no sign of letting up.

The two of them gave into that fact by forgetting about the time and trying out a variety of positions.

They moved from missionary to facing each other in a sitting position so they could kiss more easily. Then they changed to the cowgirl position. The tatami mats had soaked up their sweat, so faint human outlines could be seen there.

After they finished the third time, Machina's strength gave out and they shifted to doggy style so he could do all the work.

Mutsuki rubbed all over her slender body while stickily rubbing their connected lower bodies together.

"Nn. Have your tits gotten bigger again, Ibekusa-san?"

"Kh... Only because you grope them so much."

"Heh heh. I can't help it. I like them way too much."

He scooped up the weighty mounds from behind.

More than just being large, her bust accentuated her slender waist and was one of the leading factors behind her intense sex appeal. She was on all fours, so gravity pulled them down and even the smallest movement caused them to bounce around quite dynamically and seductively.

This was a huge gap from her usual self that drew so little attention to herself that she seemed invisible. Any boy would have lost himself in her body.

"...Ah, hh, hh."

His erection had grown a little soft after cumming thrice, but it grew as hard as steel again once he felt the softness of her breasts.

She grabbed at the tatami mats with both hands and her slender yet curvy body writhed boldly around. Her nectar-soaked sexual flesh also squeezed in on him.



"And they've gotten really sensitive."

He persistently teased her while toying with the lovely pink nipples.

"N-negative. The nerve coefficient has not changed...I think."

She sullenly bit her lower lip.

However, her heated face quickly melted. With each rhythmical stroke of the penis, she could not help but lift her butt. Her protests lost to the sensation and she stuttered a little.

"Heh heh. Sorry, sorry."

He pinched and tugged on the erect nipples, stretching her entire bust into a cone shape.

"It's true it hasn't changed. You were always really sensitive."

"Th-that isn't what I-...ah."

He let go of her breasts and reached for a different pair of mounds.

"Your butt is really sensitive too, isn't it?"

"N-no. That's...too indecent...nnkh."

Her butt had less flesh than her breasts, but his fingers still sank into it. He used the sweat and rainwater like lotion and roughly rubbed at her flesh.

She shook her slender shoulders and squirmed.

That proved her sensual mood had risen another level. Her lovely spine trembled as if from a chill and it arched backwards.

"Ah...nhh..."

Her intellectual face melted and she let him do as he wished.

Her slender spine bent, her short and curly hair shook out of place, and all strength left her.

"...♪"

Since she could not see him, he let himself put on a mischievous smile.

He moved both his thumbs toward the center of the two mounds he held, but the girl was too lost in the massage to notice.

A sudden shock sank deep into the central valley.

The lovely flower bud at the deepest part was squeezed tight, forming deep wrinkles, but the two of them were still connected and the hot head of his penis was poking at her womb. She could not stop the sexual pleasure from accelerating and melting even her anus.

She had not realized it yet, but the sexuality welling up from her butt was all focusing in on the center of her anus.

"Ahh..."

He spread her butt to either side.

The deep red tightness loosened out in an ellipse and the lighter flesh inside came into view. Only when the outside air reached that flesh did the girl realize what was going on, but...

"And you're especially sensitive here♪"

"Nnaaaahhh."

Mutsuki remained on the attack and stuck his long middle finger into the clean indentation.

"S-stop... That's...embarrassing...ahhhh."

The girl sounded almost panicked as the finger suddenly entered her up to the second joint.

But he had already massaged that area without her noticing, so it had become a true erogenous zone and obeyed the boy more than her. That bewitching flower blossomed and accepted the finger inside.

"Ah, it's so warm and sticky inside. Your butt is so lewd, Ibekusa-san."

While the rosebud-like exterior was perfectly clean, the interior was as sticky as the inside of a carnivorous plant.

It was dark and wet and the flexible sphincter gently bit down on his finger as he touched it.

"F-Fujita...-kun. Nn, nfh...hhh."

He bent his finger like a claw to dig into that embarrassing hole and Machina had to quickly cover her mouth with the back of her hand.

She held in the sexual moans that threatened to escape her lips as he rubbed at every inch of her anal erogenous zone.

"You're really reacting now. I bet I can make you cum just like this."

Even so, Mutsuki resumed moving his hips.

Her vaginal folds had been loosened up by their previous positions and they wrapped tightly around his penis. When he felt that melting sensation, he pounded into her at high speed.

"U-uuhh. No. Not from...not from my butt..."

The girl shook her head at her embarrassment from the anal pleasure.

"But it feels good, doesn't it? Your entire body is telling me so."

Mutsuki was certain of that when he felt her sexual slit sucking at his penis.

Their sex organs were a perfect match, so they rubbed at just the right spots even when doing it from behind.

"Khh, ah, ahh, a-amazing..."

Even after cumming so many times, his rod was still as hard as steel and it dug into every part of her vagina with its youthfully swollen head.

He pounded that weapon inside her like a passionate piston. As Machina's hips grew heavy from an intense sense of intoxication, she nodded her head as if giving up.

"Does it feel good?"

Mutsuki continued rubbing her sticky anus in time with his thrusting hips.

"Yes... Ah, ahhh. But...but it's so embarrassing."

Under such perverted conditions, it was hardly surprising her anus had transformed into an erogenous zone. Both her holes twitched and she wiggled her lower body to indulge in their connection.

"F-Fujita...-kun. Ahh, I'm...I'm..."

"Are you about to cum? I can tell. You're squeezing me almost painfully tight."

Waves ran through her vaginal walls in every direction. His penis tingled from the tight sensation and the boy thrust all the harder to stimulate that hidden tunnel.

"Kh, ah, ahhnn... A-amazing..."

With the throbbing of her gently teased anus, the rhythmical shocks to her nectar-covered flesh, and the pleasure piercing the butt he held in his hands, Machina twisted her waist and finally arrived at orgasm.

"Ahhhhhn... I'm...I'm cumming..."

Her body convulsed enough for her bouncing breasts to strike her stomach and collarbones.

"Kh..."

Mutsuki had cum thrice already, so he managed to distance his thoughts from his lower body and avoided the approaching ejaculation. Instead, he kept his rock-hard spear inside her and enjoyed her climax.

"Akh...ahhn...ahhhhh, ahhhhhh!"

She twisted and writhed as if to wring out her entire body.

She had gained a habit of reaching orgasm while receiving Mutsuki's sperm, so her womb probably was not satisfied with this. The shallower ecstasy seemed to continue longer than usual.

Mutsuki enjoyed the unique arousal of stopping at the edge of ejaculation and watching this beloved girl's obscene dance. He grinned as he enjoyed the sadistic luxury.

He could feel the sphincter swelling in response to her pleasure as it sucked at his middle finger.

Continuing any further would have been rough on Machina, so he pulled out.

He girl lay limply on her side and gasped for breath.

They had not fully stripped, so her breasts were sticking out of her uniform, her panties were hanging on her left thigh, and her skirt was pushed up enough to reveal her butt. The state of partial undress only emphasized those seductive areas all the more.

After holding back on cumming, the boy was filled with animalistic desire, so he gulped and resumed his caress while waiting for her breathing to calm down.

"Ahh..."

He moved behind her as she lay on her side and once more touched the sticky back gate that had held his interested for a while now.

She looked embarrassed, but she must have been aware it had been remade into an erogenous zone. She gave up and did not try to stop him.

She pulled her knees up and held them in her arms. This naturally opened the flesh of her butt, revealing the deep red indentation to the boy.

He could see her anus, so her eyes narrowed in embarrassment.

"Fujita-kun... You really...like that place...don't you?"

"Eh? Um, yes. It turns me on."

Having her ask about his fetish was embarrassing for him and reminded him what he was doing, so he pulled his finger back.

The girl hesitated for a moment, but...

"Then..."

She rolled onto her stomach and lifted her butt up.

"...Eh?"

Her butt was relatively small, but her slender waist emphasized her plump and round hips. The boy was confused when she held them up toward him.

After a moment, he caught on, but that realization also confused him.

The beautiful anus being offered up to him was swollen after climaxing with a finger inside it, so it looked like it could take something far thicker than a finger.

"A-are you sure?"

"Yes. I want you to own all of me."

Machina lowered her eyebrows in embarrassment, but she dug her fingers into her butt to show him the shameless valley in the center.

He could sense a will inside her that overpowered the embarrassment.

"Th-then..."

He did not know what was driving her to do this, but he did know that Ibekusa Machina was tempting him with such an obscene pose. There was no way he could resist, so he moved in close.

After the thorough massage, that bewitching anus's wrinkles had changed shape to form a sticky ring of flesh. The surrounding skin had been loosened up and the sphincter had lifted up, revealing some of the internal flesh.

"I've never done this before, so I might go in too strong. Tell me if it hurts."

"Not a problem."

The girl looked unsure how to respond when he said he had never done this before.

While Mutsuki did not remember it, he did have experience with this hole.

He had once violated Jiyuuni Ange like this when under Schwarze's control.

"..."

The reminder of those two and of the previous photograph led Machina to wrinkle her brow and stick her butt out further, urging him to hurry.

Meanwhile, Mutsuki began to blush as the surprise wore off.

He had only meant it as childish teasing to trouble the girl he liked, but now she was tempting him in an unimaginably sexual way. It aroused him

to the point that he felt dizzy.

He brought his face in close to the stuffy scent of the sweat and various fluids rubbed together in the center of her butt. When his heavy breathing touched it, the donut-shaped ring of flesh opened with a string of anal fluid stretching across.

Peeking inside her body like this filled the boy with an instinctual desire for dominance.

"Here I go."

He straightened up with a sadistic look in his eyes that one normally did not see in him.

He grabbed the girl's hips again and spread her plump heart-shaped mountains.

"Hkh..."

The valley bottom had grown quite sensitive, so she twisted her body just from the hot penis head touching it. Her bust moved about while squished against the tatami mats.

But Mutsuki did not hold back. He rubbed the tip against the sphincter with the gentleness of a kiss so she could grow accustomed to its heat and hardness.

The bewitching anal kiss gradually grew deeper and the anus quickly relaxed because Mutsuki had already taught it how to soften.

"Uuh...ah, ah, ahhh."

The sensation of the boy slowly sank deeper inside her.

The corners of Machina's eyes were flushed and she almost seemed to be dreaming as she accepted her second deflowering.

Embarrassment, pain, and ecstasy could all be seen on her face.

"Ah, ah. It's going in, it's going in. Wow, Ibekusa-san. It just keeps going in."

"Nn...yes. H-how does it...feel?"

She looked on the verge of letting drool drip from her lips, but she must have been worried about what he thought since this was the first time with that hole.

"Nn... The entrance is a little hard and really tight, but the inside is really sticky and it moves different from the front."

While the vagina had layers created by the folds of flesh, this hole was smooth. It felt like being squeezed with soft rice cakes.

The entire head was buried inside her.

"Are you okay, Ibekusa-san? Does it hurt?"

Next, he would be penetrating the fiercely tight sphincter with the much harder shaft, so he calmed his urge to hurry and made sure she was okay.

"Nn...N-not a...problem."

Small tremors ran through her breasts and butt like water shaking in an earthquake and she shook her head, tossing her curly hair around.

"What about...you? D-does it...feel good?"

"Yeah. Really good."

"I'm glad. Then..."

Even as she breathed heavily, the look on her face was one of satisfaction.

"I feel good too...♡"

She lifted her hips to further offer her spread anus to its invader.

She was undoubtedly feeling pain as the hard object widened that

forbidden caliber. Mutsuki could tell just by looking at her.

But with the telepathic sense they seemed to gain when having sex, he understood she enjoyed that pain, so he did not hesitate to bury himself to the base.

"Ah, ahh...ahhhn."

Machina's beautiful anus twitched from pain and she sensually wiggled her butt.

The sharp pain of the spreading sphincter and the dull pain of the penis digging into her insides both provided a masochistic arousal.

The hidden garden to the front was beginning to produce plenty of nectar. The three servings of semen pumped inside were driven out and dripped down her thighs to the tatami mats.

"Ibekusa-san, does the pain feel good?"

"Nn, n-no. Don't say that."

She narrowed her eyes in embarrassment.

That was the look of ecstasy he was used to seeing on her face.

"It's not that it...feels good. It makes me...happy. Because you...you..."

The words spilled from her mouth.

She may have been trying to say "because you own me". As her sadistic owner made her his tool, the girl began to awaken to a perverted masochism.

"Ahh, what do I do? ...I'm going to...go crazy..."

She twisted her body with enough force for her wet and thus heavy skirt to flip up.

She pressed her small butt against his hips.

The scorching heat parting her sphincter was covered in a strange emotion that transformed into joy.

That emotion was further covered in embarrassment that transformed into an entrancing intoxication. Ruled by that joy and intoxication, she could only become a slave to this anal pleasure no matter how much it hurt.

"Kh...ah, my butt, my butt...♡"

Each time he dug through the depths of her anus, hot juices dripped out.

"Heh heh. You're so cute, Ibekusa-san."

Mutsuki was drunk on an arousal that went beyond the simple pleasure.

Not only was he having sex with the classmate he had been interested in since spring, but he was even penetrating her anus. He was overcome by a sense of domination as he pleased even the most embarrassing part of that usually nonchalant girl's body.

"Nn... You're really sucking at me. You've got such a lewd ass."

"That's...ah, ahh, don't rub like that...It's not fair."

When he looked down, he saw her heart-shaped butt and the deep red flesh squeezing down on the penis piercing the very center.

When he pulled his hips back, that flesh would loosen and some of the pink flesh would be pulled back with his penis.

Her indecently softened anus only aroused him further.

"You're so sexy. And really cute."

And the more aroused it made him, the more he wanted to love her.

She had remade her sexual tendencies for him.

She almost seemed to have been born to be owned by the boy named Fujita Mutsuki.

"Nn..."

He bent down over her back and kissed her ear. She realized what he wanted and turned her head.

Their lips naturally met. No matter how much they rubbed their sticky lower halves together, they could forget all about the pleasure and give themselves over to mutual bliss.

"Ah...I'm about to...cum..."

"Ah...♡ G-go ahead. Cum as much as you want, Fujita-kun."

Mutsuki had held back last time, so he reached his limit first. They exchanged breaths while kissing and a tremor ran through him.

That tremor shook her anus, so she whispered back to hide the sweet moan that escaped her lips.

She said "as much as you want", but it was obvious she yearned for his cum. Once the boy began moving even more, she lifted her butt again to press it up against him.

"Nn...♡ Nn...♡"

She bent her back so far that the midpoint between her butt and back sank down. She arched her entire body until the breasts shaking below her reached the tatami mats.

She was taking up a position that allowed her throbbing anus to more easily swallow up the contents of the penis penetrating it.

"Ah, kh...uuh..."

For better or for worse, Mutsuki did not notice and began thrusting in as far as he could, forgetting this was her first time.

"Ah, nnnn♡ Nhhhhh♡"

A sticky sound rang out as his penis pumped in and out of her heart-shaped roundness.

The intense pleasurable friction to her anal flesh elicited hopelessly bewitching moans from Machina. The taciturn girl's voice echoed even in the small living room.

"I'm cumming... I'm going to cum inside you, Ibekusa-san."

"Nn, nn."

Her butt felt too hot to respond properly, so she simply nodded her head like a doll.

When he pulled his penis back, clear anal juices erupted out from the gaps in the wrinkles that were pulled back with the penis.

At the same time, the boy reached his limit. He reversed the motion of his hips and parted her butt as he pushed forward again.

"Ah...♡"

He had made sure the thick flesh of her butt would not get in the way, so his flesh cannon dug in until even his pubic hair almost entered her anus. Machina could not help but give a shrill cry.

A moment later, his thick seed was spewed out into her sticky insides.

The tight sphincter squeezed at the base, narrowing the urethra, so it took longer than usual to ejaculate it all.

Instead of a forceful release over a short period of time, it took its time to flow out. He had an odd feeling he had felt this sensation before and his entire body trembled from the pleasure of anal ejaculation.

"Ah...♡ Ah...!"

Machina seemed unsure how to react to the warm sensation travelling in the wrong direction for that place.

After a quick moment of concern, her expression bent in a truly obscene way.

"Nnah...♡ Ah, ahh♡"

All on its own, her body filled with pleasure as Fujita Mutsuki's climax juices filled her as proof that she had satisfied her owner.

All on its own.

"Ahhhhh...!"

Her body filled with an ecstasy unrelated to the pleasure.

The girl could not fight the nearly instinctual joy she felt at receiving his semen. And after that stormy washed her away...

"Ah, ah, ahhhn. Inside...my butt..."

Her obscene anus once more brought her to orgasm.

Her penetrated sphincter, her hot cum-soaked inner flesh, and her penis-filled insides all nearly melted as pleasure washed over them.

The pleasure spread to the neighboring vagina and everything from her womb to the hidden tunnel tightened as if she had just been having sex there. The love juices produced as he had so persistently rubbed at her anus were forced out of her vagina and splattered onto the tatami mats.

"Ahhhh♡"

First her heart, then her anus, and finally her womb had cum. Experiencing this triple orgasm chain-reaction left Machina lying limp on the floor.

"Ibekusa-san."

Even after the girl partially passed out, Mutsuki continued his caress.

He had already cum four times, but his erection showed no sign of going away and he pierced her tingling anus once more.

Machina was so soaked in pleasure that she no longer seemed even uncomfortable. Her mind was hazy, but she still managed to respond with a sweet breath from her nose.

"You aren't a tool. But..."

"Uuh..."

"You do belong to me and only me."

Adolescent Adam 4: Chapter 3 - Arrival of Darkness

"Oh, come oooon."

"!?"

The rain and their breaths had been the only sounds in the house, but a third voice made a sudden appearance.

Mutsuki quickly lifted his hips in shock. His erect penis slipped out and Machina collapsed limply to the floor.

The voice had come from the kitchen next to the living room.

"You're taking too long! I was going to wait until you were done, but how long are you going to keep at it?"

Lucia stood there with his hands on his hips. His uniform was mysteriously dry and he was puffing out his cheeks.

"L-Lucia-kun? Where did you...no, how long have you been there?"

This was far from the first time the demon boy had made a sudden appearance, so Mutsuki ignored that and instead worried about how long he had been watching.

"What do you want?"

As limp as she was, Machina still managed to glare at the boy who had interrupted her alone-time with Mutsuki.

Lucia must not have liked the look in her eyes because his eyebrows twitched.

And in that instant...

"———!"

The girl's half-removed shirt grew black, like someone had spilled ink on it. It seemed to wriggle around on its own and it moved her hands behind her back to pin her to the floor.

The black stain was actually a Succubus, a demonic creature. It seemed to be formed from the rainwater soaking her clothing.

Angels like Ange could easily burn them away with the divine light of their flames, but...

"Kh!"

A human like Machina was helpless. The fluid creature immediately solidified and transformed a mere shirt into a straightjacket with metal fibers inside. She could not move no matter how much she struggled.

Angels had an advantage against demons, demons had an advantage

against humans, and humans had an advantage against angels. That three-way balance held those three forces in check around Mutsuki.

"W-wait, Lucia-kun. Stop that."

Seeing the girl he had just been making love to being treated so violently, Mutsuki spoke up while fixing his own clothes.

"Hmph."

Lucia looked away.

"Waah!?"

The attack reached Mutsuki as well.

The next thing he knew, the rainwater in his own shirt had transformed into the black stain of a Succubus and he was pulled back against the wall.

Machina was restrained by her shirt, skirt, and black socks, so she could only squirm like an inchworm and Mutsuki was pinned to the wall by his contaminated shirt.

After quickly placing the two of them in his grasp, Lucia approached with a lopsided frown instead of his usual grin.

"There was an umbrella in the umbrella stand and you weren't at school, so I was worried you were all wet and went to find you. ...But when I do finally find you, you're having fun with Ibekusa. And this whooooole time, too."

Lucia kneeled down next to Mutsuki, unzipped Mutsuki's pants, and pulled out the erection that had yet to fade.

"And yet you barely show me any love at all."

Lucia bitterly grabbed the object sticking out at a right angle and rubbed it a little below the head.

"Um..."

The fact that it felt good only confused Mutsuki.

(Is he...jealous?)

He looked down at Lucia's upturned glance and had a feeling it was more sulking than criticizing.

The demon boy brought his nose to what he held.

"It smells like Ibekusa. I don't like that."

He puffed out his cheeks again.

Machina's eyebrows twitched at having the boy indirectly smell her butt.

Mutsuki did not know what to do and he was still confused.

"Ahh."

The demon boy showed no mercy against that indecisiveness. He stuck out his wet, coquettish tongue and rubbed it along the head of the penis.

After a short delay, Mutsuki's hips gave a jerk at the pleasure that was quite different from that of Machina's anus.

"Wait...Lucia-kun, what are you-...?"

"I'm getting off Ibekusa's juices. ...I can't believe you, Ibekusa. You must have a really naughty ass. There's way too much love juices and anal juices on here. And it looks like it sucked out every last drop of Mutsuki-kun's cum."

"~~"

He was mostly just making it up, but the accused girl still blushed.

She seemed to have given up on escaping the Succubus and she glared back at him.

"Satowa Lucia. I am aware that you have had, um...carnal contact with Fujita-kun and that he has not rejected that."

"..."

This time, Mutsuki was left at a loss for words. Even if it was entirely his own doing, he was shocked to find that the girl he liked knew about his willing acts of homosexuality.

"But I can deduce that Fujita-kun is rejecting your advances here. If you stoop to nonconsensual acts of obscenity, your position will-..."

"Oh, shut up already."

Lucia quickly shot down the girl's roundabout way of telling him to stop.

"You really think this is nonconsensual? Hey, Mutsuki-kun. You love it when I suck your dick, don't you?"

"Fwaaaaah! Wait, wait! Ahhhh!"

The next lick kept Mutsuki from lecturing the boy.

"Eh heh heh♥ It's finally starting to smell like you."

The tongue crawling along his penis filled Mutsuki with a sexual mood and the remnants of the semen welled out from within. Only then did Lucia's usual bewitching smile return.

"You love it here, don't you? Can Ibekusa lick like this?"

"Nnah, ah, ah."

With the smile's return, the movements of his tongue shifted from "jealousy" to his usual "attack".

While either tensing or softening his tongue, he sucked at the head and took his time to lick around the outer edges.

The tip of Mutsuki's penis felt like it was on fire. So much blood had gathered that he thought it would explode. The head had swollen up just like a ball of fire about to burst.

"Neh heh heh heh heh♥ Naughty juices are dripping from your pee hole♥"

Eyes filled with a devilishly bewitching light peeked out from the gaps in Lucia's frayed bangs as he lovingly licked along every contour of the mushroom shape.

Seeing such a childlike face sucking a penis with a look of pure carnality was so indecent that Mutsuki forgot all about the issue of his gender. The boy produced an erotic sex appeal that one would never see in pure Machina and that sex appeal seemed to steal Mutsuki's soul and set his

blood boiling.

"S-stop that...ah."

Mutsuki was unable to crumble to the ground while pinned to the wall by his clothes, so his legs only trembled a little.

He looked up and his eyes met Machina's. She too had grown still as if admitting defeat to the intense aura of lewdness coming from Lucia.

The homosexual desire assaulting his penis grew so great that he knew he should not be feeling it. It also scared him how the abnormal situation – being seduced by a boy in front of the girl he liked – only seemed to be increasing his arousal.

The tongue licked up the shaft and tickled at the hole at the tip.

"Ee...ah...n-not there...ah."

"No closing your legs."

Mutsuki had started rubbing his thighs together, but the demon boy would not allow him to protect that precious location. He lowered his tongue and placed the balls entirely inside his small mouth.

He rolled them around with his tongue, providing a ticklish pleasure different from that of the nerve-filled head. Strength left Mutsuki's entire lower half.

Then the tongue reached for a location even more inappropriate than the balls.

"Nn, nnnhh..."

It moved back from the dividing line between inner thighs and penis, and...

"~~~~~! Hh...!"

The tongue reached his anus and stickily forced its way inside.

"~♪ Now this part only tastes like you♥"

Lucia narrowed his eyes happily and bent his tongue onto the inner side of the sphincter. A surge of electricity seemed to run through the inside of Mutsuki's penis.

"Well, Mutsuki-kun? Did Ibekusa do this for you?"

The demon boy stroked the penis with an empty hand while confidently whispering more to Machina than to Mutsuki.

The girl bit her lip in frustration.

Mutsuki's shoulders were rising and falling as he tried to catch his

breath. She knew better than anyone that she had never gotten this much of a reaction out of him with her oral caresses.

"Ah..."

Mutsuki's hips gave out below him. The Succubus pinning his shirt to the wall wriggled down, leaving the boy sitting on the floor.

"C-c'mon... Stop this, Lucia-kun. I...I..."

The far too clever oral caress and the hand continuing to comfort his rod had left Mutsuki near his limit. As proof, he was moaning with drool dripping from the corner of his mouth.

Lucia put on a devilish smile and gave Machina a provocative look.

"C'mon, Mutsuki-kun... Do me too♥"

Lucia rotated his body around the penis in his grasp to straddle Mutsuki's stomach.

It was a variation of the sixty-nine position. His butt, which was even smaller than Machina's, appeared right in front of Mutsuki's face.

"Ahh..."

Lucia removed his belt and pulled down his pants, so the soft white

mounds of flesh and seductively colored valley filled Mutsuki's field of vision.

"C'mon, lick it. Make me feel good too♥♥"

Lucia shook his hips back and forth to get Mutsuki to act.

Mutsuki shuddered. He gasped at the almost painfully carnal feeling that felt like a cold tongue licking at his heart.

As cute as the butt was, there were still marshmallow-like balls between the spread legs, so this was unmistakably a boy's butt. And yet...

(Th-there's got to be something wrong with me.)

He was right in front of the girl he liked and yet he was finding himself attracted to the seduction of another boy.

Lucia lowered his head and swallowed the penis he held there. Mutsuki was amazed it could fit in such a small mouth. It reached all the way to the throat and the entire mouth squeezed in on it.

"Ahhhhhhh!"

Once the true blowjob began, Mutsuki's entire body jerked around. He was being hit by the pleasure of sex and of a tongue at the same time.

The boy's wet and glittering blond hair was tossed around as he moved his head up and down. Lowering his upper body had also lifted his hips up.

His seductive little butt was now even further centered in Mutsuki's vision.

"Ah..."

As his mind melted with pleasure, Mutsuki found himself entranced by the scene before his eyes and he briefly forgot all about Machina.

Ruled by the other boy's devilish homosexuality, he reached his tongue for the warm valley, toward the space between the springy flesh, and to the flower bud there.

"Hyaaahn♥ Fwa, ah, ahhhh♥ Nhhh♥"

"Ah...ah, Lucia-kun, you're so...cute."

He quickly remembered Machina was there, but now that he had placed his mouth on it, he could not escape the seductive homosexuality.

He licked up the sweaty scent soaking into that valley and stuck his tongue in the wrinkled indentation that had opened slightly. He copied Lucia's previous actions by screwing the tip of his tongue along the inside of the sphincter and both kissing and sucking at the entire flower bud.

The surrounding wrinkles of flesh loosened up and revealed the pink inner flesh faster than Machina's had. He was drawn to that carnally wet color, so he moved his tongue all the more.

"Nn, hhh♥ Ahnnnhnn♥ ~~~~~♥♥"

Lucia was now in the weaker position. He moaned and squirmed with the erection still in his mouth as Mutsuki's tongue moved back and forth along his anal flesh.

"~~"

Setting aside the fact that this was two boys, Machina clearly looked displeased as she watched Mutsuki so entranced with someone other than her.

She blushed when she suddenly realized this was the second penis she had ever seen.

"Nn, ahh♥ Ahhh, Mutsuki-kun♥ No, my butt. My butt's going to me!!!!♥"

After successfully monopolizing Mutsuki's attention, Lucia quickly forgot about the third party watching and lost himself in the loving intercourse with this beloved boy.

Mutsuki had nowhere to escape with the wall behind him, so Lucia rubbed his butt against the boy's face and provided oral pleasure in return. His long tongue moved obscenely around, his lips tightened, and

his cheeks sucked in to constantly caress the cannon as a flexible pleasure device.

"Hhh, kh, hhhh...hh."

The intense service naturally strengthened Mutsuki's love for the demon boy while skipping straight past the taboo of homosexuality.

This was only possible for another boy, so no girl or woman could copy it. Not Machina, not Micha, and not Schwarze.

(Lucia-kun's so cute. Oh, he likes it when I lick his asshole.)

The presence of the girl he liked faded from Mutsuki's mind as he focused entirely on this immoral anal attack. He stuck his tongue in and out of that obscenely red indentation.

"Heh heh heh♥ That's too rough, Mutsuki-kun. My butt's really gonna melt."

Lucia kept his fingers wrapped around the erection as he turned around once more. He brought his face in toward Mutsuki who was so aroused he looked like he was on drugs.

"You're even harder than normal. Did licking my butt get you horny?"

A face more adorable than any girl's smiled in a provocative way.

"I'm pretty excited too♥ I feel like my head is melting from sucking a dick as hard as yours. Even my butt is soaking wet."

He adjusted the position of his hips and guided the erection in his hands to his anus.

"Hey, how about this? Use my ass-pussy like I'm a girl."

"Eh? Um..."

The valley soaked with his own saliva surrounded the head of Mutsuki's penis. The entrance had been loosened from the tongue penetration and Mutsuki realized what Lucia wanted when he felt that entrance against his tip.

"It's my first time, but don't worry. I've masturbated a whole, whole bunch to loosen it up for you. I widened it a bunch with my fingers so it could be your personal fuck-hole."

The hole widened like it was melting and sucked at the penis as if telling him to hurry up.

This would be sex with a boy. They had done a few of sexual acts together already, but this was a line they had yet to cross. Mutsuki tensed up as an immoral curiosity and a renewed sense of taboo welled up inside him simultaneously.

It had a lot to do with the fact that Lucia was wearing his uniform today. It was the same boys uniform that Mutsuki wore, so even if his face was

cuter than any girl's, he was still noticeably a boy.

And most of all...

"..."

He was worried about how Machina was awkwardly averting her gaze in the corner of his vision.

(I'm the worst.)

Even ignoring the sex difference, he was doing this in front of the person he had just been making love to. The entire situation had to be painful for her.

But despite his self-loathing, Mutsuki's object stood impressively tall and pressed against the sticky red flower bud.

"Ahn...♥"

"Ahh..."

Even as he hesitated, it slipped inside the melted anus.

"Ah♥ Ah♥ There it is...♥ My...my but...melted so much...it slipped onto your dick...on its own. Ahhhn, your dick is too hard♥"

Once the sphincter spread to half the width of the head, Lucia's hips gave out as drool dripped from his mouth, so the speed of their union grew.

Mutsuki had not had much trouble with Machina, but he was even more smoothly welcomed in by this virgin anus that had been widened just for him.

"Ah, ah. It's so sticky inside you, Lucia-kun."

"Nhh. That's because it started producing more juices as you teased it♥ My asshole melts right away to become your personal onahole♥"

The tip finally passed through and the hard shaft would have to go through next, but Lucia was already gasping for breath.

"Hyaaah♥ Ahe ahahhh♥ Your dick...your dick is filling me up♥"

His adorable face was covered in tears and drool and he was already starting to tremble from crazed convulsions.

Mutsuki could tell he was still an anal virgin despite being so used to anal pleasure.

The ring at the entrance easily allowed the foreign object inside, but the inner flesh beyond the reach of a finger moved about as if in extreme confusion.

"Lucia-kun..."

Mutsuki felt his heart warming as he realized the boy had given him his first time, even if a little forcefully.

The joy in the demon boy's heart that they were united made him seem just as adorable as Machina had earlier.

(Sorry, Ibekusa-san.)

For the moment, he wanted to prioritize Lucia, so he followed his heart and thrust his hips upwards.

"...♥♥♥ Fwaaaahn, it's so thick♥ And so deep♥ Hyaaah! The edge♥
The edge of my butt is throbbing♥"

The hips dropped down and the penis rose up to meet them. They increased the pace of their union and the springy mounds reached Mutsuki's hips in no time.

"Ahhh♥ Ahhhhh♥"



Lucia's cheeks were so slack he looked only half conscious and a sigh of ecstasy escaped on his breath.

His butt had less fat than a girl's, but that made it more elastic. That butt was currently rubbing in a circle along Mutsuki's hips. The penis being penetrated by a thicker penis on the other side had swollen and its dark red tip was poking out from the foreskin.

"M-Muchuki-kun...how do you like my ass-pussy?"

"Its softness...is squeezing down on me...and it feels great."

"Ha ha♥ I'm glad...♥"

Lucia's eyes narrowed in ecstasy as if to say pleasuring the boy with his anus made him happier than the physical pleasure or arousal.

The white object swaying in front of him must have also reached a state of ecstasy because it began squirting precum. His hips were trembling without ever settling down, so the fluid scattered everywhere.

"Y-yesss♥ Filthy juices are coming from my dick♥ Ahhhhn♥ Your dick...your dick is reverberating in my dick♥♥♥"

They had not been connected long, but he seemed to have reached a dry orgasm as a conditioned reflex to the manly penis. He stared blankly up at the ceiling.

He had cut in between lovers, seduced one of them, and stolen him, but the instant he was anally penetrated, he lost his control over the situation.

"..."

Meanwhile, Mutsuki seemed almost calm as he watched over the writhing boy.

Unlike Machina's flesh-filled anus, Lucia's felt like amorphous jelly. The

warmth seemed to be licking across his entire penis and it reminded him of Lucia's skillful blowjobs.

But the more the pleasure grew, the more a strange emotion rose within him. And that emotion cut off the pleasure needed to bring him to ejaculation.

He remembered this same thing happening when doing it with Machina, Micha, and Schwarze all at once.

He had felt like he could pleasure them for as long as he wanted and he had indeed left all three limp from pleasure.

The ability to satisfy everyone began to feel perfectly normal.

Yes.

(Lucia-kun is mine too.)

"...?"

Lucia was too far gone to notice, so Machina's eyes widened instead.

Mutsuki freely swung his arms to throw off the black slime still stuck to him.

The Succubus that had fused with his clothing had suddenly gone limp,

so he was freed from the wall.

The boy did not seem to care much.

"Lucia-kun, you liked it here, didn't you?"

"Eh? Ah...ahn."

Now that he could move his hand, he placed it on the base of the penis that felt like burning magma.

"Ah, wait. Not there♥♥ The balls...the balls will only make my cum thicker♥♥"

The hairless balls had already tightened together.

Mutsuki gently massaged that pump that was preparing for ejaculation. The wrinkled skin loosened and the forcibly relaxed testicles lowered.

"Heh heh. You're so cute, Lucia-kun. I'll make you cum where it feels best."

Mutsuki no longer felt any taboo toward homosexuality as he gladly teased Lucia's male side. He also moved his hips around to mix up the boy's insides from below.

"Hh, hnn♥ More? It already feels so good, but you're going to make it feel even better?"

Lucia was completely at the boy's mercy and he could only indulge in the ecstasy.

With the boys uniform, the penis, and the approaching ejaculation, this was clearly a boy that Mutsuki was having sex with.

And yet that now only provided him with a perverted form of arousal.

"I never thought the Serpent's Eye could do this..."

Machina was still shocked that Mutsuki had defeated a demon that humans supposedly had no means of fighting.

"Has he taken control of his foundation? Of Satowa Lucia's chakra? Is this also part of Adam's-..."

"Ibekusa-san."

Mutsuki smiled over at the girl who was thinking aloud to herself.

Sensing something depthless in that smile, she quickly looked away, but the boy did not mind and embraced Lucia's body.

He laid the demon boy down while still connected and reached a hand

to the restrained girl.

"..."

With just a gentle touch, the black liquid surrounding her body burst.

The Succubus had not died. The black stain covering her shirt was still wriggling around, but it had lost the will to restrain the girl.

It obeyed Mutsuki's command to leave over Lucia's command to restrain her.

Surprised and a little afraid, Machina frowned.

"Come here."

But that did not last long. When he beckoned her over, she quickly regained the expression of an obedient possession and had no choice but to approach.

As he brought tears to Lucia's eyes with his erection, he wrapped his arms around Machina's waist.

"Nn...n"

He began a gentle caress of her skin. Her stained shirt fell away and the ribbon around her neck stuck to her breasts.

Watching Mutsuki's passionate relations with Lucia had left her more sensitive than ever before.

Her body and heart bent to Mutsuki's will. He only had to look at her and she would realize what he wanted and do so without even being told.

"Ah...ahh."

Lucia was lying on his back, so she circled toward his head and pulled his slender legs back.

The barely-conscious demon boy realized that he was being held in place with his legs spread in a V-shape. He frowned.

"M-Mutsuki-kun... This is embarrassing."

"Is it? But this part of you seems to like it."

Mutsuki grabbed the object swinging unguarded at the base of the boy's legs.

"It's like a big clitoris. ...Ha ha. Your asshole reacts when I tease it. Your insides are giving me a sticky kiss."

"Ah♥ Nnnn♥ No...it's as sensitive...as a clit...so don't rub it so roughly♥"

Of course, he continued stirring up their point of connection all the while.

The boy's soft anus had almost entirely transformed from an excretory organ to an obscene sex toy, but it was still his first time and the penis dug almost painfully into the entrance.

The way the wriggling internal walls sucked at the penis felt great, but it was almost too tight, which worked up a masculine aggression.

"Take this and this and this."

"Nhan♥ Ah, ahee, ahehn♥ Don't...fuck my ass so hard... I can feel it in my dick...it's filling my dick♥ I'm...going to cum soon. My penis milk is going to squirt out♥"

Lucia could barely breathe as he was harshly skewered.

"Oh, you're going to cum already?"

"Yes, yes. I'm gonna cum. My dick...my dick's gonna explode♥"

"Heh heh. Not yet it's not♪"

As the demon boy uttered masochistic moans at the anal pleasure, Mutsuki gave a sadistic smile and tightly grasped the base of the small flesh tool that was bouncing around.

"You're not allowed to cum until I do. Let's cum together, okay?"

"Eh...? B-but...I'm...I'm already..."

"If you don't want to wait, that's fine. I'll pull out, though."

He pulled his hips back and placed the broad swollen head against the ring-like entrance.

"Kh... M-meanie♥ Y-you know I'm already an anal masochist. You know I can't say no to your dick♥"

As Mutsuki stimulated the sphincter from within, Lucia tearfully and obediently nodded his head.

Mutsuki gave an approving smile and resumed calmly thrusting his hips. He had little experience with anal sex, but it was easy to pump in and out when his partner's legs were spread wide.

Instead of wildly pounding into him, he moved more smoothly using the sticky intestinal fluids.

"~~♥♥♥ That's...ahhhn, not that♥ It feels like I'm pooping... My dick...my dick is throbbing. The cum's gonna shoot out♥"

"Oh? So should I stop?"

"Noo. Don't stop. You're the one...that made my butt like this♥ You gave me this lewd ass♥ So you can't stop now♥"

When Mutsuki pulled his hips back, Lucia used what limited movement he had to raise his butt up after him. Even the pink anal flesh stuck to the erection and poked a bit out of the darker colored wrinkles to pursue him.

"Heh heh. What a naughty ass. Look at this, Ibekusa-san."

Machina had been an anal virgin too, but Lucia's flesh had grown accustomed to the penis much faster. Mutsuki grinned and showed the girl assisting him.

Machina had been blushing and staring blankly at the obscenely rhythmic movements of Mutsuki's lower body, but she looked up in surprise when he spoke to her.

She followed his instructions by getting down on all fours and peering at the point of connection dripping with intestinal juices below the marshmallow-like balls.

"Ah, wah."

She had of course not seen it when she was on the receiving end, so this was her first time seeing anal sex. Even without anything to compare it to, she could tell how "naughty" this was at a glance. The hole resembled the lovely bud of a Japanese morning glory and pink petals were poking out as the familiar object penetrated it. However, it did not

look painful and the bud itself was twitching joyfully.

"Let's see. Is your weak point here?"

The boy softly manipulated his giant penis.

"Ahhhhh♥ Y-yes♥ There♥"

The tip had a habit of swelling out even more than a normal person's and it had likely reached the most pleasurable spot. Lucia's voice rose an octave.

"Oh♥ Oh♥ Oh♥ Oh♥ Ohhhhh, th-that's amazing♥ I...I can feel it poking at my dick♥♥♥ I'm gonna die♥ It feel so good I'm gonna die♥♥♥"

"Heh heh. Yeah, you really reacted even when it was just my finger."

The thickly swollen head caught at the anal G-spot that was Lucia's prostate and seductively stirred it up.

"I'm cumming, I'm cumming♥ Don't poke so hard at the back of my dick♥ The milk...the milk'll squirt out♥"

Each thrust seemed to push at his seminal glands. The demon boy's marshmallow balls were tensing up as he continually reached dry orgasm.

"Ahh~♡"

Lucia's arousal as he enjoyed the thick penis seemed to be contagious. As Machina was leaning over him on all fours, she began fidgeting her butt that had been remade into an erogenous zone earlier.

While Mutsuki had given himself over to arousal with her, he was clearly much more composed this time. She was certain that had to provide far more masochistic pleasure to his partner.

The girl let out a heated and envious sigh as she imagined just how much pleasure Lucia was feeling.

"Fujita...-kun...nnn."

When he felt the sweet sigh on his lower stomach, Mutsuki realized what she wanted and reached a hand to her cheek.

He lifted her head and their lips met.

"Nkh...ahh. Fujita-kun...Fujita...-kun..."

"Ah... Your mouth tastes so good, Ibekusa-san."

They used their built up saliva to rub their tongues together.

That alone was enough to satisfy Machina and the ends of her

eyebrows drooped sweetly, but...

"Khh...♥ Ahn♥ Nnnn♥ That's...Mutsuki-kun's scent."

Lucia lifted his body and found a butt right in front of his face.

Machina was nearly sitting on her legs, so her heels dug into and spread her butt, allowing the white fluid to leak out of the beautiful anus in the center.

That boy was such a slave to Mutsuki that he could not help but lift his upper body to begin licking it up.

"Uhh, wh-what are you...ahhh♥"

Machina had been turned into a container to lick Mutsuki's cum out of, but she could not fight it given the situation.

A sweet throbbing had filled her recently-penetrated anus as she watched Mutsuki and Lucia's passionate sex.

"Nn, nnn..."

And Mutsuki did not stop kissing her. Her spine tensed as soft tongues dug into both her entrance and her exit. Her bust bounced below her.

Mutsuki smiled bitterly at the complicated triangle they formed and he

sped up the piston of his hips.

"Ee♥ Nnhhh♥ Ah, m-my butt...is melting♥"

"Hh...uuhh, ahh. My butt is...m-melting...♥"

As he scraped at the prostate, Lucia moaned with a blank look of pleasure while nearly disobeying his instructions by ejaculating. He also passed on the pleasure to the feminine anus wet with Mutsuki's juices.

"Ah♥ Uuh♥ Uuhhhn♥ I-I can't♥ Anal...anal feels too good. I'm...I'm going to...♥♥♥"

"Nn...nnn..."

The boy and girl receiving Mutsuki's attack cried out at almost the same moment. The boy on his back and the girl leaning over him began convulsing simultaneously.

Their waists were equally thin and their shoulders equally slender, but the girl's writhing was more dynamic thanks to the fleshy bouncing of her bust. On the other hand, the boy was more honest about the pleasure, so his small butt wiggled even more greedily than before.

"Okay, you two... I-I'm going to cum too, so cum with me."

"Ha ha♪"

"~~♡"

Their reactions were different, but neither of them seemed to fully feel their pleasure until Mutsuki was satisfied.

"C-cum♡ Cum inside m♡ Fill my ass with your cum♡ Make me into your personal onahole♡ Pump me full♡♡♡"

Lucia's deeply flushed face melted and his anus seemed to suck at the penis both inside and out.

As if enjoying his aroused breaths, Machina's expressionless face crumbled into something just as sexual as the demon's. The exceptionally beautiful curves of her body wiggled while making sure she never left the lips pressed against her.

Mutsuki gently bit his lip as his penis was tightly squeezed and he joined the two lovely bodies dancing up and down.

"I'm cumming... Khhh!"

It was the fifth time that day, but he still released enough magma to satisfy the demon's greedily wriggling insides.



"Ah...♥ Ahhhhh...♥♥♥♥"

The hot sticky liquid spread the squeezed internal pathway. Lucia's eyes widened at the sensation that could never be felt during masturbation.

The swollen sphincter had pasted itself to the shaft, so all of Mutsuki's seed continued deep into the boy's guts.

"Nhaaahhhhhh♥ Hwah♥ Nn, nkheee♥ What?♥ What is this?♥ Kh,

oh♥ Ohhhhh♥♥♥

The pleasure melting Lucia's body from the inside of his hips transformed into a sharp surge of electricity and the boy's slender body jerked about.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥"

He had been ordered to cum at the same time, so now that he was allowed to, the penis that had been squirting precum swelled up especially large.

As if to emulate the beloved boy inside him, milky liquid erupted from it with tremendous force. The ejaculation was so powerful that the small penis bounced around. More than just his stomach, it got on his throat, his chin, and even Machina's thighs.

"...Hh..."

Lucia had removed his tongue from her lovely anus because he was too busy with the wildness of his lower body, but Machina's body continued trembling with almost no change.

She looked intoxicated with her cheeks so flushed and she responded in kind as Mutsuki's kiss strengthened due to the pleasure of ejaculation.

"Fujita-kun...nn...ah♥"

That kiss was enough for her white flesh to tremble all the more.

The orgasm that shook the ribbon around her neck was graceful compared to Lucia's crazed writhing, but hot juices sprayed from her barely-touched lower lips to demonstrate the great joy within them.

They collided with and were deflected by Lucia's fluids that had reached her thighs, but they finally mixed together.

The rain had only grown worse and the typhoon was reaching its peak.

But the three inside did not notice. The pounding of the rain on the roof was drowned out by the sticky sounds coming from their bodies. Their sweat and other bodily fluids had created a steam that clouded up the windows, preventing them from seeing what was going on outside.

And most of all, they were only focused on each other.

"Ahn♥ Ahahn♥ Mutsuki-kun, Mutsuki-kun...♥"

"...Hh, hh...nn, nnn."

Mutsuki had his legs extended along the tatami mats and the other two were leaning up against him.

They clung to the boy from either side and rubbed lovingly up against him. Lucia's hips had entirely given out, so he leaned his entire weight on Mutsuki and asked to be held and kissed. Machina remained in a bit of a

daze as she narrowed her eyes and rubbed her cheek against his shoulder.

Mutsuki gave them both sweet kisses and rubbed their hair.

"Both of you are mine."

"Yeah. I'll always be yours, Mutsuki-kun♥♥"

"You are my only owner, Fujita-kun."

"Heh heh."

Fujita Mutsuki gave an arrogant laugh no one would have expected of him.

Lightning flashed outside the window and the rumble of thunder mixed into the sounds of the storm shaking the outside world.

Adolescent Adam 4: Chapter 4 - End of the Balance

"I'm hungry."

Ange quietly complained while sitting on the couch with her arms around her knees.

She checked the clock and found it was already seven at night. According to the Jiyuuni timetable, it should have been dinnertime already.

She was still hungry because the boy in charge of preparing that dinner had yet to return.

"Where did that idiot get off to? He's late."

It had been five hours since she had left him at school shortly after two, yet he still had not returned. She rested her chin on the Lazy Bear cushion in her arms and puffed her cheeks out.

Micha chuckled as she stared at the rain pouring down out the window.

"If you're worried, you shouldn't have left him in the first place."

Micha sat down next to her.

"Just because you were removed from bodyguard duty doesn't mean you can't accompany him."

The woman stroked the girl's red hair.

Ange put on a lopsided frown and did not reply.

He had not been told, but the alert level for Serpent's Eye Possessor Fujita Mutsuki had been lowered.

He no longer required a 24/7 bodyguard and simply had to be monitored. As long as the angels knew what he was doing, he was permitted as much freedom as he wanted.

One could say Mutsuki's work at making friends with Machina of FeTUS and Lucia of the demons had paid off.

Of course, this had only been decided among the angels and the enemy organizations had not been informed.

That meant Ange was no longer tasked with accompanying him at all times. She had also been given another special mission.

At the moment, she was not Mutsuki's bodyguard, so she had not been abandoning her duty when she left him at school.

"If the observation team hasn't said anything, he must be playing with his friends. If you're that hungry, why not get some take-out?"

The girl ignored the suggestion with a sulking look, so the older angel

narrowed her eyes and laughed.

Then she looked outside again.

"But this rain worries me. Did Mutsuki-kun take an umbrella with him today?"

"He had one this morning."

"Hmm, so he wouldn't be taking shelter from the rain. I wonder why he's so late."

Micha tilted her head.

Ange also looked out the window while pouting her lips.

She saw the sky dumping down even more rain than earlier in the day.

"Knowing that idiot, his umbrella might have broken in the wind."

She got up from the couch.

"Take-out would have a hard getting to us in this rain. I'll go find Stupid Mutsuki, so you stay here, Micha."

She walked quickly to the front door.

Ange had her back turned, but Micha caught a glimpse of her face from side. It was as red as her hair, so Micha burst out laughing.

"You need to be more honest. Just admit you want to eat Mutsuki-kun's cooking."

"...! Th-that is not-..."

Ange turned back with her face an even brighter red.

However, her outburst of anger came to an abrupt end as she shut her mouth like normal.

"Once Metatron begins, I'll have to say goodbye to him anyway."

"..."

"If I'll never have another chance, it would be a shame to miss even that idiot's bizarre creations."

She left.

Micha's face stiffened as she watched her leave.

The usual enjoyment of teasing that younger angel was nowhere to be seen.

Ange left the apartment with her own umbrella and a spare one for him.

It was past seven. With some help from the thick clouds, it was already quite dark out.

It was a fairly windless typhoon, but they seemed to be near the center. The rain grew nearly horizontal, so she would be quickly soaked even with the umbrella.

After making sure no one was watching, she produced wings of blue flame from her back.

She wrapped her body in the two thousand degree flames. A layer of air formed that deflected all of the raindrops that approached her. Even if one did get close, it would be vaporized before it reached her.

(I guess I didn't need two umbrellas after all.)

She laughed to herself.

An umbrella was relatively useless in this weather, so they would need to use her wings to remain dry on the way back. In that case...

" ... "

The two of them would only need the one umbrella.

"~~"

She shook her head and her face grew oddly warm.

(He can just get soaked on the way back.)

That would be more enjoyable. He was sure to tear up as the rain drenched him despite the umbrella, so she could laugh at him before having no choice but to let him inside her wings.

And then...

"Heh heh."

Her expression relaxed as she imagined it and she followed the path back to school.

"C'mon, move in closer, Ibekusa. I'm getting soaked over here."

She suddenly heard a familiar voice in the rain.

"..."

Her small smile froze over when she saw the three people walking toward her.

"You can make a new umbrella with your Springloaded, can't you? So let Mutsuki-kun and me have this one while you head home with that."

"Negative. Using Springloaded for personal matters is frowned upon."

"Calm down, you two."

Lucia had not had one, so the three of them were making their way to the apartment under a single umbrella.

Mutsuki was in the middle, Machina was on the right, and Lucia was on the left.

The rain was blowing nearly horizontally, so all three of them were soaked. The umbrella was essentially meaningless, so they were really just using the shared umbrella to flirt.

Lucia complained, Machina calmly parried, and Mutsuki settled things.

Mutsuki had enjoyed their earlier raw intercourse, but he enjoyed this too. He could not stop smiling.

"..."

When she ran across them and saw the boy's smile, Ange quietly closed her eyes.

"Ange?"

He tilted his head when he saw her near the park right next to the apartment.

"What is it? I was just on my way ba-...oh."

He noticed the two umbrellas she held and guessed what she was doing.

He tried to move close, but...

"FeTUS Witches Miss E...Ibekusa Machina."

She spoke and his feet came to a stop when he saw the look on her face.

She always looked irritable and she would sometimes smile or look surprised, but he had never seen this look over the past two months.

It reminded him of the lonely look of a lost child.

"I owe you one for warning me in advance of Black Cat's attack."

"Ange...?"

"I will repay you for that now."

Mutsuki frowned, but Ange paid him no heed and closed her umbrella.

"FeTUS stands in opposition to heaven's command concerning Adam. It has been determined you are in violation of Deadly Sin #32. The angels will now use Metatron to exterminate your sanctuary...FeTUS Headquarters."

"I"

The girl spoke plainly and Machina also gave a look unusual for her: surprise.

Even Lucia's expression changed. Mutsuki alone could not follow what was being said.

"Metatron will be activated within thirty minutes of the present time."

However, he could tell Ange was declaring war on FeTUS.

"Our target is your headquarters and any resistance would be futile. If you wish to live, then run away."

The angel turned her back and Mutsuki prepared to call out to stop her.

"Now, now, Ange. You know you can't give advance warning of divine punishment."

But another familiar voice spoke first. The boy gasped as four angels landed between him and Ange.

Three were red-winged female angels he had never seen before, but his eyes naturally focused on the angelic young man he did recognize.

"What is going on, Rapha-san? ...What is this...Metatron?"

A tremor filled the boy's voice because he could tell this was serious. Rapha only gave his usual gentle and somewhat cold smile and did not answer.

"_____!"

A moment later, Machina turned around and ran toward the school.

The balance between humans and angels had been desperately held together before, but Mutsuki could clearly sense that it had fallen apart.

"Ange?"

" ... "

She did not respond.

She let go of the umbrella she had brought. Before the handle could even clatter to the ground, the five angels took flight.

At the very last moment, he felt like he saw her blue eyes looking back at him over her shoulder.

Utterly dumbfounded, he turned to Lucia for help.

"What was that? What is going on?"

Even Lucia's behavior told him something was wrong. Normally, he would have smoothed things over with some kind of joke about them being alone together, but his expression remained tense.

"They're using Metatron on a single human organization? The angels must really feel cornered."

"What is that? What is Metatron?"

The demon boy was the only one he could rely on, so he grabbed his shoulders and shook him. He dropped the umbrella, so the pouring rain pelted their heads.

Lucia looked up and seemed unsure what to say for a while.

"Simply put, it's a gigantic bomb the angels use."

"A bomb...? H-how big?"

"I don't know. It varies from case to case."

He brushed up the wet bangs plastered to his forehead.

"It was used to destroy the Tower of Babel and to wipe out Sodom and Gomorrah. It also sunk the island of Atlantis and the continent known as Mu. Including Agneya and the Arrows of Indra, about 90% of the world's phenomena that symbolize god's wrath were caused by Metatron."

"You're kidding..."

On the upper end, it could sink a continent. That was an unimaginable scale.

The humans of FeTUS would certainly have the upper hand in a direct battle with angels, but what if a great calamity was used before the battle even began?

Angels, demons, and humans. Three organizations held each other in check around Fujita Mutsuki.

The stalemate had been growing more stable, but now it had utterly collapsed.

Adolescent Adam 4: Chapter 5 - Clash of Heaven, Earth, and Hell

FeTUS headquarters, a facility containing modern man's greatest technology, was located two thousand meters below Megutono Academy's hill.

It was defended by the Witches, heirs of all the knowledge passed down through the centuries.

Currently, Miss A, C, D, and E were gathered there.

After returning to the headquarters, Machina, aka Miss E, succinctly passed on her information while running to the core room located at the deepest part of FeTUS headquarters.

It was a large hall-like space filled with darkness. It was too large to see the walls or ceiling.

She could just barely see the giant rabbit doll sitting in the center.

A young girl sat on the large clock it held. Standing next to it was Miss C, aka Schwarze, aka Katsue Subaru, and Miss D, the school's PE teacher named Daima Makoto.

"Miss E, is what you said true? The fairy tales about Metatron were true?"

Miss C walked impatiently over.

Machina silently nodded and looked to the girl sitting on the large clock.

The adorable girl appeared to be about six and her long blonde hair was tied to the left and right.

She wore an elegant deep red dress and a hat sat on her head. She looked like a perfectly normal little girl with somewhat classical tastes. However...

"This information comes from Jiyuuni Ange. Given her personality, the odds of it being a bluff are low. I believe Metatron will target this place within twenty-six minutes."

Machina and the other two looked up to the little girl for instructions.

"So we are not permitted to defy heaven, are we?"

The girl, FeTUS Witches Miss A, sighed with the exhaustion of six hundred years filling her young face.

"We must use our full power. Use all FeTUS equipment. Prepare all Springloaded for activation. We will utilize all of the knowledge available to us to defend this place from the coming judgment."

"Positive."

"Positive."

"Positive."

The three witches received their command and turned around.

Their student uniform or teacher's suit transformed into a black liquid and changed form. Miss C's removed all waste to allow for easier movement. Miss D's became a stylish apron and frilly dress made from the mysterious black substance.

Machina's resembled Schwarze's as it became a skintight suit with even less waste in its design. It fully covered her from the tips of her toes to her shoulders and its provocative design revealed the ample curves of her body, including her slender legs, her plump butt, and her large breasts that jutted out in an egg shape. However, it was also specialized for functionality.

Each of their outfits was made of an ultra-light material with the greatest heat resistance and shock absorption capabilities mankind could create.

They allowed the FeTUS Witches to make the most of their combat abilities.

They left the dimly-lit hall and entered a hallway with red, blue, and green tiles covering the floor. It continued beyond the horizon and the walls were lined with countless doors.

As soon as they left, the door vanished into the darkness behind them.

"I will take the vanguard. You two protect this place."

Machina made her calm suggestion and both Miss C and D nodded.

A single panel on the floor floated up to carry the girl to the school two thousand meters above.

On the first floor of the clock tower in the center of Megutono Academy, nineteen minutes remained until divine punishment would arrive according to Jiyuuni Ange's announcement.

That ultimate angelic weapon had destroyed many arrogant people during the history of mankind.

It was the destroying fire of Metatron.

The only records of its use were mere legends, so modern man had no way of knowing what exactly it was. They only knew it was probably something like a bomb with incredible heat.

"Phew..."

Machina took a deep breath as she waited for that attack to arrive.

FeTUS had long searched for a countermeasure against the angels, so

they did have means of opposing even that legendary ultimate weapon.

Seventy-eight layers of insulating devices were set up from here to the headquarters two thousand meters below and they could endure any explosion on the surface, even one from a hydrogen bomb that split the island nation in two.

Angels were meant to protect humans, so they would not make such an indiscriminate attack.

If they were going to do this...

"Oh?"

After a slight sound, the top of the clock tower was vaporized.

Machina stood in the center of the first floor, but she had a clear view of the sky now that over half the tower was gone. Falling raindrops and the unpleasant odor of melting bricks surrounded her.

"So you are here to greet us? Why thank you."

She had heard this male voice earlier.

She looked into the sky and saw the young man angel that Fujita

Mutsuki had called Rapha as well as three female angels descending with cruel smiles on their lips.

This was it. The ultimate weapon would be detonated belowground, not on the surface. And a unit of angels would attack to carry it down there.

So if they could be kept out, their divine punishment would end in failure. This was the one method left to the humans of FeTUS who were puny beings when compared to angels and demons.

"...?"

But something was odd. The girl frowned at this attack unit of only four.

She had thought at least one hundred of them would be coming. More importantly, she did not see the strongest angel who she had assumed would be at the center of the attack.

She did not see Jiyuuni Ange.

"Do you think you can break through here with only that many?"

Machina raised her hand.

A golden circle appeared in the palm. She was preparing the anti-angel tool that had instantly neutralized Ange, the most powerful angel, before.

Rapha blinked in surprise as the girl quietly showed unrestrained hostility.

"Of course not. It is true I have been tasked with enacting the main plan, but I have no power to fight. Neither do these three."

He gave a servile smile and the three female angels giggled.

"We angels are pacifists, so we have few combat units. We are nothing like you savage humans that are constantly inventing and using new tools of bloodshed."

He looked up into the sky where thick clouds spiraled.

"I am judgment's guide. And these three are the holy chant unit who blow the war trumpets of god's voice. We merely guide the judgement. And the judgement..."

"...!?"

Machina gasped as she too looked up.

"...is carried by Metatron alone."

The three female angels released joyful vibrations from their throats. The entire area shook with an odd sound that was not quite laughter and not quite a shrill cry.

Their chant surrounded the location requiring judgement so that none might interfere.

The sound of rain had vanished.

A hole opened in the thick clouds covering the sky, like a film of oil being repelled.

The rain stopped and the reddish purple sky of a midsummer evening came into view.

A faint glow was visible in the center, like a twinkling star.

"Meta...tron..."

Machina's voice trembled as it slowly descended toward the annihilated clock tower.

She had not even tried to imagine what this legendary weapon looked like, but she had never thought it would be such a small and faint light.

She briefly wondered if they were going to detonate it on the surface, but that question vanished once she realized the glow was somehow familiar.

Her surprise became a tremor when she saw what had descended right next to Rapha.

"Vv...vv..."

Light surged out and a loathsome voice seemed to shake the depths of the earth.

The three angels sang even louder to drown out that bestial voice. That was likely their sole purpose. They were only meant to make this violent "judgment" appear graceful.

Metatron writhed about as if suffering from the very light it emitted.

It was clearly a living creature. Its long fur...no, red hair scattered about.

Rapha smiled coldly.

"Allow me introduce you. This is our sword and flame that shall pass judgment upon you."

"Vrr...grr...!"

"This is Metatron Ange."

"Vroooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!"

"Kh!"

As soon as the light noticed Machina, it rushed at her like a violent

carnivore.

The girl frantically jumped back and opened an anti-angel magic circle in midair. But...

"Agh!"

That heat-resistant tool could cut off flames of several thousand degrees, but the angel of light easily broke through it, grabbed Machina's throat, and slammed her to the ground.

The ground dented inward in a crater. As she was strangled, Machina looked up at the light sitting on top of her.

It was indeed a familiar form. She knew that red hair, that elegant face, and that short stature.

"Jiyuuni...-san."

"Vv...vvvv... Hu...man...human...!"

The main differences were the wings on her back, which were transforming into the bright flash of a detonating bomb, and her clear blue eyes, which had been burned gold.

It was all to transform her into that flame of destruction.

"Everyone... I hate everyone."

Her elegant face now resembled a violent beast and was tense with rage.

"Burn, humaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaans!!"

"Ange does!? Ange...has the bomb?"

The rainclouds covering the city had been blown away, so the rain had suddenly stopped even in the park where Mutsuki had been left.

Mutsuki demanded an answer given the emergency and Lucia reluctantly opened his mouth.

"No, she doesn't have it. She is it. Angels are created when a holy flame gives physical form to a human soul. Metatron is when that inward-burning matter is released outward, creating a flame that burns the candle of their life away."

"But...then if it explodes, Ange will...?"

"She will be annihilated. Both her body and soul will be blown away."

"But! But..."

Wasn't that self-destruction? Wasn't that suicide? The boy could barely think.

He looked up into the oddly clear sky and then looked back to Lucia while on the verge of tears.

"That's awful. What do the angels think Ange is?"

"She agreed to this."

A sudden third voice reached them.

"The Astral Cross can only manifest if she wishes for it herself. It can't be forced onto her. Ange became a bomb because she wants to be one."

"Micha-san..."

"Or to be more accurate, she originally became an angel in order to pass judgment on mankind like this."

He turned toward that familiar alto voice and found his brown-skinned roommate standing there.

"The Fruit of Knowledge at her core is scarred from the hatred toward

the human race that did not love her. She became an angel to take revenge on mankind like this, to hold the ultimate destruction inside and become Metatron."

Mutsuki was dumbfounded by the horribly cold and calm tone of the woman's voice.

"I thought her desire to become Metatron might have gone away since she'd started to get along with you lately, but it looks like that didn't change anything after all."

"...Ange."

His memories of Ange flashed through his dizzy mind.

She had known nothing of the human world, but she had hated humans from the moment he met her.

She had fallen in love with a stuffed animal the instant she saw it and had gotten worked up over an arcade game. When he had gotten to know her, she had been a perfectly normal girl, but she had looked for purpose in her work to a baffling extent.

She was Ange of the Double Flame. She was Ange of the Two Flames.

"I have to go save her."

As his surprise waned and he realized sitting here in shock would only

allow precious time to pass, a certain desire welled up inside him. He bit his lower lip.

"I have to go save Ange! This is wrong! I have to stop that explosion!"

He pleaded with Lucia and Micha and then took off running. He did not know where FeTUS was being targeted, but the clouds had cleared up in a giant circle. His instincts told him it was at the center of that, so he started running from the park.

Lucia frantically tried to stop him.

"W-wait, Mutsuki-kun. What do you even think you can do?"

"Convince her to stop. She became a bomb because she wanted to, right? Then I might be able to get her to stop this suicidal nonsense if I speak with her."

"It's no use. Once an angel becomes Metatron, they are the same as a ball of fire. Their Fruit of Knowledge is not functioning properly, so even if they're conscious, they're no different from an animal. She won't understand you."

"But...but I might be able to do something. If Ange dies, I'll..."

Mutsuki's voice quavered from the anxiety and fear that his precious friend might blow herself up at any time. Especially when the blast would include Machina and Katsue-sensei, who were precious to him even if they were enemies.

"Please let me go, Lucia-kun. I can't leave Ange alone."

The fear shook not just his voice but the very core of his body. He was unable to throw off the hand holding him.

"I'll say this as many times as it takes: you're up against a bomb here. If you're caught in the blast, you'll die."

"I understand that."

Mutsuki clenched his teeth.

He was of course afraid. On a few occasions over the past two months, he had been placed in danger and had felt only a step away from death, but he knew perfectly well that this was the greatest danger he had faced.

But abandoning that precious girl who was walking toward death at this very moment simply was not an option.

" ... "

Lucia sighed.

A number of changes came over his adorable face. The expressions passed by too quickly to identify, but he finally gave Mutsuki a sulking look for caring this much for Ange.

"Fine then."

Then his usual cheerful smile returned.

"I'll help you. I'm sure to come in handy and I can even be your shield if it comes to that."

"Eh? B-but then you might die too..."

"If you died, my life would have no meaning."

He sounded nonchalant and wrapped his hand around Mutsuki's elbow.

"Ah..."

Mutsuki bent his shoulders because he felt like he had gone too far.

However, he did not have time to hesitate. He thanked Lucia, wrapped his arm around Lucia's, and started toward the center of the cleared clouds.

But then a red blazing flame tore apart their clasped arms.

There was no heat, but Mutsuki was tossed to the ground by an intense gust of wind. He looked up and saw a pillar of flame rising next to the spot he had been standing in.

"Gwaaaah!"

Lucia had pushed him away.

"Lucia-kun!? ...! Micha-san! What are you doing, Micha-san!? Stop!"

The flames attempting to crush the boy were the wings growing from Micha's back as she stood in the park.

That angelic flame would not harm Mutsuki, but it could be fatal to a demon like Lucia. Mutsuki paled and ran over to her.

The woman lacked her usual kind smile.

"Now that Metatron is in use, I will return to my original duties. As there is a risk of this city being wiped out, I will take the Serpent's Eye holder, Fujita Mutsuki, to heaven for protection."

"Micha-san! Stop this, Micha-san! Lucia-kun will die!"

"With FeTUS's destruction, we no longer need the demons who held them in check. That demon boy has no more value."

With words colder than he ever would have imagined from her, the flames raged.

Over the past two months, he had seen her fight only twice. However, she had acted calmly then and had placed escaping danger as her top priority.

This was different. She was clearly attacking an enemy. She was directing killer intent toward Lucia.

"Stop, Micha-san! Stop!"

Mutsuki grabbed at her to stop her, but the flames passed through his body without feeling even slightly warm. Micha did not even flinch.

"Kh...kh...!"

After the surface of his body turned to charcoal, Lucia stopped fighting the pillar of fire pressing down on him.

His body melted into a thick black liquid. Dread filled Mutsuki for a moment, but that liquid mixed with the rainwater on the ground, escaped in all four directions, and reformed into Lucia a short distance away.

He spat out the ashes in his mouth with the same cold smile he had used when facing Ange.

"So you've finally shown your true self, 'Micha-san'. ...No, I think it's about time we heard your real name and not just the nickname."

"Eh?"

Nickname. Mutsuki had a very bad feeling about what that meant and he took a few steps back from the woman he was grabbing at.

"I've heard the stories of the old strongest angel who slaughtered more demons than any other in history and went by the alternate name of Michael up in heaven."

"Those are old stories."

"I thought it was odd that only two angels were sent to protect Adam, who could become a great turning point in history. But if one was the current strongest and the other was the old strongest, it makes more sense."

After seeing that Mutsuki had moved out of the way, Lucia pulled out his beloved scythe.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhdah!!"

He covered a distance of several dozen meters in an instant and swung the thick and sharp blade.

Not even Ange might have been able to dodge the speed of the attack

that Micha received head-on.

No, the angel of unknown name who went by the nickname of Micha.

"I'm not as young as I used to be."

She caught the tip of the blade between her index and middle fingers.



"I don't have even 2% of the power I used to. At my prime, I would have

vaporized you in a single second.”

Their power was perfectly matched. She had used just two fingers to stop the demonic attack that had just as much force behind it as a swing of Ange’s sword.

“Gh~~!”

She pulled him in and swept her wings at him. Lucia somehow managed to lean back out of the way, but just a graze from the flames was enough to turn his body to charcoal.

“Allow me to correct you on one thing.”

Even if her red flame wings were lower temperature than Ange’s blue ones, the concentration of their blaze was far greater. A single touch was enough for the heat to penetrate deep into Lucia’s body.

“Ange was never chosen to be Fujita Mutsuki’s bodyguard. After all, it would be a problem if the angel meant to become Metatron grew attached to the human world.”

Lucia grimaced as he regenerated his burned skin and Mutsuki trembled at the strength of this angel who seemed cruelly different from the woman he had known for the past two months.

“I’m not as young as I used to be, so I personally decided to have her tag along to help me. In other words...”

The angel going by the name Micha brushed back her blonde hair like always.

"Originally, I was meant to protect Mutsuki-kun on my own."

But the cold smile on her lips was very different from normal.

"I can deal with FeTUS, the demons, and any other irregularity on my own."

"Kah...!"

In the remains of Megutono Academy's clock tower, Ange suddenly released Machina and left the gaping bowl-shaped hole in the grass.

"Oh? You aren't going to finish her off?"

Machina was not moving, but she was clearly still alive. Ange supposedly had nothing but hatred for humans, so Rapha tilted his head at this sudden act of mercy.

Ange ignored him and made her way to the center of the clock tower.

"Jiyuuni-san...wait."

The angel had become a ball of fire hot enough to melt the earth, so simply leaning down on Machina had done quite a lot of damage. Machina could not get up, but she called out in a scratchy voice.

Ange did not respond.

"Oh, dear. Leaving a witch like this is certainly a problem, but if Ange doesn't want us to, I suppose we can't do it eith-...oh?"

Rapha frowned as he watched on and he suddenly looked up into the sky.

The clouds had regained their strength after having a hole torn into them and the rain was starting to fall once more.

All the moisture on the ground had been vaporized when Ange had appeared as a ball of fire, but the rain wet it once more.

"Perfect."

A smile appeared on his beautiful face and he pulled a green ball from his pocket.

He flicked it over into the crater Machina lay in.

"What...?"

Machina had finally managed to sit up and she looked down at what had fallen onto her stomach.

Just as she noticed it was something wrapped in a basil leaf, a dark red substance like a stickier blood oozed from the gaps in the leaf. The look on her face changed when she saw it.

It absorbed the rainwater and grew.

"A Succubus! Ahhh..."

"We sealed this one and returned it to a fetal state. But given moisture, it will regenerate and grow without end."

By the time she thought about throwing it off of her, it was too late. The demon burst out of the herb and clung to the surface of Machina's skintight suit.

It seemed the angels had been working on countermeasures for the humans of FeTUS they generally had so much trouble with. The unclean creature being used by one of heaven's messengers mercilessly assaulted the girl.

"That is not a violent Succubus. It is a parasitic demon known as an Incubus and it is harmless. It merely incapacitates its host."

"A parasitic...demon?"

"Although it does use a somewhat vulgar method."

The young man chuckled as he accompanied Ange to the center of the tower.

"Vvv..."

The golden wings bursting from the girl's back formed a sphere that enveloped the two of them.

That sphere would not allow anyone but Rapha, her guide, to approach. The raindrops were vaporized and even the ground they stood on melted like chocolate.

"You three keep an eye on that witch."

After that instruction to the other three angels, Rapha and Metatron sank down into the earth.

"Wait... Jiyuuni...abh!"

No one really needed to keep an eye on Machina because she could not move.

The demon known as an Incubus continued to grow and wrapped around her body. It seemed to be made of the same substance as the Succubi that Lucia used, so she had no way of fighting it. It wrapped

around her wrists and ankles, preventing her from moving.

"Kh...uuhhhh!"

A skinny tentacle extended toward her ear.

She felt a slug-like sensation slip inside the ear. Before the fear of having it stab into her brain, the biological sense of disgust gave her goose bumps.

It fortunately did not seem to want to kill its prey, so it stopped partway in. And...

"There is no need to struggle."

"...!?"

It touched her eardrum and produced a characteristic vibration.

It was a voice. The creature looked like slime, but it spoke to her using language.

FeTUS was researching demons as well, but they had never come across a type like this before. It was still amorphous, without a physical body to contain the ego as with Satowa Lucia, yet it was intelligent.

"What I will provide you is not fear. ...I only need one thing from you."

The voice gradually changed. The deep voice gradually rose in pitch until it reached a boyish level. It was an obedient voice with modest modulations of pitch. She recognized this voice.

"You only need to obey me and become my slave, Ibekusa Machina."

(Fujita-kun... Oh, no.)

It was Mutsuki's voice.

What did that mean? Machina's sharp mind quickly caught on and she struggled to break free, but her damaged body was too weak.

"Don't struggle."

"Hyah~~!"

Both ears had a tentacle inside now and they stickily tickled the inside of the ear and the earlobe simultaneously.

She trembled as the tentacles licked her sensitive ears.

This demon knew her ears were sensitive and it knew just how to touch the most sensitive parts.

"I will satisfy you. I will give you more pleasure than the human body

can bear. There is nothing to worry about. I simply wish to live with you.”

“Uuh...uuh...”

She knew what kind of demon this was.

A demon’s greatest strength was its ability to evolve. The rewriting of biological information that would take a normal creature millions of years could be accomplished in a single second. That power came from the Fruit of Life.

They could appear anywhere as long as they had the moisture that was the source of life. The high-level demons like Lucia could use their infinitely reproducing cells to negate most any damage.

Among those, the Incubus seemed to have evolved as a parasite.

It specialized in making its chosen host “want to live with it”.

“Ahhh...”

It gained even more strength and the tentacles that had wrapped around her ankles now reached for her thighs.

She cried out as she felt the ticklish sensation even through her skintight suit. Her visible bodylines wiggled seductively.

The ticklish touch was just perfect for cleverly drawing out a girl's sexual pleasure. As those tentacles continually rubbed at her, her entire body grew hot against her will.

This creature violated its host until they consented to living with it.

It had copied Fujita Mutsuki's voice because she found it more pleasant than any other. It searched out the most sensitive parts of her body and it searched out just how to touch her to provide the greatest pleasure.

Mankind still had no means of opposing demons, so the girl paled at the hopeless situation she was left in.

And all the while, the black slime was accurately searching out her erogenous zones.

"How long do you think she'll last? The average for humans – women in particular – is twelve minutes."

The three angels that had seen Ange and Rapha off smiled cruelly as they watched the poor sacrifice.

"They had the gall to defy heaven, so I hope she lasts at least fifteen... no, twenty minutes."

"Either way, she doesn't have more than thirty minutes of life left. No woman has ever been raped by an Incubus for more than half an hour without being made its slave."

"So in half an hour..."

"Yes."

"Loving this demon will be the only thing on her mind."

